

MĪRĀṄBĀĪ

GUJARĀTA

AND

ITS LITERATURE

A SURVEY FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES

BY

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WITH A FOREWORD

BY

MAHĀTMĀ GANDHI

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thought but with action, as I suppose they always do. Their language has yet to take definite shape. It is to be found somewhat, but only somewhat, in the newspapers; not in books. Shri Munshi's work therefore may be said to have only commenced with the volume before me. It was necessary. But he has to continue the work so well-begun. He has the requisite passion for his work. If he has health, he will now go direct to the people and find out what they are thinking, and he will give expression to their thoughts. The unquestionable poverty of Gujarati is a token of the poverty of the people. But no language is really poor. We have hardly had time to speak since we have begun to act. Gujarat like the rest of India is brooding. The language is shaping itself. There is enough work awaiting writers like our author.

Munshi has alluded to Parsi-Gujarati. So there is. It is unfortunate that there is Parsi-Gujarati. It is confined to novels and stories of the shilling shocker style. They are meant merely for passing the idle hour. The language is tortured out of shape. And just as there is Parsi-Gujarati there is also Muslim-Gujarati though on a much humbler scale. It is impossible to ignore these two streams. They are not wells of Gujarati undefiled. But no reviewer of Gujarati literature can afford to ignore the existence of works which hundreds, if not thousands of Parsis and Muslims read and by which, may be, even shape part of their conduct.

M. K. GANDHI

It has given birth to promising creative tendencies in modern literature. It also includes amongst its achievements the literary output of Mahātmā Gandhi, and the emergence of Gujarāta on the stage of world politics and literature. What to do with myself, while writing about this period, was the most trying problem of all, and I am indebted to my friend Dr. I. J. S. Taraporevala for coming to my rescue with a chapter, which, perhaps, does me more justice than I deserve.

Coming Changes

In the book itself I have restricted myself to a descriptive and critical sketch of the literature of every period on the background of its historical setting, but modern Gujarātī literature or its future possibility cannot be properly understood without realising the great change which is daily coming over the life of the province or appraising the forces which are bringing it about.

Interplay of Factors

The history of Gujarāta records the interplay of two factors: (a) the individuality of the Gujarātīs expressed through a consciously directed group life; (b) the influence of the culture which, originating with the early Āryans, has maintained the homogeneity of Indian life and the continuity of its traditions for the last three thousand years. To the first, Gujarāta owes its outlook on life, its social forms, its language and literature, and the urge to remain a single social organism. The second has created forces which stimulate and unify its collective impulses impelling it to find a greater self-fulfilment in the corporate life of India.

Geographical Determinants

These forces, in the ultimate analysis, can be traced to the geographical determinants of Gujarāta: its natural frontiers and its soil. Protected by the sea on the west, by the sands of Kaccha and Rajputāna on the north, the Aravalli, the plateau of Mālva, the Vindhyās, the Sātapuḍās and the Sahya Ghāts on the east and south, its rich alluvial soil has reared a race of men and women, soft and luxury-loving and yet possessing qualities which maritime activi-

ties generally foster and stimulate, namely, a spirit of enterprize, practical wisdom, catholicity of taste and social flexibility. The sea was their natural field of enterprize. The plateau of Mālvā (between 1000 to 2000 feet above the sea level) made it easily accessible to the resident of Madhyadeśa for colonization, and cultural and political conquest. The little gateway formed by the Sātapuḍās and the Ghāts, roughly between Damana and Nāsika made Gujarāta a corridor between North and South India letting in influences from the Deccan.

Change in Trade Routes

The physical conditions of Gujarāta have practically remained the same, though their exploitation by men have increased both in scope and intensity. But a noteworthy change has come over its socio-physical conditions. The opening of the Suez Canal, which turned Bombay into the gateway of the East, rendered possible the development of Okha, Bedi, Bhavnagar, and Porabandar as modern ports, and will soon turn Karachi into an entrepôt. The railway lines converging at Bombay has made it a great clearing house of trade as well as culture. The Rujputana Malva Railway and numerous other small railways have opened up inaccessible tracts, and the projected Sindha-Bombay Railway through Cutch will reduce the barrier of the desert. Thus trade routes have been altered. Contact with the world is easier and closer than before. Fresh fields have been opened for the commercial enterprize of the Gujarātīs both in India and abroad. And a greater spirit of enterprize and organization, a deeper catholicity, a more living flexibility will inevitably come to characterise the people without destroying their individuality. The best minds of Gujarāta have always been 'de localised' by a continuous inter-change of trade and ideas with other provinces and countries. They have lacked the fierce attachment which, for instance, the Bengālī or the Mahārāshṭrī feels for his province. But this delocalisation, to quote Prof. De Lisle Burns, "would not imply an uprooting of the mind from its native soil. To be delocalised is not to be *de racine*. . . . . . The contact between nations is the best means for developing what is best in each".

Bombay, which with its suburbs has over 3,00,000 Gujarātīs, is a unique factor in the life of Gujarāta. This meeting-ground for currents from all over India will always remain national, carrying Gujarāta with it. Again, it links Gujarāta with Mahārāshṭra where Saṁskṛtic and Brahmanical influences abound. In its University, which created the Saṁskritic Revival in literature, the predominance of the classics is yet unchallenged, and from it, influences, enriched by a study of Āryan culture, go out moulding thought and expression. And Gujarāta will continue to receive their inspiration from Bombay more steadily and effectively than at any time since the fall of Pāṭaṇa in A. C. 1297.

Bombay and its Influence

Gujarāta, then, can look forward to a steady development of the forces which underlie its history. But their nature and direction have undergone a change, and their influences will be relatively different.

The racial factor will also become important in the future development of the Gujarātīs. Out of a crore and odd Gujarātīs, about 20% live in town, the rest in villages; 89% of them are Hindus, and about 9% Musalmans. They are distributed unevenly over the province. The average density of population per mile in the Presidency is 160; in Gujarāta 290; in the Baroda State 299; in Kāṭhiāvāḍa 150. In Junāgaḍha it is as low as 163, in Surat District 410, and in its Gandevi Taluka as high as 865.

Racial factor

The Hindus and even the Mussalmans are divided into numerous castes. The Hindu castes are characterized by a tendency to split into narrowing social groups within which one can marry. In 1901 there were no less than 315 castes in Gujarāta which did not inter-dine or inter-marry. Many of these connubial groups, some of them consisting of a few families, are on the verge of extinction. Again, among Gujaratīs, males show a tendency to be in excess of females. For instance, the caste of Leva Kunbis, one of the largest and most vigorous of the village stocks, has only 772 females (including widows) to a 1000 males, as against 930 in the Presidency and 950 in India. In some castes a wife is a prohibitive luxury, purchasable only at a price requiring a

toil of ten to fifteen of the best years of a man's life. The two tendencies react on each other accelerating the pace of each. Among many castes female infants are got rid of at birth to save the family the almost insoluble difficulty of finding husbands. If allowed to live, they are termed "stones" and treated as such. They are married early, and premature motherhood and savage midwifery complete their physical ruin, if widowhood does not relegate them to a dreary and unproductive life.

Town Stock

Whereas, in old days, the Gujarātis were divided into higher and lower castes, modern conditions divide them into the town stock and the village stock. The fastidiousness and refinement which has been creeping into our town life comes in the way of the town replenishing its vitality from the village by free inter-marriage as before. In towns the connubial groups are growing smaller; infant marriage and premature sex life are yet common; widow re-marriage remains prohibited. The results are that small castes are dying out, women are unhealthy and short-lived, and the stock as a whole has been degenerating. But there is a more cheerful side of the picture. Recently formed sub-castes, in a few cases, tend to fuse; inter-caste marriages take place, though they are by no means common; the age for marriage has risen. Common system of education, unified intellectual life, urge towards social reform and political power have been creating uniform standards of life. Schools and colleges, clubs and professions, political, social and other public work and life in gaols as political prisoners provide powerful crucibles for melting diversity of habits. Restriction on inter-dining is all but gone. The physical welfare of women, at many places, is almost assuming the form of a first charge on the social conscience. Enthusiasm for physical culture has also captivated young men in towns during the last ten years; and in hundreds of akhāḍās, they seek to re-acquire the racial fitness which their fathers had lost.

The village stock of Gujarāta—for instance, that of the Audicyas, the Kheḍāwals, the Anāvils, the Rajputs, the Patidars, the Kunbis—is study and virile. Infant marriage prevails in the villages but in name. Premature sex life is

unknown. Except among the higher castes, widow re-marriage is freely allowed. But with every generation a foolish sense of social superiority expresses itself by narrowing the group within which inter-marriage can take place, and social customs decrease the number as well as the vitality of the woman. Here, as elsewhere, pride goeth before destruction. Progress in the villages is comparatively slow, particularly as men living in towns show a tendency to sever their relations with the members of their caste living in the villages. However, the ancient process of raising the status of castes has been revitalised. Some members of a caste receive education, or, by change of occupation, acquire better economic advantages, or are taken by some preacher of Ārya Samāja into its progressive fold and a whole caste adopts more refined habits and purer religious forms, claiming a higher status. In living memory instances are available where potters have by this process been accepted as masons, ironsmiths and sweepers as Kshatriyas, bards as Brāhmaṇas. And at each remove, the caste attains a higher grade of social well-being. Of late, the influence of Mahātmā Gandhi is also being felt, indirectly but none the less vigorously. A party of young ardent Gandhi-ites has come into existence in many backward castes. It strives to ameliorate the social and economic conditions of their fellow castemen. They introduce the charkha, fight the curse of drink, and resist social evils. Their work is made easier than that of the social reformers of an earlier generation; for, in the villages of Gujarāta, the name of the Mahātmā opens all hearts and disarms all opposition.

Village Stock

The same problems, more or less, affect the Mussalmans in the villages, whose ways of life are not far removed from their Hindu neighbours. But the recent tension between the two communities has a pronounced tendency to make them drift apart in matters social and cultural. Under the existing conditions of India, racial intermixture between them on an appreciable scale is inconceivable. The Parsis form a small community mostly living in towns, vigorous and wealthy. Their race problem will, therefore, scarcely influence the problem of Gujarātis as a whole.

This complex problem, so far as it is likely to affect the culture of the Gujarātīs, may be shortly stated. The basic racial stock of Gujarāta is powerful and tenacious, and has shown an extraordinary range of adaptability in the light of modern conditions. The foreign settlements can absorb a large number of Gujarātīs, but, apart from them, the undeveloped tracts in the province, if opened up, can easily maintain a fairly large increase in population. The more serious problem, however, is to break up the connubial groups, to stimulate a speedier inter-mixture of castes, to encourage an increase in the number of healthy women, and to change the customs which would deny them the privilege of motherhood. Particularly, progress must be speeded up in towns by a co-ordinated, purposive effort towards the consolidation and strengthening of advanced castes before the disintegrating forces destroy the finest elements of the race. "Endogamy is played out" says Prof. Hobhouse rightly. By inter-marriages on an extensive scale alone can the Gujarātīs attain the race vigour which fore-runs great creative impulses. To be great, Gujarāta must be racially homogeneous and fit.

The Problem of Racial Fitness

The next aspects to be considered are (a) the social and cultural problems which confronted Gujarāta in the past and the agencies which solved them, and, (b) the changes made by modern conditions in these problems and the new agencies now at work.

The problems which faced Gujarāta in the past were: How to resist the agencies working for disruption, and how to absorb the alien influences which from time to time threatened its culture?

Socio-cultural Problems

This rich and fertile province was always a tempting prize for conquerors. In the later half of the reign of Siddharāja and the earlier half of that of Kumārapāla, Gujarāta was politically one; and so was it in the reign of Sultan Bahadur Shah; and, again, for a short while under the Imperial Moguls. But, except during these short periods, Gujarāta has been denied political unity. This

challenge of history has been met by Gujarāta by the development of an irresistible individuality, by uniformity of social customs and institutions, by deliberately organised movements of thought and action, and by literary and cultural unity.

Political Consolidation

Political consolidation of the Gujarātī speaking people under a single government is, and will remain, a dream. British Gujarāta is not sufficiently large to make a separate autonomous province, nor would separation from Bombay be anything but a disaster for it. But, on the other hand, if it continues to be a part of the Presidency as now, there is the danger of Gujarātī states in Kāṭhiāvāḍa, Rajputana and Central India Agencies drifting further apart. Neither British nor state policy as at present favours any closer political inter-relation, however desirable, between these dismembered parts of Gujarāta. In such a matter one can only look to the Gujarātīs themselves, to its statesmen, its princes, its public men; particulary, to its educationists and literary men who are working for its literary and cultural unity. Under pressure of the idea of a united Gujarāta the genius of the people, under modern conditions, will, perhaps, develop a more efficient harmony than in the past, either by co-ordinating the political, social, and economic activities, or by segregating political influences into the narrowest possible confines. If a universal popular aspiration carries within it the germ of a future reality, the dream may one day come true and a uniform and harmonious political life may undo the wrong of centuries.

The British domination, though the most insidious of all the conquests which brought foreign cultures with them, has produced far-reaching results. In the name of peace, it disarmed the people of India, and under the guise of liberating the intellect, tried to uproot the foundations of society and indigenous culture for a time. And the Āryan culture had to assume varied forms to meet the emergency created by it. Theosophy, Ārya Samāj and enlightened orthodoxy, Saṁskṛtic revival and the resulting literary renaissance, and wave on wave of surging religion-tinted nationalism absorbed the energy of the advanc-

ing tide of foreign culture while rejecting its deleterious elements. And in the comprehensive impulse which Mahātma Gandhi generated, in Satyāgraha, in the re-assertion of Ahiṁsā and Satya as absolute values in life, Gujarāta emerged as the embodiment, the voice, the spirit of triumphant Āryan culture as expressed through modern conditions. Periods, dominated by ideals and heroic action have often been known to alter fuṇdamentally the outlook of races. And it is not unnatural to expect that post-Gandhian Gujarāta will continue to represent some great aspects of Āryan culture at their best.

The Changes in Conditions

Further, this impact of India with the West has proved creative, altered conditions, and reshaped Āryan culture itself. In the past the conditions were generally unsettled; social habits and forms were held together by the unity of unreflective influences; and the idealogy was mainly drawn from Saṁskṛtic sources. During the last century, however, the straight waistcost of enforced peace has brought its compensation in the shape of commercial and cultural advancement and of a burning desire for reorganisation. Contact with the great living currents of European culture has brought forth a sturdy renaissance. The unreflective processes have been replaced by deliberate, collective action and purposive efforts towards a fuller life. And the vast resources of modern civilization have brought an intensity and speed unknown to human endeavour before.

Caste-consciousness

The most powerful of the unconscious processes of the past, in Gujarāta as elsewhere in India, was caste-consciousness. It included consciousness of one's own caste as the fixed orbit in which the life was predestined to move, belief in çāturavarṇya as the divinely appointed harmony of functional groups, and loyalty to the guidance of the Brāhmaṇas. But, now, it has undergone an important change in Gujarāta. Agressive individualism declines to treat men only as means to any social purpose, however divinely ordained. Cāturavarṇya as an eternal structure attracts the faith of only a diminishing minority. The Brāhmaṇa priest is looked upon more as a monopolist to be jealous of, or a dependent

to be grudgingly patronised. The caste has lost its plenary authority. As it is to-day, with its funds and conferences, its journal and perhaps its tiny volunteer corps, it is looked upon by its member as one's own little party to be fiercely proud of and to be used against the snobbery of other castes; as an instrument of power and influence; as a first object of generosity and patronage. Feeble attempts at fusion of sub-castes into the four major castes have proved unavailing. In the place of the old harmonious confederation of castes, we have a multitude of conflicting social groups. Emptied of the idea of inter-dependence, Cāturavarṇya has lost its raison d'etre; without a faith in custom, its divine origin and Brahmanical guidance it can never possess the vitality to re-organise society.

Dignity of Human Individuality

Behind this blatant individualism lies the respect for human personality, originally a Greek idea popularised by Christianity; but it has been curiously blended with the spirit of toleration and Ahiṅsā as understood in Gujarāta in the nineteenth century. And Truth, as defined by the Mahātmā, has added agressiveness to it. Satya, as finally determined by one's personal conscience is, with thousands who follow him, an inviolable little kingdom. Castes dare not invade it. Young men offer Satyāgraha by picketting, fast, and non-co-operation against infant marriages, caste dinners, marriage processions and ancient bridegrooms, reducing the fiats of the caste to harmless thunderbolts. Luckily, so far the process is found workable only by the young and progressive, and non-violence and willingness to suffer take the sting out of its coerciveness.

New group ideas: Gujarata-consciousness and Nationalism.

Caste-consciousness is not likely to disappear, nor are castes likely to cease to be social units for a very long time to come; but both are being altered to suit new and potent group ideas. Clubs, associations and professions, as also political and other public activities, provide social contact outside rather than inside the caste and render the ties of caste subsidiary. Among the new group sentiments in Gujarāta the most powerful are Gujarāta-consciousness and nationalism.

Narmad, in the sixties, was the first to dream of the former. He passionately sang of 'Glorious Gujarāta'; so sang Nanalal of 'Blessed Gujarāta', and with similar passion sang Khabardar in one of his best poems written from his life-long exile in Madras. "Where lives a single Gujarātī there is Gujarāta for ever. Where Gujarātī is spoken, there is Gujarāta for ever and for ever."

"A society is an organism" says Fouille in his *La Science Sociale Contemporaire* "because it has been thought and willed; it is an organism born of an idea." The truth of this proposition can be seen in the process by which the idea expressed by Narmad has attracted to itself the volume of sentiment which belonged to caste-consciousness. Conscious efforts are made to-day by Gujarātīs wherever they live to unite themselves under the determining influence of this conception. And a new Gujarāta is coming into existence.

Nationalism, the most powerful sentiment inspiring Gujarāta since 1930, has also been wonderfully blended with Gujarāta-consciousness. Gujarātīs in every part of India have tried to participate in the national struggle, because, as Gujarātīs, they have thought it both a duty and an honour to do so. In a country so vast as India nationalism can only flourish on the strength of such a hierarchy of group sentiments, provided, of course, the minor is included in the major.

The Family Idea

An equally great change has come over the family idea which, with all its incidents, formed the basis of the Āryan social life. Joint family is going from Gujarāta; at places it has gone. Not even Govardhanram's fulsome praise could restore its vitality. Of the many causes which wrought this change, the noteworthy are the individual traits of the Gujarātī and the influence of women. The Gujarātīs have been comparatively less subservient to hardening custom and narrow prejudice. Family life has rarely been so inflexible as in other parts of India. Culture has never come to be monopolised by aristocrats, intellectual, social, or military.

Gujarātī women, again, have been comparatively free. And with the increase of the influence of the new woman,

the walls of the joint family have been, stone by stone, falling. Polygamy went out of fashion in the higher castes, imperceptibly, without an effort. The old-world, one-sided bhakti of the wife for the divine lord and master is a thing of the past. Love has come, seen and conquered. Wedded life is being invested with romance. Co-education in elementary schools was common in the past, and Gujarātī opinion in modern times has set its face against segregated education in schools and colleges.

Position of women.

The active participation of women in all walks of life has not been unknown in the past, and is an ordinary feature of modern life. Minaḷadevī who ruled Gujarāta during Sidharājā's infancy, Anupumādevī who assisted her husband Tejahpāla, and Mirāṅbāi, the poetess, were not creatures of fiction or freaks. Widows and mothers have frequently carried on the family business. And in modern times a period of less than a generation has seen them taking their legitimate place in many walks of life. Some have been in the forefront of the Satyāgraha movement, risking all; many have braved lathi charges or risked picketting in areas full of strife and bloodshed. The illiterate peasant women of Bardoli in 1928, and again in 1930, exhibited fortitude, courage and determination to suffer in the cause of their country, which have few parallels in history. The women of the cities have not been slow in the race. For instance, one can be seen dominating the public life of a large city; another controlling labour in a great industrial centre; a third organising a big semi-commercial concern on patriotic lines; a fourth guiding a political organisation of women; and many working and organising in their respective spheres of public activity. The women of Gujarāta have thus won a status in public life equal to men before the world knew how it was done. The old ideals also have not lost their vitality. Freedom has neither affected their gentleness, nor their devotion to domestic life. Most of the patriotic women who worked or suffered for politics during the last four years continued to remain obedient wives, affectionate mothers and ungrudg-

ing housewives ever ready to serve. Smt. Kasturba Gandhi, the foremost woman of Gujarāta, is a piece of heroic antiquity at its best. Before her sublime surrender to her husband's fiery will to suffer, the Puranic satīs look inane and lifeless.

Puranic traditions.

The traditions on which the Purānic view of life was based have not yet lost their hold, but a new meaning and content is being given to them. The Brāhmaṇa priest has passed his sceptre to the teacher, the literary man and the patriot. The Saṁskṛtic revival has swept away Purānic superstitions and sectarian beliefs only to restore direct contact with the best in Saṁskṛtā. Premānanda's *Dhruvākhyāna* has been forgotten, but poems, dramas and novels based on Purānic subjects never fail in their appeal. *Sarasvatīchandra,* disregarded as a romance, lives as an anthology of Āryan literature and thought. Stotras strung with the names of gods no longer affords solace as does the study of the *Bhagavadgītā*. Vedānta has lost its charm, and so have rituals; religious emphasis is being transferred from belief and worship to service and experience. Bhakti has no passionate adherents; they seek life as joy, or heroism, or stern tapas. The tradition of continuity maintained by the Purāṇas does not satisfy the Gujarātī mind to-day, but it seeks to revive and interpret the race memory by building up a new tradition to suit modern needs. Deeds done and ordeals undergone by heroic Indians, who in the past stood for the ideals which now fascinate the mind, are celebrated in song and legend.

Ethical Ideals

Ethical, religious and spiritual ideals have always been modified in Gujarāta to suit its temperament. High spirituality and learning have been always neglected in favour of a practical application of moral principles. Gujarāta has been the home of magnificent temples and charitable and philanthropic institutions. In old times, the Jain sādhu, the humble purāṇika and the village bhakta brought solace and help to the poor and the distressed. To-day, many young men and women have given up careers to organise and uplift the masses. Ahiṅsā has, at all times, leavened corporate life.

For ages there has been scarcely a town or a large village without its sadāvrata to feed the poor, its panjrāpol to house maimed cattle. Kumārapāla and Hemcandra made of it a political doctrine. The wealthy to-day have given expression to it in hospitals, orphanages and sanatoria. It has been harnessed to political energy in the interest of India's freedom, and of the peace of humanity. Ahiṅsā, forgetting its morbid solicitude for the ant and the sparrow, has grown into an active creed of service, a cult of resistance to evil by non-violent means through sacrifice and suffering. But Gujarāta prefers the joy of life to ascetic rigour. The high-browed Brāhmaṇa and the stern sādhu have come and gone. Akho taught all the horrors of this fleeting world. Mahātmā Gandhi's gospel of renunciation may hold its soul in temporary subjugation. But Gujarāta will make money and spend it on the arts of life; her sons and daughters will live and laugh, and love and sing joyfully.

Joy of Life

I am deeply obliged to Mahātmā Gandhi for his kindness in contributing a foreword to this work and to Dr. A. B. Keith and Ācārya Ḍhruva for their appreciation of it. My cordial thanks are also due to several friends for their encouragement and assistance in making the completion of this book possible. I am also grateful to the Government of Bombay and the officials of different jails in which I happened to be for their unfailing courtesy in giving me the necessary facilities for writing the book, and to Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd., for the promptitude with which they undertook to publish it.

K. M. MUNSHI

26, Ridge Road,
Bombay, 5th March, 1935.

CONTENTS

MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

NOTE

By a curious oversight the words 'in blank verse' are left to stand at p. 283, l. 25 where they should have been 'in rhymed verse'—K, M.

CHAPTER I

GUJARĀTA : THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE

Linguistic boundaries—North Gujarāta—South Gujarāta—Kāṭhiāvāḍa—Kaccha—area and population—geographical determinants—maritime activity: ancient and modern—soil and productivity—general characteristics.

A modern poet of Gujarāta sings:

> "Blessed, oh ! blessed is the holy land,
> Our great Gurjara Deśa" ; [1]

and rightly too. For it is no longer the land of commerce and industry only. It is the land of Mahātmā Gandhi, as once it was of Śrī Krshṇa. Under the guidance and inspiration of his great soul, it is becoming the home of a race forging its greatness on the anvil of a mighty and singular spiritual struggle.

I

Roughly speaking, Gujarāta occupies an important part of the western seaboard of India from Sindha to Bombay. The term Gujarāta is, in effect, used in two different senses: firstly, to denote the mainland between Mount Ābu and the river Damaṇagaṅgā ; and secondly, the much larger language field in which Gujarātī is spoken. In the latter sense, Gujarāta's northern linguistic boundary touches the states of Sīrohī and Māravāḍa where Māravāḍi is spoken, and includes the districts of Thar and Parkar in Sindha, as also Kaccha. Kaccha, for cultural and literary purposes, has always been regarded as a part of Gujarāta. The southern boundary extends far beyond the Damaṇagaṅgā, and includes parts of the Thānā District and the islands of Salsette and Bombay where Gujarātīs and the Mahārāshtrīyans live side by side, each group speaking its own language. The eastern boundary runs along the state

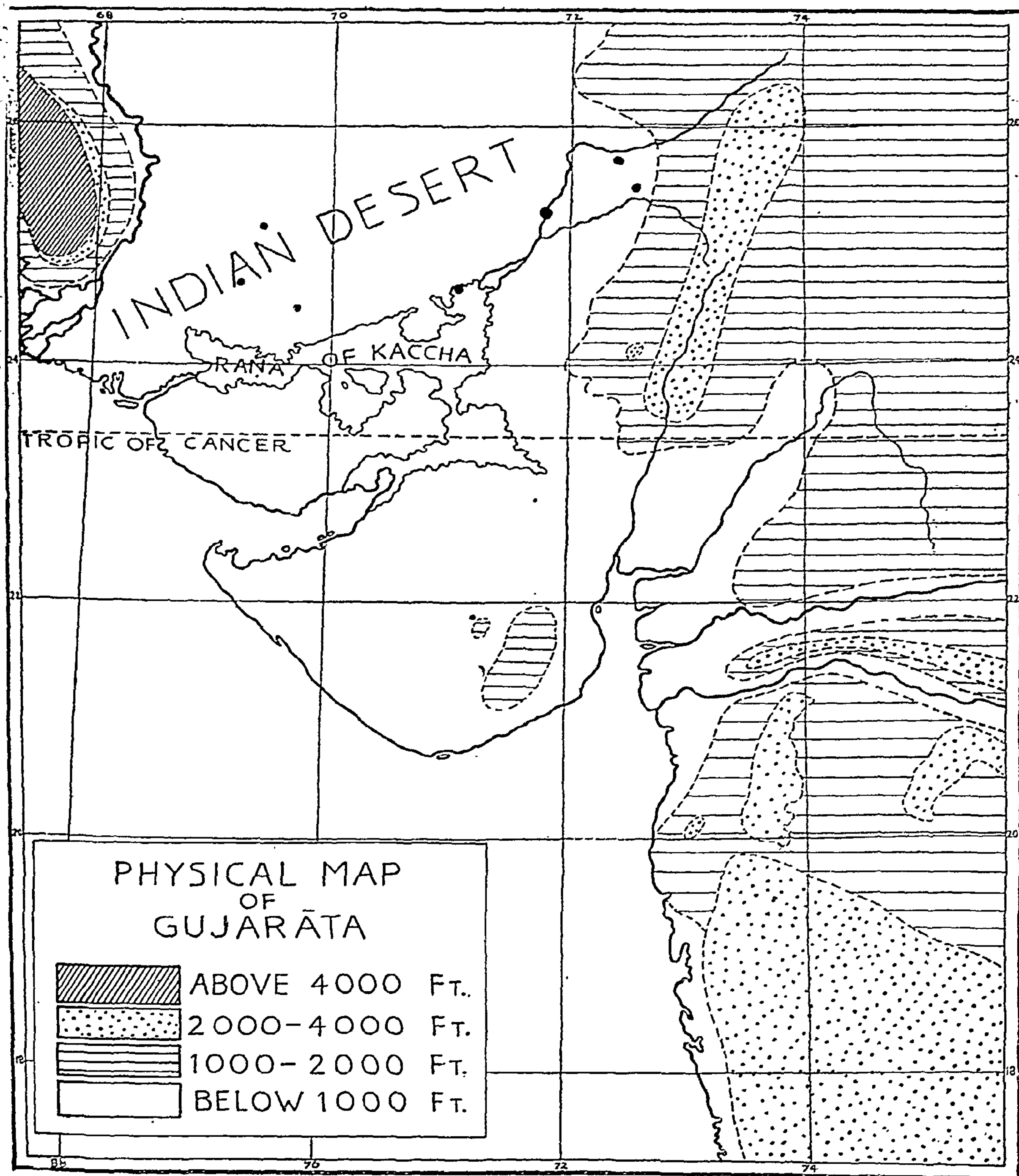
1 धन्य हो धन्यज पुण्य प्रदेश !
अमारो गुणीअल गुर्जर देश !

of Dharamapura, joins the eastern frontier of Pālaṇapura, and extends along the Ārāvali hills, partly enclosing within it the Bhil settlements in which the dialect spoken is largely influenced by Gujarātī. Further east, beyond the region of the Bhils, lie the eastern and southern parts of Rājputānā with Jaipurī and Mālvī as their dialects. Both these dialects are closely allied to Gujarātī, the Bhil dialect forming a sort of connecting link between the two.

Gujarāta consists of sub-provinces, which in some respects are different from one another. They are: (i) North Gujarāta, the mainland between Mount Ābu and the river Mahī; (ii) South Gujarāta, the mainland between the Mahī and the Damaṇagaṅgā; (iii) the peninsula of Kāṭhiāvāḍa; (iv) Kaccha; (v) the Bombay tract to the south of the Damaṇagaṅgā up to and inclusive of the island of Salsette and Bombay, where Gujarātī is partially spoken.

North Gujarāta, in very early times, was called Ānartta, this being the name of an eponymous king of mythology. In c. A.C. 700 it was included in the kingdom of Gurjjaratrā of which Bhīnamāla or Śrīmāla, near Mount Ābu, was the capital. With each succeeding century the name Gurjjaratrā or one of its variants, Gurjjara Bhūmi, Gūrjara Maṇḍala or Gurjara Deśa, came to be applied to territory farther and farther south till in A.C. 1141 it included Dohada, and in A.C. 1191, Godhrā in the district of Panch Mahals. Later, the old Ānartta came to be known as Gujarāta, and even now the local pride of North Gujarāta will not allow that any other part is Gujarāta except their own home.

In different mythical periods South Gujarāta bore different names. Originally it was known as the land of the Nāgas; then it was called Anūpadeśa; afterwards, Śūrpāraka. Later on and up to c A.C. 900, the land south of the river Narmadā, including the island of Bombay, was known as Aparānta and included in the Dakshiṇapatha. From about c A.C. 150, the tract between Khambhāta (Cambay) and Narmadā acquired the name of Lāṭa, which, thereafter, came to include the country south of the Narmadā up to the Damaṇagaṅgā. Under the Caulukyas of Aṇahilavāḍa Pātaṇa (A.C. 961), the name Lāṭa was gradually displaced



INDIAN DESERT
RANA OF KACCHA
TROPIC OF CANCER
PHYSICAL MAP OF GUJARĀTA
ABOVE 4000 FT.
2000-4000 FT.
1000-2000 FT.
BELOW 1000 FT.

by the name Gurjara Bhūmi. In A.C. 1222 Gurjara Deśa extended up to Dabhoi on the north bank of the Narmadā. In A.C. 1384 the author of *Karmavipākasamgraha* includes in Gujarāta, Nāndoda on the south bank of that river. The whole of Lāṭa up to Damaṇagaṅga became part of Gujarāta in c. A.C. 1400. The Sultans of Ahmedabad consolidated their kingdom under the name of Gujarāta, thus demarcating it from the surrounding parts which they could not conquer. This gave the kingdom a name and solidarity, and to the people a life different from that of their neighbours.

Kāṭhiāvāḍa was originally the Kūśāvrata of the myths, and subsequently came to be known as Surāshṭra or Saurāshṭra. The latter name still clings to one of its parts which is called Soraṭh. In some of the Purāṇas, it is included in Ānartta. Under the Cālukyas it was sometimes included in Gurjara Bhūmi, as is clear from the definition गूर्जरः सौराष्ट्रादि. Akbar included it, together with North and South Gujarāta, in his province of Gujarāta; and all the three provinces have since formed one indissoluble social and cultural unit.

Kaccha has always been known by that name and, though politically separate, its fortunes have invariably been linked with those of Gujarāta.

Thāṇā, Salsette and Bombay, together with Lāṭa, were one country till c. A. C. 900; and though they formed part of the Sultanate of Gujarāta for a short time only, the Gujarāti speaking races continued to occupy them. During the British period, the Gujarātis have, by their intelligence and enterprize, their wealth and culture, made many parts of this tract integral parts of Gujarāta.

II

The area of Gujarāta proper is a little over 100,000 sq. miles, and the number of people speaking Gujarāti in the Presidency of Bombay is about 9,270,000, distributed in the following manner: City of Bombay 236,000; Bombay Suburban Division and Districts 22,000; Northern Division 2,747,000; Central Division 72,000; Southern Division 20,000; Sindha 76,000; Bombay States and Agencies

4,230,000; Baroda State 1,867,000.[1] The above division will also show how a compact country has been politically cut up, part being British India, and the rest parcelled out among several Indian states. Gujarāta, off and on in the past, was a political and administrative unit. That it should be a unit appears undoubtedly an extremely desirable goal. But for the present, the Gujarātis have to rest content with the unity that runs only through their life and culture. Like many other provinces of India distinguished by the dominance of a single language, Gujarāta is an independent social and cultural entity. Each of such provinces possesses a common stock of thoughts, feelings and ideals set working by the early Āryans in India and acquired and transmitted during the course of history peculiar to itself. These provinces even now employ, as they did in the past, the structure, wealth and tradition of Samskṛta for their fuller literary expression, throb with common ideals and cherish a common will. Thus, India has for centuries realized what to many nations is yet a dream: a fundamental national and cultural unity expressing itself through the diversity of independent and free provincial life and literature. These provinces have, through centuries, waged an unceasing war against the centrifugal forces tending to disrupt this unity, and in spite of apparent divergencies, the history of their literature stands out as a triumphant assertion of the unity of India.

III

The nature of the life and literature of a country depends mainly upon its geographical peculiarities, the economic factors which create or develop common interests and aptitudes among its inhabitants, and the cultural influences which glisten through the fabric of the political and religious institutions giving them a living unity. These

1. These figures are based on the Census of 1921. The Census of 1931 was largely boycotted by the Gujarātis on account of the Civil Disobedience Movement, and does not form a reliable guide. It would however be a fair estimate to allow at least a 10% of increase in the population within the last decade.

determinants impose the national character upon the people and upon all that they do and express.

The principal geographical feature of Gujarāta is its undisturbed coast line. In fact, the sea is just a few miles distant from its eastern boundary, and this proximity to the sea has been responsible for the ceaseless mercantile and maritime activities of its people. Some of the ports of Gujarāta date back to the dawn of history, and have, at one time or another, acquired international importance. Through them, trade and commerce brought in riches which overflowed the land. From them, streams of enterprizing colonizers went out to distant lands. Kuśasthalī (Dwārikā) was a port through which perhaps the Paṇis of Ṛgveda, doubtfully identified with the Phoenicians (Paṇiks-Punic), carried on an international trade. Māhishmatī of Sahasrārjuna and Śūrpāraka, (Sopārā) the Ophir of the Old Testament, were sea ports of considerable importance. The *Jātakas* record the maritime importance of Bhṛgu-kaccha (Broach) from c B. C. 600. All later history shows how till c A. C. 1700 this city was the great entrepôt which maintained India's commercial intercourse with the world.

Ptolemy (A. C. 140) mentions Verāvala, Māngrola, Porbandara, as large ports; these even now carry on considerable sea-borne trade. Under the Cālukya and the Vāghelā kings of Gujarāta (961-1297) the ports of Ghoghā and Khambhāta (Cambay) rose to great prominence. The former was the base of the royal fleet. The latter outgrew Broach in international importance and was the resort of merchants from every part of the globe. The early Portuguese traders called its merchants 'their keenest rivals, their merchantmen their richest prizes'. Under the Moghul Emperors, Surat became the premier port of the country. Before the British came, the flag of Gujarāta could be seen flying in eighty four ports, twenty-three of which were on the western coast, and the rest in foreign lands. During the British rule, Bombay, which as far as its trade and commerce are concerned, is largely Gujarāti, and Okhā and Beḍi in Kāthiāvāḍa have come into prominence.

The maritime activity of Gujarāta was not restricted merely to commerce. So early as c. B. C. 500, Prince Vijaya sailed from Simhāpur (Sīhora) near modern Bhāvanagara and settled in Ceylon, which had, since then, a close maritime intercourse with Bhṛgukaccha and Śūrpāraka. According to *Vividha-tīrtha-kalpa,* a princess from Ceylon built a Jaina temple at Broach, and the well-known proverb of to-ḍay "लंकानी लाडी ने घोघानो वर"—the bride of Ceylon and the bridegroom of Ghoghā—apparently has had its origin in some long-forgotten incident. There is evidence of the Gujarātīs, in c. A. C. 200, having brought presents by sea from China; of Indian ships, presumably Gujarātī, having plied in Persian and African ports in c. A. C. 100; and of Hindu settlements having existed in Sokotra about the same time. Naushirvan, (A. C. 531–574) the great Sassanian monarch, invaded Sindha with a fleet manned by sailors from Kaccha. Hiuen Tsiāng (A. C. 630) records that the people of Saurāshṭra occupied themselves with commerce.

In the seventh century, a ruler of Gujarāta, forewarned of the impending doom which was to overtake his kingdom, sailed away with his followers from his native soil in six large and a hundred small vessels to lay the foundation of a new civilization in Java. Gujarāta maintained a colony there, and the wealth brought from Java has become proverbial. जे जाय जावे ते कदी न आवे; ने जो आवे तो परीआंनां परीआं चावे एटलुं धन लावे. He who goes to Java never returns; but if he does, he brings so much wealth that his grandchildren's grandchildren will not exhaust it. Friar Oderic (A. C. 1321) voyaged across the Indian Ocean in a vessel manned by Gujarātīs; and Gujarātī sailors, according to the authority of Vasco-de-Gama, knew how to guide their ships not only by the stars but by nautical instruments of their own. The Sultāns of Gujarāta proudly bore the title "Lords of the Sea"; and the Sanger Rajputs of Kaccha and Navānagara were well known for their skill in ship-building during the Sultanate. The East India Company, in c. A.C. 1735, found in Dhunjibhai of Surat, a master architect of ships. Early in the nineteenth century, Motiśā, a Jain merchant, owned the largest mercantile fleet in Bombay. To-

day, Gujarātī merchants are to be found in many parts of the globe, and the only large steamship company in India is the result of Gujarātī enterprise. But, for want of a national government, the maritime power and glory of Gujarāta which had endured through centuries are no longer hers.

These persistent activities of the people of Gujarāta through the ages led to the rise among them of a well-to-do middle class which dominated social life, influenced politics, laid down traditions and shared with kings the patronage of literature. Acquisition of wealth became an important if not the sole end of life, and the display of it a great virtue. Heroism and intellectual pursuits, not being thought conducive to the acquisition of wealth, were not assessed at any great value. The cosmopolitan spirit of this class, born of international intercourse, did not favour an ascetical or exclusive outlook on life, but fostered the instinct of adaptability and catholicity of spirit. Social inequality was based as much on wealth, as on birth or education; and the cultural level constantly tended towards uniformity. As a further result, life in the whole province became dynamic. The people gained vast experience and a wide outlook on all matters. Foreigners came to settle among them and were in time absorbed into the community. Neither the feudal nor the intellectual aristocracy was powerful enough to check this endless process of levelling and adjustment. Women waited on masters who were neither fierce warriors nor proud panditas, and in southern Gujarāta particularly, acquired great freedom, sharing with men the burden of life and exerting their influence on the environment in a manner unknown in other provinces of India.

IV

The soil of the mainland, watered by the rivers Tāpī, Narmadā, Mahī and Sābaramatī, is rich and varied, makes agriculture a lucrative pursuit, and in years with a good rainfall, gives to almost the whole of the rural area more than enough to live on. As large tracts were under cotton cultivation even in pre-British days, the cotton industry flourished in towns and villages which poured out their products into distant lands, including Great Britain. The

peasantry consequently has always been shrewd, intelligent and, to some extent, cultured; and, of late, has been the most actively political-minded group of its kind in the world. Till recently, prosperity through commerce, industry and agriculture has prevented any very great disparity between the economic, religious or cultural level of the urban and rural areas. The man of commerce aspires to be a landlord; the agriculturist comes to the city or crosses the seas in search of trade profits and on his return invests his savings in land. These conditions, however, do not exist in Kāṭhiāvāḍa or Kaccha, where the towns are mere camps of ruling chiefs and the villages are the homes of a hard working and oppressed peasantry.

V

The above features moulded the national characteristics and tastes. Popular imagination centered round the hero of commerce returning from foreign lands in vessels laden with riches; round the moral and the peaceful; round the charitable, the philanthropic and the worldly wise. The relentless valour of great warriors, the undying passion for one's city or religion, the stern, unwavering steadfastness with which the mighty in courage or intellect adhere to the ideals of their race or civilization had few admirers. The soil was unfitted for a Śaṅkara or a Caitanya; it could not produce a great lover like Caṇḍīdāsa.

These general traits took different colours in different areas. Even the author of *Kuvalayamālā* (c. A. C. 779) saw this difference and expressed it thus:

There I saw the Gurjjara people. They have strong bodies; are nourished on ghee and butter; are devout, clever in negotiations; and speak 'nau re bhallauṁ'. Then I saw the people of Lāṭa. They part their hair; they besmear their bodies with scent; their bodies are beautiful to look at. They speak 'amhe kauṁ tumhaṁ'.[1]

1 'घयलोणिय पुट्ठंगे धम्मवरे संधिविग्गहे निउणे ।
नउरे भल्लउं भणिरे अहपेच्छइ गुज्जरे अवरे ॥
ण्हाओलित्तविलित्ते कयसीमंते सोहियंगत्ते ।
अम्हं काउं तुम्हं भणिरे अहपेच्छइ लाडे ॥'

This distinction between North and South Gujarāta remains true after twelve hundred years. The people of the north, generally, are serious-minded, steady, religious and of heavy build ; those of the south are pleasure-loving, possess a greater sense of humour and enjoy life. And this distinction again has led to the rise of two distinct currents of literature : the one, conservative, intellectual, sombre, puritanic ; the other, progressive, light, rich in humour, and vivacious.

The people of Saurāshṭra display their outstanding characteristics except where centuries of diplomacy or tyranny have destroyed their spirit. They are strong and bold, with unforgotten traditions of a warlike past, hospitable, generous and impulsive. These men have given to the folklore of Kāṭhiāvāḍa its romantic charm and its burning passion. Those who follow mercantile pursuits, though less catholic, refined and sentimental than their brothers of the mainland, are hard-headed and calculating. The people of Kaccha share the same traits in a large measure and, in addition, possess a rare spirit of enterprise and a wonderful instinct for business organisation.

CHAPTER II

THE ĀRYAN COLONIES OF THE WEST: THEIR LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE (A. C. 500)

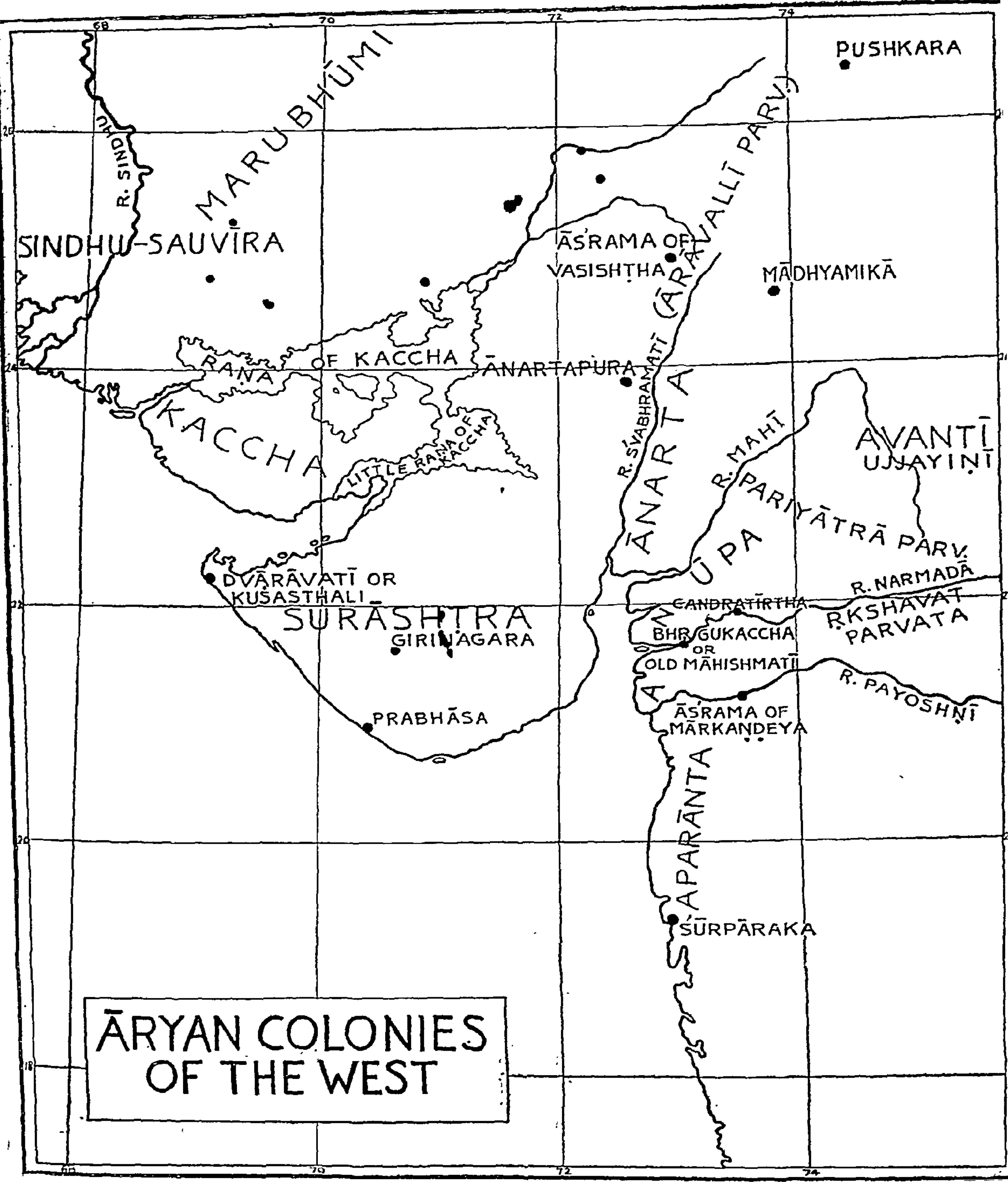
Early Āryan occupation—(? to A. C. 500) Traditional accounts—Sahasrārjuna and Haihayas—Bhṛgus—Yādavas—Mauryas (B. C. 319-197)—Greeks (B.C. 180-100)—Western Kshatrapas (c. B. C. 70 to A.C. 398)—Guptas (c. A. C. 390—467)—The āśramas and Āryan culture—Āryan centres—Ābhīras—Their origin and status—Āryan influence under Guptas—Language—Āryans of the Outer and Midland Bands and their dialects—Prākṛtas—Apabhraṁśa—Their evolution—Early Jainism—Dharmakathā—*Tarangalolā*, a social dharmakathā.

Who were the original dwellers of the land which is now known as Gujarāta? When did the Āryans come and settle in it? These are interesting questions, and to help us in answering which we have no more than fragmentary references in the Purāṇas. The first Āryan conqueror from the north who raided the country up to the Narmadā found the Nāgas already in occupation. Who the Nāgas were it is difficult to say. Perhaps, the Bhīls, Meenas, Gonds, Chodhrās, Kolis, Dhodiās and Dublās who are to be found, among other places, in the Surat District and at the foot of the Ārāvali, are the descendants of these long-forgotten occupants of early Gujarāta.

I

The first wave of Āryan immigrants, perhaps, consisted of the Śāryātas, a tribe claiming descent from Manu, and the Bhṛgus, the martial priests who claimed their descent from the sage Bhṛgu. The myth runs that the eponymous Śaryāti, and Cyāvana, the Bhṛgu, found a home in this distant land.[1] The son of the former, Ānartta, gave his name to North Gujarāta. Perhaps, Ānartta also was the name of a tribe; and Ānarttapura (Ānaṅdapura, Modern Vaḍanagara) was one of the earliest centres of Āryan

1. *Vishnu* IV. 1. 1. *Matsya* XVIII. 12. 22. *Harivaṅsa*. 1. 10. 29, 31.


PUSHKARA
MARUBHŪMI
R. SINDHU
SINDHU-SAUVĪRA
ĀRAVALLĪ PARV.
ĀŚRAMA OF VASISHṬHA
MĀDHYAMIKĀ
RAṆA OF KACCHA
ĀNARTAPURA
KACCHA
LITTLE RAṆA OF KACCHA
R. ŚVABHRAMATĪ
ĀNARTA
R. MAHĪ
AVANTĪ
UJJAYINĪ
PARIYĀTRĀ PARV.
ANŪPA
R. NARMADĀ
DVĀRĀVATĪ OR KUŚASTHALĪ
SURĀSHṬRA
GIRINAGARA
CANDRATĪRTHA
ṚKSHAVAT PARVATA
BHṚGUKACCHA OR OLD MĀHISHMATĪ
R. PAYOSHṆĪ
PRABHĀSA
ĀŚRAMA OF MĀRKAṆḌEYA
APARĀNTA
ŚŪRPĀRAKA
68
70
72
74
ĀRYAN COLONIES OF THE WEST

culture. Cyavana's āśrama was situate on the banks of the Narmadā, possibly near Rājapīplā, if what Yudhishṭhira was told on his pilgrimage to these parts had any element of truth in it. The Bhṛgus had Bhṛgutīrthas on the Narmadā. The next wave of immigrants settled in Kāṭhiāvāḍa, where Haryaśva, a Yādava king, founded a kingdom. Girinagara, (Junāgaḍha) Kuśasthali and Prabhāsa were the earliest Āryan settlements in the peninsula.[1]

Later, Sahasrārjuna Kārtavīrya of the Haihaya race, a branch of the Yadus, a great conqueror, turned his attention to this land. The Haihayas probably represent the race classed by Sir George Grierson, in his theory of Indo-Āryan Languages, as the Outer Band of Āryans in contradistinction to the Midland Āryans of the Punjab and the Gangetic valley. Kārtavīrya did not like the pretensions of the Midland Āryans who were laying the foundations of small states and a great civilization in the north. Once, the myth runs, he killed the sage Jamadagni, a Bhṛgu of the Midland and an associate of the great Viśvāmitra, and drew upon himself the wrath of his son, the fierce Rāma. This dauntless young warrior, worshipped for generations under the name of Paraśurāma as a teacher of the martial art and as the sixth incarnation of Vishṇu, vanquished his father's murderer, razed Māhishmatī to the ground and promoted Āryan settlements on the Narmadā. Kārtavīrya's empire, for such it was, included Anūpa and Ānartta (South and North Gujarāta), Saurāshṭra (Kāṭhiāvāḍa), Avanti (Mālvā) and Śūrasena (Mathurā), thus clearly indicating that these outlying provinces formed a homogeneous group of colonies originally occupied by the Āryans of the Outer Band.[2] The myth that Paraśurāma, in no less than twenty-one campaigns, destroyed all kings is suggestive of the incessant war which the Bhṛgus had to carry on against the Haihayas. In his old age, the warrior made Śūrpāraka his home, and brought in his train the culture of Āryāvarta.

1. *Harivaṅśa* 11. 37, 38.

2. Munshi, *Mahishmati of Kartavirya*. Ind. An. XLV. 217.

Nothing definite is heard of Ānartta or Saurāshṭra till we come to the period of the great Bhārata war between the Kurus and the Pāṇḍus. Some decades before that epoch-making conflict, the Yādavas of Śūrasena rose against their king Kaṅsa of Mathurā. Kṛshṇa, the young Yādava hero, killed him. Later, fleeing before the wrath of Jarāsaṅdha, the king of Magadha and the brother-in-law of Kaṅsa, the Yādavas came to these hospitable colonies, led by Kṛshṇa and his brother Baladeva. In Ānartta and Saurāshṭra, they ultimately settled. Ugrasena ruled his kingdom from Dwārikā with the aid of Kṛshṇa, who very soon came to be regarded as the supreme representative of Āryan culture and statesmanship.

The Vanaparva of the *Mahābhārata* contains a narrative of Yudhishṭhira's pilgrimage through Gujarāta. When the eldest son of Pāṇḍu visited the land, he found Aparānta, the sea-board to the north of the Narmadā, studded with Āryan colonies. Mārkaṇḍeya had an āśrama or hermitage on the Payoshṇī, identified by some with the river Tāpī; the Bhṛgus had āśramas on the Narmadā. During the war, all eyes turned to Dwārikā's great statesman for bringing about a decisive issue. The Yādava heroes, with their unruly tribesmen, took part in the great war, and returned home only to destroy each other in the superabundance of their might. A few miles from Prabhāsa in Kāṭhiāvāḍa, a spot is still shown where Śrī Kṛshṇa fell, pierced by an arrow. Tradition has hallowed the spot; a venerable tree throws its kindly shade over it; a small river flows sluggishly by to join the sea. But no one has cared to surround the spot with a fitting monument worthy of one held to be an incarnation of God and undoubtedly one of the greatest heroes known to human tradition.

The succeeding centuries are a blank till we come to the records of the Mauryan empire of Magadha. Possibly Candragupta Maurya (B. C. 323–298) brought both Ānartta and Saurāshṭra within the fold of an empire dominated by Āryan influences from Madhyadeśa. Buddhism and Jainism obtained a foothold in these parts a little

later. Aśoka (B. C. 272–232) ruled over Saurāshṭra through a Greek governor, Yavana Thera by name. His edicts (B. C. 240), inscribed on a rock, can still be seen as one climbs to the top of Mount Giranāra from Junāgaḍha.

After the break up of the Mauryan empire (B. C. 197) these distant provinces were raided by Menander (B. C. 126), the Bactrian King of Kabul, known to Buddhistic literature as Malinda. He occupied Sindha and Saurāshṭra. The first century after Christ saw a Scythian chief with the title of Kshatrapa (Satrap) occupying Saurāshṭra. Kshatrapa Nahapāna (A. C. 78–120) ruled over Gujarāta; but it soon passed into the hands of the Āndhra king Gautamiputra Śātakarṇi. This champion of Brahmanism as well as of Buddhism at one time held sway over the whole country watered by the Godāvarī, and also over Berars, Mālvā, Gujarāta and North Konkaṇa. During this time, South Gujarāta came under the active influence of the Deccan.

Soon after Gautamīputra's death, about A. C. 128, another satrap wrested Mālvā and Gujarāta from the hands of his son. Rudradāman I (A. C. 143–158), grandson of the great Satrap Cashṭana, ruled over Ānartta, Anūpa, Kaccha, Saurāshṭra, Avanti, Maru, Sindhu-Sauvīra and Aparānta, that is over South Rajputānā, Mālvā, Gujarāta including both Kāṭhiāvāḍa and Kaccha, and North Konkaṇa. Once again, Kārtavīrya's empire was revived and put together by the conquering arms of a foreigner's Āryanised grandson. Rudradamān I was learned and accomplished, and recorded his greatness in Saṁskṛta on the Giranāra rock which already bore Aśoka's inscription.

The Śaka Kshatrapas ruled long over Gujarāta, bowed before the overpowering might of Samudragupta (c. A. C. 380), the greatest of conquerors known to Indian history, and were destroyed by Candragupta II (c A. C. 390). Candragupta, who proudly bore the title of Vikramāditya, ruled Gujarāta from Ujjayinī, the seat of an intensely fostered Saṁskṛtic culture. Gujarāta, for a century, remained an integral part of an empire which stood for Āryan culture in all its aspects. On the very rock near Mount Giranāra which bore the inscriptions of Aśoka and Rudradāman, Skandagupta's viceroy of Gujarāta, Parnadatta, recorded his master's

victory over the Huns (A. C. 456). Skandagupta died about A. C. 467 and the Guptas lost the province of Gujarāta soon after.

II

Though these colonies, Ānūpa, Ānartta, Saurāshṭra, Kaccha and Aparānta were administered by Madhyadeśa only intermittently, they were always dominated by Āryan culture. The early Āryan settlers brought with them their own civilization, and always looked for fresh inspiration to the home of their ancestors. They married the daughters of the aborigines freely and imposed their superior civilization on those with whom they so mingled. Later waves of Āryan immigrants came from different parts of North India and settled in these colonies; but each of them retained its exclusive corporate existence though evolving, with others, a common life on the Āryan model. In convenient centres, adventurous Ṛshis established their hermitages—āśramas—which preserved the high traditions of Āryan life in all its purity. There the Ṛshis lived, their character, learning and ideals their only source of power and influence, uplifting, unifying, and radiating Āryan ideals in thought, word and deed. These āśramas were the strongholds of civilization. They flourished in an unbroken chain all over India, and maintained living contact with each other and with the seats of learning in the Gangetic valley and in the forests of Brahmāvarta and Naimisha, where new ideals of life and thought were being brought into existence by great sages.

It is difficult to describe this culture within the limits of a few sentences, though the life and literature of India have owed so much to it. It consisted of rituals and myths; of modes of life and canons of conduct; of traditions; of a wealth of language and literature; of great theories and living ideals. Among other things, it consisted of the following:

(1) a sense of historic continuity, preserved through a belief in the *Vedas* as the source of all inspiration, giving to all races, of whatever origin, a conscious unity of life and history;

(2) a mythology embracing sacred legends of rivers and mountains, cities, royal houses, semi-divine heroes and sages, which made the past a vital heritage to succeeding ages;

(3) a family life dominated by strong patriarchal traditions, affording shelter to every needy and helpless member, and, as a corollary, imposing strict regard for feminine virtue which helped to preserve the purity of race and culture;

(4) a social theory based on a respect for the Brāhmaṇas, who as a class stood for learning, culture and self-control, permitting a new-comer to benefit by, but never to destroy social privileges, and offering scope to the uncultured to rise in the scale of life, but never so fast as to jeopardise its stability;

(5) Saṁskṛta, a language perfect in structure and elastic in expression, with a rich, varied, beautiful literary achievement, the living embodiment of the cultural ideals of the race;

(6) one unchanging, supreme code of ethical values running through what appears to be a diversity of religious beliefs, which insisted on the observance of the great vows—mahā-vratas—of non-violence, truth, non-stealing, continence and non-possession;

(7) a faith in human endeavour, self-discipline (saṁyama), and asceticism (tapas) in order to realise the Supreme Self in this life;

(8) in religious and spiritual matters, an emphasis laid on individual experience and becoming rather than on belief and scriptural word;

(9) and lastly, an unwavering faith in the sacred Āryāvarta, the holy land of the Āryans, leavened by an abiding veneration for those who lived and died so that Āryāvarta may live one, indivisible, eternal.

The Ṛshis called this culture 'dharma', which generally means a sum-total of all sentiments, beliefs, values and activities which make life, literature and country worth living for. And the effort which it made for self-expression through adverse circumstances, is

the central theme of Indian history during the last three thousand years.

From the beginning of their occupation of India, the Āryan's hold over the country was more cultural than either political or economic. It was a conquest made by men who, generation after generation, created or studied literature, sacred or profane, at Benares, Taxila, Nalanda, Mathurā, Ujjayinī and a hundred similar places; who lived under trying, if not well-nigh impossible conditions, and gave to the people, in return for a meagre maintenance, religion, ethics, literature, mythology, and above all, a self-conscious cultural unity. The problem before them was the absorption of the foreign, the depressed and the backward elements of society around them into the fold of their civilization. Since the day when the mythic Śaryāti put his foot in this land, successive generations of such men have largely Āryanised this province.

Girinagara, Ānarttapura, Prabhāsa and Candratīrtha (Cāndoda) attracted Brāhmaṇas from all parts of the country. Ujjayinī, a great distributing centre of culture, always dominated Gujarāta. There was an āśrama of Vasishṭha near Ābu, of Kapila near Siddhapura, of Bhṛgu on the Narmadā, of Mārkaṇḍeya on the Payoshṇī.

But Gujarāta was far away from Madhyadeśa, and the culture she received, suffered both in purity and rigidity in the process of transplantation. The *Mahābhārata* states that the Kshatriyas of this land had lost their status as they had no Brāhmaṇa to perform the ritual so very essential in the life of an Āryan. The *Vishṇu Purāṇa* enjoined that those who visited Saurāshṭra should undergo purification. Aśoka had evidently regarded a Greek good enough to be a governor of this frontier colony. Non-Brahmanical Āryan doctrines like those of Buddhism and Jainism had found a refuge here. During the rule of the Satrap Nahapāna, the Brāhmaṇas had even accepted Greek women in marriage. The varṇāśrama dharma, recognising only four main castes, was accepted in theory; but, in practice, it gave rise to a system which treated every small autonomous group of settlers as a separate caste, and denied to any one

an exclusive claim to superiority. A spirit of tolerance pervaded the social atmosphere. The culture was not of a very high order but evenly distributed. The absence of a large class of orthodox Brāhmaṇas with traditions of learning, as in Bengal or Mahārāshṭra, retarded the progress of learning in Gujarāta. On the other hand the bitterness born of caste inequality rarely found a home here.

Among the principal races which occupied Gujarāta, the Ābhīras deserve some attention. Their dialect, Apabhraṅśa, had been recognised as one of the literary languages of Gujarāta before the rise of the Valabhīs (A. C. 509). Were the Ābhīras foreigners? Was their language alien? Patañjali (B. C. 150) regards Apabhraṅśa as the corruption of the normal Saṁskṛta; Bharata (A. C. 200) refers to 'deśabhāshā' and to Ābhīrokti, the idiom of the Ābhīras, the herdsmen; but there is no evidence of foreign origin in these early references.

There is no doubt that the Ābhīras, a hated people, believed to have once lived on the Indus, were called Mlecchas. They fought in the battle of Kurukshetra. *Manu Smṛti* treats them as descended from Brāhmaṇas by Ambashṭha women. Whatever might have been their early status, prior to A. C. 100 the Ābhīras lived in Gujarāta without any brand of social inferiority. Periplus (c. A.C. 100) found them already settled in Western India (Abiria). Ābhīra Rudrabhūti (A. C. 181) was a general of the Western Kshatrapas. Īśvarasena, son of Śivadatta, ruled a principality near Nāsika (A. C. 300). Ābhīras lived in Rājasthāna and Mālvā on the western frontier of the Gupta empire in Samudragupta's time (A. C. 360). An Ābhīra dynasty succeeded the Āndhrabhṛtyas, according to the *Vishṇu Purāṇa*. All these facts indicate that the Ābhiras occupied an important position in society in Rajputānā, Gujarāta, and even further south, before A. C. 509. Neither their names nor their language appears to be foreign; and even if they were originally foreigners, they were for all purposes children of the soil before the Christian era began. Many scholars believe that the Ābhīras entered India about B. C. 150 and migrated to Gujarāta a couple

of centuries later. According to Dr. Keith, they probably belonged to the Dardic branch of the Indian race.

III

For hundred years, Gujarāta formed part of the Gupta Empire. The Gupta period was the golden age of Indian history. Samudragupta, Candragupta II, the Vikramāditya of romance, Kumāragupta and Skandagupta were great, not only as conquerors and statesmen, but as patrons of all cultural activities. Their strong and just administration, more than their conquests, brought about the political consolidation of India north of the Narmadā. Their learning and ideals stimulated the growth and development of culture.

In the Gupta period, the old Āryan myths, known all over the country, were edited and compiled in works which have since become classic. The *Mahābhārata* was edited, and Purāṇas like the *Vāyu*, the *Harivaṁs'a*, the *Matsya* and the *Mārkaṇḍeya* were composed. The study of law and ritual, science and philosophy, ethics and religion received great impetus. The old literature on these subjects was revised, in some cases, standardised; *Manu*, *Yājnavalkya* and other law texts were revised or composed; astronomy, mathematics and medicine were assiduously cultivated; and architecture, sculpture and painting reached a high level of artistic expression. Saṁskṛta, already the medium of intercourse for the cultured in the whole country, became the great unifying agency; the vehicle, the source, and the inspiration of culture in its manifold aspects; and the symbol of Āryan unity. Literary expression, too, reached its climax in the kāvyas, epics, and the nāṭakas, dramas. Kālidāsa, one of the world's great literary artists, lived, as is now accepted by many eminent authorities, at the court of Candragupta II, Vikramāditya; and his *Raghuvaṁs'a*, *Meghadūta*, and *S'ākuntala* were accepted in India as specimens of literary art in its most perfect form. The worship of Vishṇu became the state religion, and the Brāhmanical view of Āryan culture, the dominant note in the nation's life. During the period seats of learning were lavishly endowed. So far, racial

unity and the common heritage of culture were the two ties which bound the Āryans together; to them, was now added political unity. Though there is very little contemporary evidence, subsequent history fully bears out that these influences deeply affected life and literature in Gujarāta; and it is more than probable that towards the composition of the *Harivaṁs'a*, the *Matsya*, and the *Mārkandeya Purāṇas*, the people of Gujarāta made no small contribution.

IV

Most of the languages of India have grown up in one and the same way. Age after age, in each province, the dialect of the Āryans for the time being began to be developed intensely owing to the introduction of the vocabulary, the construction and the graces of Saṁskṛta which the cultured Āryans of Madhyadeśa spoke. The dialect thus cultivated soon lost touch with the deśabhāshā, the actual speech of the people. The deśabhāshā, however, developed along well-recognised phonetic principles; and, when necessity arose, was in its turn made the object of literary culture. Thus the Prākṛtas, the Apabhraṅśas, and the present vernaculars were the deśabhāshās which, in succession to one another, attained literary form.

According to Sir George Grierson, there were two waves of Āryan immigration: one, which he calls that of the Āryans of the Outer Band, the other, that of the Midland (Madhyadeśa) Āryans. In course of time, the speech of the Midland Āryans became Saṁskṛta, and from time to time it lent its structure and wealth of diction to the dialects of the Outer Band. Under this influence, the different Prākṛtas, Apabhraṅśas and vernaculars came into existence.[1] The basis of the languages thus evolved was Outland, and the body, Midland. The base of the grammar adopted was the vernacular, and the enrichment was due to attempts made to simplify the literary language by using its vocabulary.[2]

If by the word deśabhāshā is meant literally the language of the soil, the dialect actually in use as distinguished from

1. Grierson, *Indo-Aryan Languages, Sanskrit*; *Prakrit. Encyclo. Britannica.*
2. Keith, *History of Sanskrit Literature* 34.

the language of literature, the evolution of the different Indian languages can easily be reconstructed. The language of the *Ṛgveda* is the first literary form of the primary deśabhāshā—the dialect of the early Āryans of Madhyadeśa—which has come down to us, and the dialect itself may be presumed not to have been far removed from it. Perhaps the Śāryātas and the Bhṛgus spoke this primary deśabhāshā. The dialect of the Yādava heroes must have been its later variety, fast growing into Saṃskṛta. We are, however, on firmer ground in the third century before Christ. Aśoka's edict, intended for popular instruction, is inscribed on rocks at Mount Giranāra, Sopāra near Bombay, and Dera Dun in the western variety of the primary deśabhāshā. The inscriptions, scattered all over North India, show that the dialects spoken at the time were similar to one another.

The secondary deśabhāshās were also sub-divided into Māhārāshṭrī, Śaurseni̅, Māgadhī and Paiśācī according to the province in which the variety was spoken. The first three are found in Saṁskṛta dramas. The Śaurseni̅ variety, resembling Saṃskṛta and spoken in Madhyadeśa around Mathurā, was put in the mouth of ladies and the vidūshaka, the clown, by the rules of the drama. This Śaurseni̅ prevailed in Gujarāta, as also perhaps the other varieties of Prākṛta known as Ardha-Māgadhī, Jaina Māhārāshṭrī and Jaina Śaurseni̅, the last two so named because of the activities of the Jaina sādhus. The redaction in Jaina Māhārāshṭrī of the Jaina canon, at Valabhīpura in Kāṭhiāvāḍa, by the conference presided over by Devarddhigaṇi (A. C. 500), indicates that this form of the language was favoured by the Jains.[1]

[1] There is no doubt that in this period the deśabhāshā in Gujarāta was influenced not only by Māhārashṭrī but the then prevailing Kanarese. An ancient Tamil tradition includes Gujarāta in the Panca Dravida or five Dravidian regions. Possibly it dates back to a time when South Gujarāta, or Lāṭa, had been included in Gujarāta but not yet brought under the dominance of the northern influences. It is likely, as Professor Turner suggests, the ancestor of Marāṭhi was further to the north in Asoka's time and that it was pushed south by the speakers of the ancestor of Gujarātī. So late as the ninth century A. C. Kanarese was spoken over a large part of Mahārashtra and the Māhrāshṭrī was not the principal language in the present Marāthi-speaking area. This would explain the traces of Kanarese in the Gujarāti language, *vide* J.B.B.R.A.S. 1930, p. 95, Master, *Some Parallelisms in Indo-Aryan and Dravidian Languages.*

These Prākṛtas soon drifted away from the deśabhāshās, which came to be known as Apabhraṅśa, the corruption of the norm. This popular speech, as opposed to Saṁskṛta and Prākṛta, was first made the object of literary culture by story writers. Hence arose the literary Apabhraṅśa, sometimes referred to as the language of the Ābhīras. For every secondary Prākṛta, there was a corresponding Apabhraṅśa, and a variety of the Śaurseni Apabhraṅśa prevalent in Gujarāta about A. C. 1000 is called by Mārkaṇḍeya (A. C. 1450), Gaurjarī. This Apabhraṅśa in its turn became the object of literary culture; and the deśabhāsha continued to develop on phonetic lines, evolving the tertiary deśabhāshā, Gujarātī. Thus, age after age, the spoken language was intensely cultivated under the influence of Samskṛta, as also of the literary language of the preceding age which had ceased to grow, achieving for itself a new stage in literary expression.

To summarise the position of languages in Gujarāta during the period under review: A late variety of the primary deśabhāshā of the Āryans was in vogue about 200 B. C; Samskṛta, soon thereafter, became the literary and official language; Jaina Māhārashṭrī Prākṛta was used by the Jaina sādhus in the fourth and fifth centuries, A. C; Śaurseni Apabhraṅśa, the spoken language of the people, was growing into a literary language from about the same time. King Guhasena of Valabhī (A. C. 559–569), according to an inscription, wrote poems in Samskṛta, Prākṛta and Apabhraṅśa.

V

From early times the Jaina sādhus became a cultural force in Gujarāta. Madhyadeśa and Magadha had no home to offer them; the schools of Āryan learning were deeply absorbed in solving questions of high philosophic and religious moment, and in making an advance on the system of philosophy and ethics from which Mahāvīra had borrowed his negative creed. Royal patronage was extended mainly to the Brāhmaṇas and the Bauddha bhikshus; the great imperial house of the Mauryas did not feel any attraction for Jainism. The imperial Guptas, devout worship-

pers of Vishṇu and ardent conquerors as they were, were not likely to admire a sect which spelt destruction to their masterful policy. The Jaina sādhus, celibates pledged for life to ceaseless travels and bent on the propagation of their faith, were, therefore, forced to explore more hospitable lands, and went south and west.

They turned for patronage and protection to Gujarāta with its cosmopolitan spirit and its poverty of great intellectual and literary tradition. Its rich middle-class longed for some literary entertainment which, without putting an undue strain on its religious zeal, could give a sense of spiritual security. Denied the patronage of highly cultured or literary audience, the Jaina sādhus specialised in a form, which could conveniently be utilised at once as a means of religious propaganda, and a source of popular entertainment. The Brāhmaṇas, to whom the literary and intellectual impulses of Mathurā, Kāśī and Nalanda were the very breath of life, and whom royal patronage had made independent of popular support, on the contrary, showed an interest only in the kind of literature which accorded with the higher standard prevailing in Madhyadeśa. They manifested no inclination to stoop to conquer the simple-minded or the idle rich of this distant colony.

Dharmakathā—religious story—is the category under which will fall many forms of literature to which the Jaina sādhus devoted themselves. The common element in all these kathās was an insistence on the purity of Jainism, and on the greatness of the gospel of renunciation under every circumstance. One of the sections of the Jaina scriptures is called *Dharmakathā-anuyoga*.

The Jainas turned classical legends, legendary lives of saints, moral tales and anecdotes into dharmakathās in order to spread their doctrine. Often, the epic legends were re-written to suit this propaganda; more often, a Purāṇic hero's life-story was re-told, making him a Jaina. These kathās based on legendary biography were called caritas. *Vāsudevacarita* was first composed by a Jaina teacher of Candragupta Maurya (c B. C. 320), and *Paumacariyam*, the Jaina version of *the Rāmāyaṇa*, and *Harivaṁśa*, by Vimala in A. C. 300.

Romantic stories were also utilised for writing dharmakathās. Haribhadra (A. C. 750) acknowledged his indebtedness to pre-existing kathās, and, following ancient teachers, divided them into (i) Dīvya, (ii) Dīvyamānusha and (iii) Mānusha. He himself classified them into (i) Arthakāma, (ii) Saṁkīrṇa and (iii) Dharmakathā. The general public, as was perfectly natural, took a fancy to the kathās in which love was the central motive. The Jaina sādhu knew human weaknesses well. The author of *Vasudevahindi* insisted that dharmakathā should be properly diluted with good love-stories in order to achieve the best results. Udyotana laid down that a story should be like a newly wedded wife, decked with ornaments, auspicious, moving with graceful steps, sentimental, soft in speech, and ever pleasing to the minds of men.

The dharmakathā, with this object in view, was given a peculiar turn in Gujarāta. The stories of kings did not appeal to the commercial classes; but the social dharmakathā, dealing with the love affairs of a nagara śetha, or a wealthy man's daughter, with acquisition of wealth as a substitute for heroism and renunciation according to Jaina tenets as the end of life, caught the popular imagination.

VI

Some fragments of a social dharmakathā of the period before A. C. 500, survive to give us an idea of what these kathās must have been like. *Tarangalolā*, or *Tarangavatī*, was composed by Pādalipta, born in Kośala, a protégé of the Śātavāhana kings of the South, and the founder of Pālitāṇā in Kāthiāvāḍa, one of the places of Jaina pilgrimage. It was written in Prākṛta, contained many deśī words, and was mentioned in *Anuyogadvāra* (A. C. 500). Various authors, from the eighth century downwards, have extolled the story and compared it to the Ganges. Śilācārya says that a story which lacks any trace of this kathā has neither art nor beauty. Again, another unknown author is surprised that the god of death should escape with an unbroken head when he carried away Pādalipta! The original work is lost, and its merits can be judged only from a summary in 1,644 gāthās

composed, evidently by a process of very careful editing, by Nemicandra, and recently brought to light by Dr. Ernest Leuman. This short kathā shows how later authors of such kathās inartistically developed some elements of Pādalipta's tale without producing its charm. It is pre-eminently a love story of middle class life, in the poetic style of the period, full of delicate touches and refined sentiments, and, but for its depressing conclusion, a thing of beauty.

In Magadha, a young and beautiful Jaina nun goes to the wife of a nagara śetha for alms. She preaches the usual religious precepts, and, on being asked, tells her life-story to justify her early renunciation. Her original name was Tarangavatī. She was a daughter of the nagara śetha of Kauśāmbī, brought up in luxury, educated with care, and beautiful as the campaka flower. Once she went to a garden, and, seeing cakravāka birds, the Indian symbol of undying love, on the lake, she swooned. Her friends revived her, and asked her what had caused her to faint so suddenly. Tarangavatī told them the story of her previous life: how she had been a cakravāki, and had lived with her mate on a lake in Anga-deśa; how their love had transcended all earthly bonds; how a hunter, trying to shoot an arrow at an elephant bathing in the lake, had missed his mark and killed her mate; how, bewailing the loss of her beloved, she had immolated herself on the fire lighted by the repentant hunter to cremate the poor bird; and how, on seeing the birds sporting on the lake, the past had flashed upon her.

Once the past was recalled, Tarangavati wanted to meet the lost comrade of her former life. In her grief at not being able to find him, she found solace in drawing pictures depicting the experiences of her former bird-life, and exhibiting them. The cakravāka, born as a son to a rich merchant in the same town, saw the pictures, recollected his past, and, remembering his beloved, fainted. The lovers were soon brought together, but their parents objected to the match. Elopement was the only way open to them, and the lovers resorted to it. They sought refuge in a forest; were attacked by a gang of robbers; and

were carried away to be offered as sacrifice to the goddess Kāli. But one of the robbers heard the story of their past life, recognised them as the very birds whose death he had caused in his past life when hunting an elephant, and allowed them to escape. From the robbers' camp, they ran away to a town, where their identity was discovered. The parents received them with open arms; and twelve months of unalloyed happiness followed.

The story, elaborated with consummate art, is at this stage made to subserve a religious purpose. Life cannot and must not be anything but an ordeal. The lovers meet a sadhu who tells them the story of his past. They recognise in him the hunter who had been the cause of their death in their former life, and the robber who had helped them to effect their escape. Dire truisms on life's futility follow. They leave love and happiness and mourning relatives behind them, and take to a life of renunciation inculcated by Jaina precepts. Each goes a different way. The story closes on a conventional note. Everybody expresses horror at the sinful ways of the world, the only refuge from which is the Jaina religion.

The story has the elements of romance so dear to Indian hearts: the inseparable cakravāka birds and the ideal of undying love running through a succession of lives. Both are depicted with a charm difficult to meet with in later social kathās. The cakravāka episode, even in the form in which it has come down to us, is one of the most beautiful in Indian literature.

CHAPTER III

THE KINGDOM OF GURJARATRĀ AND THE LOCALISATION OF FORMATIVE INFLUENCES.

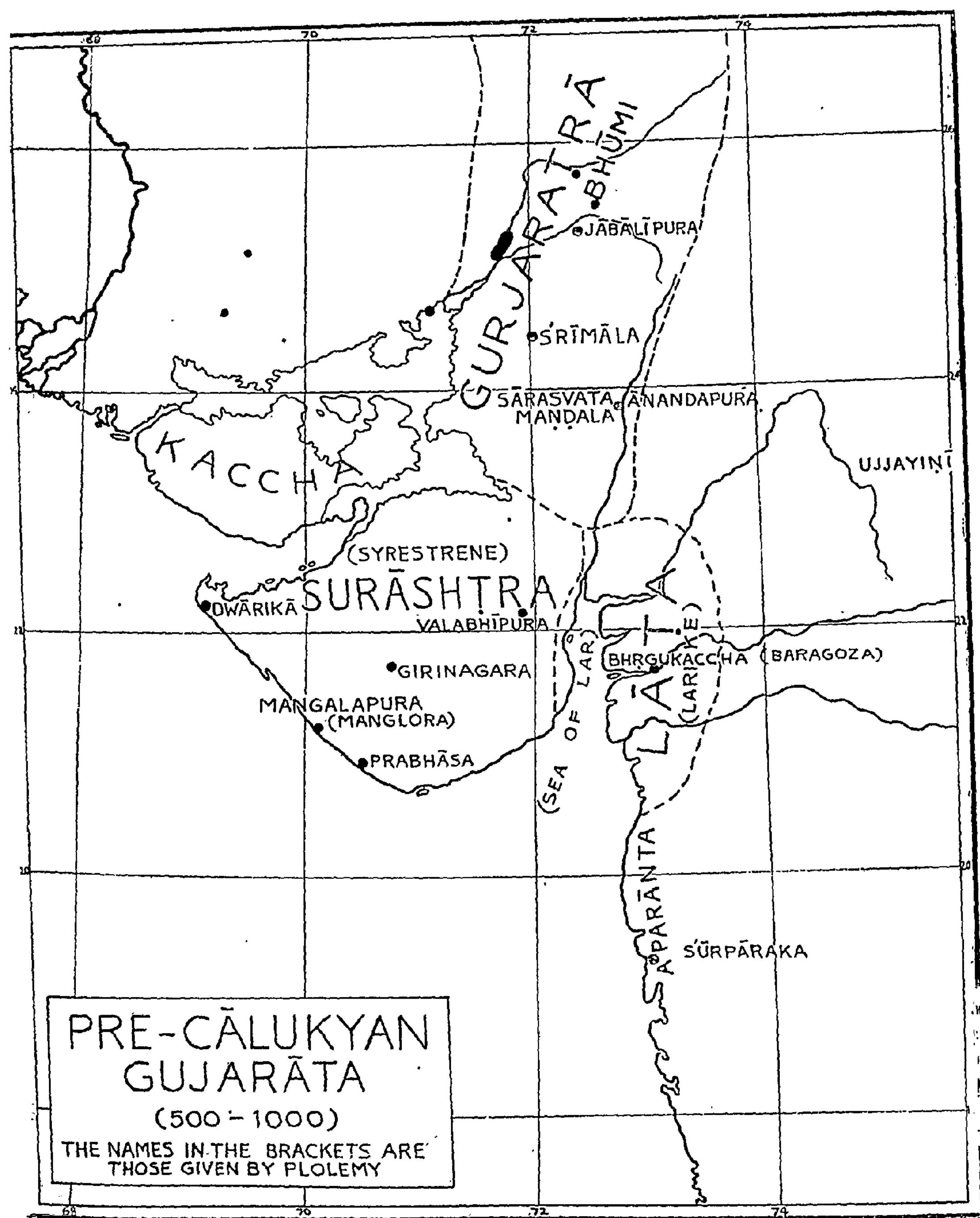
(A. C. 500-1000)

The Huns— Valabhīpura kings (509-766)—The Cāvaḍās—Kingdom of Gurajaratrā (c. 400-953)—the Gurjaras—Segregation of cultural forces—Saṁskṛta literature—Kāvyas—Nāṭakas and Campūs—Bhaṭṭi (c. 641)—Māgha (c. 700)—Jainism—Early Jain literature—Haribhadra (c. 750)—*Samaraiccā Kahā*—Udyotana (779)—*Kuvalayamālā*—Siddharshi (c. 906)—The influence of Saṁskṛta.

Skandagupta appears to have lost Gujarāta a few years after the date of his Giranāra inscription (456). With his death (467), the Gupta empire fell. The Huns under Toramāṇa entered India, (c. 465) established themselves at Pavaiyā in the Punjab[1], and finally reached Ujjain (c. 500). Yaśodharman defeated Toramāṇa's son, Mihirākula (c. 533), and became the master of Western Mālvā, which thenceforth became an independent kingdom.

Senāpati Bhaṭṭārka defeated the Maitrakas (509), and ruled over a kingdom consisting of Saurāshṭra and a part of Ānartta from his capital, Valabhīpura (modern Valā)[2]. When Hiuen Tsiang visited it (640), it was a city of power, wealth and culture, and contained a large library of sacred books. The fame of its university had reached China; for Sthiramati, a Buddhist monk, in the beginning of the sixth century, and another Guṇamati, at the end of the same century, were invited to China. Śaivism and Buddhism were the favoured religions, and the temples of these faiths were richly endowed. The Valabhī kings are considered to be Gurjaras,[3] or Maitrakas,[4] and are generally classed as foreigners. But Senāpati Bhaṭṭārka defeated the foreign invaders and founded Valabhīpura, rich with classical influence. His descendants bore

1. Udyotana, *Kuvalayamālā*.
2. *Bombay Gazetteer*, Vol. I, 87.
3. *op. cit.* 5.
4. Smith's *Early History of India*, 332.


GURJARATRĀ
BHŪMI
JĀBĀLĪPURA
SRĪMĀLA
SĀRASVATA
MANDALA
ĀNANDAPURA
KACCHA
UJJAYINĪ
(SYRESTRENE)
SURĀSHTRA
DWĀRIKĀ
VALABHĪPURA
GIRINAGARA
MANGALAPURA
(MANGLORA)
PRABHĀSA
(SEA OF LAR)
BHRGUKACCHA
(BARAGOZA)
LĀTA
(LARIKE)
APARĀNTA
SŪRPĀRAKA
PRE-CĀLUKYAN
GUJARĀTA
(500 - 1000)
THE NAMES IN THE BRACKETS ARE
THOSE GIVEN BY PLOLEMY

the title of 'Paramamāheśvara'. His dynasty administered the country on Gupta lines. Dhruvasena, his descendant, (640) was a Kshatriya and the son-in-law of Śri Harśa. All these facts, together with many others, do not exclude the probability of Senāpati Bhaṭṭārka being a rebel general of the Guptas,[1] who took advantage of the general confusion to carve for himself a little kingdom out of his master's empire. His descendants ruled over it till c. 766. About that time it was destroyed, according to some authorities, by Arabs from Mansura.

A scion of a small tribe, Vanarāja Cāvaḍo, founded Aṇahilavāḍa Pāṭaṇa (c. 765), destined to become the capital of Gujarāta. The importance given to Vanarāja by later Jaina sādhus has given him a place in tradition perhaps far beyond what appears his due.

North Gujarāta was at this time a part of the kingdom of Gurjaratrā. Its capital Bhīnnamāla, or Śrimāla, lies about fifty miles west of Mount Ābu. Tradition dates its origin from c. 166, but it really came into prominence in c. 500. Its Brāhmaṇas, sādhus and warriors were mainly responsible for the culture and the power which made Aṇahilavāḍa Pāṭaṇa so famous. Prior to 400, there are traces of a Gurjara kingdom[2]; Gurjara feudatories, presumably subject to this central authority, ruled at Broach from 580 to 734. Śrī Harśa's father fought (c. 600) with Gurjaras who were allies of the Huns. The Gurjara kingdom, in Hiuen Tsiang's time (640), extended over Rajputāna and North Gujarāta. The author of *Kuvalayamāla,* who composed his work in 779, refers to Bhinnamāla as situated in the beautiful Gurjara Deśa. Gurjaratrā, or Gurjara Bhūmi, included part of Jodhpura in 844, and Alwar in 960.

With this kingdom are associated two questions of great importance to the history of this period: Whether the Gurjaras were foreigners; and whether the name Gurjara denoted merely the ruling family, or embraced the people over whom these rulers held sway. According to the theory

1. Vaidya, *History of Medieval Hindu India,* Vol. I, 245.
2. Vide Gauriśankara Oza, *Rajputānakā Itihāsa,* Pt. I,

accepted by some authorities, the Gurjaras were a foreign race which entered India c. 400–500; took kindly to Indian culture, founded the kingdom of Gurjaratrā, accepted the Hindu caste system; conquered Ānartta and Lāṭa in c. 700; subdued the Valabhī kings in c. 750; and abandoned Bhīnnamāla in c. 953 to go and settle in Ānartta, and to make their chief, Mūlarāja, king of Aṇahilavāḍa Pāṭaṇa[1]. Another theory treats them as Āryans who merely used the name of their country, Gurjaratrā, to distinguish themselves from the neighbouring peoples.[2] It is equally probable that a ruling clan which called itself Gurjara gave their kingdom the name of Gurjaratrā, the kingdom in its turn giving its name to its population.

For our purposes, the important facts are: that Gurjaratrā from c. 500 was an Āryan kingdom; that its capital was a seat of Āryan culture; that there is no evidence to prove that the Gurjara Gauḍa Brāhmaṇas, the Śrimāla Brāhmaṇas, the Poravāḍa and Ośavāla Kshatriyas, and the corresponding Vaiśyas were of foreign extraction; and that in 640 Hiuen Tsiang found the king a devout Āryan. There is no doubt that the kingdom of Gurjaratrā localised Āryan culture, and the linguistic and literary influences of Āryāvarta, so as to evolve in the fulness of time the cultural unit now known as Gujarāta. About 953 Gurjaratrā, which since c. 816 was ruled from its new capital, Kanauja, was broken up. Bhinnamāla was abandoned, and 18,000 families migrated to different parts of the country.

During this period, the Karṇāṭaka Cālukyas under Pulakeśi (611) of Badāmī, and then the Rāshṭrakūtas of Deccan occupied part of Aparānta and Lāṭa up to the banks of the Narmadā. The latter were overthrown by Tailapa of Mānyakheṭa (978), the great Karṇāṭaka monarch, who ruled it through a governor from Broach. Lāta to the north of the Narmadā, was first ruled from Ujjain, then by Gurjara feudatories from Broach, and later by Rāshṭrakūṭas.

1. D. R. Bhandarkar, *Foreign Elements in Hindu Population*. I. A. XL. 21; *Gurjaras* J. B. B. R. A. S. XXI. 413.

2. Vaidya, *History of Mediæval Hindu India*, I. 83.

II

Indian culture of this period was in the keeping of kings, and the localisation of political forces, after the disruption of the empire of Śrī Harṣa (c. 647), easily led to a segregation of cultural and literary influences, and in consequence, to a development of provincial characteristics. In the sixth and the seventh centuries, the memory of a glorious past embodying the ideal of an indivisible Āryavarta, the *Vedas*, Saṁskṛta and its inspiring literature, the Brāhmaṇas, and the sects of Buddha and Mahāvīra were unifying forces, stimulated and strengthened by Indian rulers, notably the Guptas and Śri Harṣa. But distinctive geographical determinants, the non-Âryan elements which varied with every province, and the conceit, ambition or jealousy of every petty conqueror acted as disruptive forces which tended to divide the country. The inter-action of these forces was responsible for a phenomenon bewildering to the foreign historian: an Indian national consciousness alternating or co-existing with a strong provincial feeling; people in different parts of the country, under the influence of a common life and culture, exhibiting many characteristics of a single nation, and yet reduced by the ambition of ruling princes to no more than a mere conglomeration.

During the early part (600-800) of this period, when the Āryan colonies were marked off into the kingdoms of Gurjaratrā and Valabhīpura, Bhīnnamāla[1] and Ānandapura became active centres of Aryan culture. Śūrparaka and Ujjayinī also influenced South Gujarāta.

The period under review was one of the most *fruitful* in Saṁskṛta literature; for it was in this age that great epic and dramatic works were composed, grammar and rhetoric were studied, law and philosophy were developed. And Saṁskṛta became the most powerful of influences operating on the culture of the people. It was the language of the court, of literature, of the highest thought

1. It produced the famous astronomer, Brahmagupta (born 598), the author of *Sphuṭasiddhānta* (628).

Lāṭa as preferring Prākṛta and hating Saṁskṛta.[1] Humour was then another peculiarity of Lāṭa.[2]

III

The Jaina sādhus were very active during the five centuries under review; but the record of their activities has to be examined with caution.

The later Jaina sādhu has preserved this record. Whatever he wrote, his disciples studied, and the libraries of Jaina temples in Gujarāta preserved. When orthodoxy surrenders its treasures to the printing press, the history of Jainism, of Prākṛita, Apabhraṅśa and Gujarātī will have to be written anew. But works, published so far, have made considerable contribution to the history and the literature of the period. They are of great linguistic and sociological value; but, except for the biographical details of the writer and his teachers and the record of reigns, they contain unreliable historical material. The material preserved is disconnected, one sided, or, in some cases, even distorted by religious bias; it is drawn very often from popular Jaina traditions ; it sometimes conflicts with facts authenticated by contemporary records; and it creates a false historic perspective. But such as it is, it is sufficient to provide a correct estimate of Jaina literary activities.

About A. C. 500, Brāhmanism and Buddhism dominated Saurāshṭra and Gurjaratrā; but Valabhīpura was hospitable enough to welcome the conference of sādhus which redacted the Jaina canon, thereafter called the Valabhī Vācana.

Jainism, like Buddhism, was an offshoot of Āryan thought. Neither Mahāvīra, nor his disciples, ever claimed to teach any but an Āryan creed; and the doctrine of re-birth, the supremacy of the five great vows, the efficacy of detachment, vairāgya, and the goal of final emancipation, kaivalya, which they taught were essentially Āryan doctrines. Though Jainism did not attract

1. पठन्ति लटमं लाटाः प्राकृतं संस्कृतद्विषः ।

2. Sinhadeva, Commentary on *Vāgbhatta*.

लाटी हास्यरसे प्रयोगनिपुणै रीतिः प्रबंधे कृता ।

a large Brāhmanical following, the Jaina sādhus were very often drawn from that class. About the first century of the Christian era, many of its great missionaries were learned Brāhmaṇas, whose ambition was to see that their doctrines acquired a place of honour among the learned in the land.

Vimala's *Paumacariyam*, written in Jain Māhārāshṭrī Prākṛta, was one of a large number of attempts to alter the *Rāmāyana* to suit the needs of the Jainas. Works like *Nandisūtra*, composed about the time of the Valabhī redaction, show that the religious and literary activities of the Jaina sādhus were influenced by the *Vedas*, the *Mahābhārata*, the *Rāmāyaṇa*, the Purāṇas, the well-known systems of philosophy, the *Arthaśāstra* of Kauṭilya and the *Kāmasūtra*. Jainism was only one of the cultural achievements of Āryāvarta, though not very powerful or popular.

The revolt in favour of using Saṁskṛta as against Prākṛta, headed by Siddhasena Divākara (c. 533), was an attempt to raise the literature and the thought of the Jainas to the high intellectual level attained by those of the Brāhmaṇas. A Brāhmaṇa by birth, Siddhasena wrote a well-known text book of logic, and was, on the testimony of Hemacandra, a poet. This revolt naturally met with considerable opposition from the orthodox sādhus, who, moving among the illiterate, were blind to the great intellectual upheaval which was bringing about a deeper cultural unity in the country through language, literature and thought.

IV

The next stage of Jaina activity in Western India is represented by the life and works of Haribhadra (c. 750). Born a Brāhmaṇa at Citoḍa, he was converted to Jainism by the nun Yākinī. His life was inspired by a strong hatred of the Buddhists who had killed his dearly loved nephews. He used the word viraha, bereavement, in the last verse of many of his works, it is said, to keep alive the memory of this loss, Proud and fierce, he travelled far and wide, displacing Buddhistic influence which was already on the wane. Haribhadra spent the best part of his life in

Gujarāta, and, according to tradition, wrote 1,444 works, religious, philosophical and literary, both in Samskṛta and Prākṛta.

Out of his many dharmakathās, *Samarāiccākahā* (*Samarādityakathā*), composed in Māhārāshṭrī Prākṛta, has come down to us, and justifies his reputation so uniformly emphasized by successive generations of Jaina authors. It is written in a racy, simple, fluent prose interspersed mostly with verses in the Āryā metre, a welcome departure from the highly ornamental style which great masters of prose, like Bāṇa and Daṇḍin, affected. It is pre-eminently calculated to capture the imagination of lovers of romance rather than attract the admiration of a cultured few. The story is full of thrilling adventures of certain individuals through a succession of births as men, birds and beasts. The religious motive is inculcated at every step by the retribution which overtakes the heroes, who represent the cardinal sins, anger, deceit, avarice and untruth. The propagandist achieves his aim by repeatedly bringing home to the superstitious reader life's futility and the potency of Jainism as the only escape from it.

The story, in brief, is that Guṇasena, a prince, in his childhood always held up to ridicule Agniśarman, the ugly and mis-shapen son of the high priest. Tired of being a butt of ridicule, Agniśarman went to a sādhu to be initiated into the ways of asceticism. After the lapse of some years, Guṇasena, who had come to the throne by then, went to meet his old victim. He had, in the meanwhile, become a great ascetic. The king invited the ascetic to dinner. But, under a strict religious vow, he dined only once a month, and promised to come to the royal palace on the day he broke his fast. On the appointed day, the ascetic came to the royal palace. The king's men, however, were celebrating the birth of a prince and would not attend to the ascetic. Thereupon he went away; and was compelled to continue his fast for another month, as he had to go without his dinner that day. The king, when he came to know how the sage had been treated, in all humility, sought him out and

begged his forgiveness. Another invitation followed. The ascetic again came to the royal palace, only to be turned out a second time for some insignificant reason. Four times, the sage received the penitent king's invitation, but, on each occasion, was turned out without food or attention. Worked up to a fury, Agniśarman vowed to wreak eternal vengeance on the king through all successive lives, and, giving up all food, died. He observed his vow, and at every re-birth, he persecuted Guṇasena. As a result of a series of adventures, Agniśarman was consumed by his own malice and Guṇasena, acquiring higher merit at each fresh birth, attained salvation.

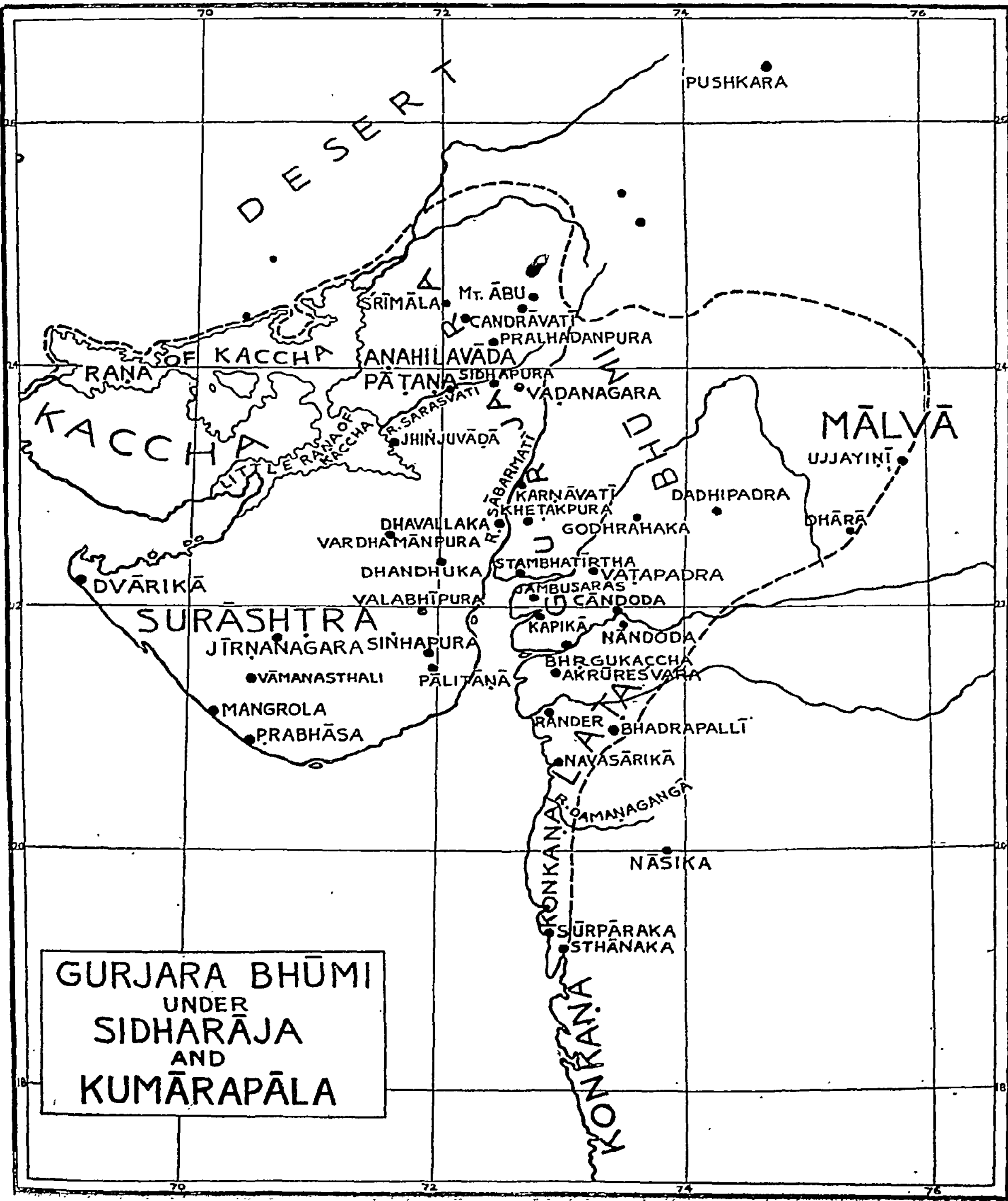
The story is well-told, and represents a stage of social dharmakathā different from *Tarangalolā.* Unlike the older work, its religious parts are woven into the main story. Literary effort is less apparent. The emotion of love, intense, fresh and natural, which dominates *Tarangalolā* becomes subordinate to a spirit of adventure and religious zeal. In *Tarangalolā*, karma, and remembrance of previous life and its consequences serve to motivate the story; in *Samarāiccā,* the story serves to illustrate those ideas and to impress certain moral principles upon the audience. In the former, the characters are taken from life; in the latter, they verge on the allegorical. The author himself calls it dharmakathā. The specimen furnished by Haribhadra suggests that a large body of fictional literature composed in Western India at that time, has been lost.

A little later (779) Udyotana, perhaps one of the disciples of Haribhadra, composed, mainly in Prākṛta and partly in Apabhraṅśa, his *Kuvalayamālā* in Jābālīpura (Jhālora). It contains very valuable historical material, and, among other things, shows that in Gurjaradeśa, around Bhīnnamāla, Jainism had acquired great influence and the Jaina sādhus were active in pursuit of literature. A Samskṛta version of this romance was made by Ratnaprabha (c 1400). Udyotana's dharmakathā is still in manuscript. "This story", says the author, "composed without pride of poetic skill, has no literary point of view.

It has been composed with the object of only telling a dharmakathā. Let no one therefore find fault with it."[1] It is woven round the old theme of retribution overtaking certain individuals who embody the cardinal sins through a succession of lives. But we miss Haribhadra's raciness of style and freshness of presentation. Literary effort is transparent. The characters are more allegorical; the adventures are less exciting; the outlook on life is more pedantic. We feel narrow influences becoming predominant. The style of Bāṇa, not his creative art, is the principal inspiration.

Jaina dharmakathā was losing, or had lost, touch with real life. Siddharshi (906) wrote his *Upamitibhavaprapañcakathā*, a lengthy allegory on the world's worthlessness, in the form of a dharmakathā. It includes dreary sermons, an encyclopaedia of knowledge, and a collection of stories, good, bad and indifferent. It is a *reductio ad absurdum* of a didactic and allegorical story. Siddharshi apologetically refers to the necessity of composing in Saṁskṛta. "Saṁskṛta and Prākṛta equally deserve importance, but men of little learning prefer Saṁskṛta. If the remedy is at hand, why not please everybody?" A few decades later, Jaina poets, like Dhanapāla (973), the friend of king Muñja of Dhārā and the author *Tilakamañjarī*, frankly accepted Saṃskṛta as the language of literature *par excellence.*

1. I quote from Muni Jinavijaya's article on *Kuvalayamālā* in *Vasanta Smāraka*. (Guj.)



DESERT
PUSHKARA
MT. ĀBU
ŚRĪMĀLA
CANDRĀVATĪ
PRALHADANPURA
RANA OF KACCHA
ANAHILAVĀDA
PĀTANA
SIDHAPURA
VADANAGARA
R. SARASVATI
KACCHA
LITTLE RANA OF KACCHA
JHINJUVĀDĀ
R. SĀBARMATĪ
MĀLVĀ
UJJAYINĪ
KARNĀVATĪ
DADHIPADRA
KHETAKPURA
DHAVALLAKA
GODHRAHAKA
DHĀRĀ
VARDHAMĀNPURA
DHANDHUKA
STAMBHATĪRTHA
VATAPADRA
DVĀRIKĀ
JAMBUSARAS
VALABHĪPURA
CĀNDODA
SURĀSHTRA
KAPIKĀ
NĀNDODA
JĪRNANAGARA
SINHAPURA
BHRGUKACCHA
VĀMANASTHALI
PĀLITĀNĀ
AKRŪRESVARA
MANGROLA
RĀNDER
BHADRAPALLĪ
PRABHĀSA
NAVASĀRIKĀ
LĀTA
R. DAMANAGANGĀ
NĀSIKA
KONKANA
ŚŪRPĀRAKA
STHĀNAKA
GURJARA BHŪMI
UNDER
SIDHARĀJA
AND
KUMĀRAPĀLA
70
72
74
76
24
22
20
18

found their country waste and left it a land flowing with milk and honey'.

I

Mūlarāja was succeeded by his son, Cāmuṇḍa (997-1010). His grandson, Bhīma (1022-1064), fought valiantly against Mahmūd of Ghaznī when he raided Pāṭaṇa and sacked the temple of Somanātha at Prabhāsa in 1024. Bhīma soon recovered North Gujarāta, and consolidated his position. Under his beneficent rule, the country revived from the devastating effects of the invasion.

Bhīma's son, Karṇa (1064-1094), was also a good and a great king; but his illustrious grandson, Jayasiṁha Siddharāja (1094-1143), made Aṇahilavāḍa Pāṭaṇa the seat of an empire. He united North and South Gujarāta; annexed Kāthiāvāḍa, Kaccha and Mālvā; and carried his conquering arms to Ajmer in the north, Kolhāpura in the south, Mahobaka, modern Mahobā, in Bundelkhanḍa in the east. He was an indomitable warrior, a great monarch, and a very generous patron of art and learning. During the fifty years of his rule, Gujarāta became rich, powerful, and conscious of its greatness. The foundations of a new literary movement were laid; Pāṭaṇa acquired an all-India reputation as a seat of culture.

His nephew, Kumārapāla (1143-1174), succeeded him when past middle age, and followed in his footsteps for some years. About 1160, he came under the influence of a Jain sādhu, Hemacandra, and tried to introduce an ethical motive in the state.

II

Pāṭaṇa inherited the learning for which both Valabhīpura and Bhīnnamāla had been famous. Intercourse with Dhārā and Ujjayinī helped to keep alive the high literary traditions of classical Saṁskṛta. The Brāhmanas invited by Mūlarāja to settle in Gujarāta, brought their literary and cultural traditions with them. The Nāgara Brāhmaṇas of Ānandapura, modern Vaḍanagara, persisted in their loyality to high Brāhmanical tradition, taste and learning. Uvvata (c. 1100), for instance, wrote a commentary on *Prātis'ākhyas* and *Vājasaneyi Saṁhitā*. The Jaina sādhus not only continued to write religious

works but carried their activities into the field of secular learning.

The literary activities of Lāṭa are represented by Soḍḍhala. He was born somewhere near Bhṛgukaccha, and was a Vālabha Kāyastha. He was brought up by his uncle Gangādhara. At Sthānaka, Thāna, three successive kings of Koṅkaṇa honoured him with friendship. Vatsarāja, the king of Lāṭa, also invited him to his court. He finished his work, *Udayasundarīkathā*, at Śūrpāraka between 1026 and 1050. He was proud of his Kāyastha lineage, which he traced from Kālāditya, the brother of Śīlāditya of Valabhī, and regarded himself as the peer of Vālmīki and Bāṇa. The work is an imitation of *Kādambarī*. Notwithstanding these finds, the literary atmosphere of the period remains dim, till it is lighted up by Hemacandra.

III

Hemacandra's works have been preserved with great care by generations of Jaina sādhus. They have, however, surrounded his life and achievements with unreliable and, at times, unsavoury episodes. A comparative study of the main legends, tested by autobiographical details supplied by Hemacandra himself, would yield a different picture of this poet, saint, politician, and one of the most versatile of Indian scholars.

On Kārttika Śukla 5, Samvat Year 1145, (1089) Cāṅgā was born a Modha Vāṇiā at Dhandhukā. At the early age of eight, he was given away by his devout mother to Devacandra of the Purṇatalla Gaccha, a learned Jaina sādhu. Devacandra took the boy to Stambhatīrtha, Cambay, and, under the patronage of Udayana, the governor of the town, initiated him as a sādhu with the name of Somacandra. The infant sādhu then began his peregrinations, acquiring knowledge as he went. At the age of twenty-one, he was promoted to the dignity of a sūri, a preceptor. Thereafter, the little Cāṅgā was known as Hemacandrasūri.

Hemacandra soon came to be acknowledged as the most learned of Jaina sādhus. The Jainas were very powerful in Gujarāta from the tenth century onwards, when the



HEMACANDRA

warrior-trader communities, like the Osavālas and the Poravāḍas of Bhinnamāla, migrated to Pāṭaṇa. The sādhus, who had carried on their religious and philanthropic propaganda under humiliating conditions till then, gained great strength. It was but natural that they should thenceforth strive to remove the badge of inferiority which had been imposed upon them by the more powerful and learned Brāhmaṇas. Persistent attempts had been made by them to enlist the sympathy of the ruling Cālukyas ; and when Siddharāja came to the throne, it looked as though they would be rewarded with success. His mother Minaḷa, or Miyānalla Devī, was a Jaina, and so were some of his ministers. The sādhus suffered from great disadvantages. Their favourite language was the dead Prākṛta ; their audience was small and mostly composed of the uninfluential ; and their doctrine had been banned as heterodox. But the attempt of Siddhasena Divākara to raise the Jaina literature to the level of the Brāhmanical, was being followed by many sādhus. They felt an urge towards participation in the great literary movement which, through Saṁskṛta, was maintaining the homogeniety of politically divided India. Hemacandra stood out as the greatest of them all.

In 1138 he led the learned men of Pāṭaṇa who waited upon Siddharāja to offer their congratulations. The conqueror had just returned triumphant from a war with Mālvā. Siddharāja, jealous of the literary glory of Ujjayinī, asked Hemacandra to write a Saṁskṛta grammar, and procured for the scholar the then available grammars from different parts of the country. This was the scholar's opportunity for which he had long been waiting. He compiled his famous text-book of grammar, and, associating his name with that of the monarch, called it *Siddhahemacandra*. Siddharāja got copies of it made, and sent them to all the kings in India. Twenty copies were sent to Kashmir, then the home of learning. This gave Hemacandra reputation throughout India.

He was appointed court poet, and began to compose *Dvyāśrayamahākāvya,* in which he celebrated the glories of his patron's dynasty while illustrating the rules

of Saṁskṛta grammar. He acquired considerable influence over Siddharāja, which served to protect the Jainas from the indignities of jealous Brāhmaṇas who were powerful at court.

IV

On Siddharāja's death, Kumārapāla came to the throne in 1143, and Hemacandra went back to his literary work. Besides the appendices to his grammar, he composed *Anekārthasaṁgraha,* a dictionary of homonyms; *Chandonus'āsana,* a work on prosody; *Abhidhānacintāmaṇi,* a dictionary of synonyms; *S'eshākhyanāmamāla*; *Des'īnāmamāla,* a lexicon of non-Saṁskṛta words; and *Nighaṇṭus'esha* in three volumes, two of them dealing with medicine and botany, and the third, with jewels.

About 1157 he came in intimate contact with king Kumārapāla, who had successfully completed a series of campaigns against his neighbours. The king, a man of culture and about-sixty two years old, easily fell under the influence of the great scholar. The Jainas accepted the king as their co-religionist. Jaina authors of the succeeding centuries have taken delight in dwelling upon this incident to show that the king adopted the Jaina faith to the exclusion of the worship of Somanātha, the tutelary god of the Cālukyas. This claim is pitched too high. Reliable evidence establishes that Kumārapāla was a Śaiva till 1169, four years prior to his death; and that he was not converted to Jainism, if by that is meant that he gave up his family devotion to Śaivism. It is equally well-established that he accepted Hemacandra as a counsellor, and went to Jaina temples; that as a result of Hemacandra's advice, he issued edicts prohibiting the selling and eating of meat, and traffic in intoxicating beverages. That he gave up meat and wine, gambling, lechery and the chase, and took the vows which a devout Jaina takes, is well founded. Ahiṅsā, non-violence, one of the cardinal principles of Āryan ethics, was for the first time made the basis of active social and political reform by Kumārapala.

Hemacandra's literary activities continued even after he became the guide, philosopher and friend of Kumārapāla

about 1160. The works which he composed between 1160 and 1173 are *Yogasās'tra; Vitarāgapras'asti*; a commentary on *Yogas'āstra*; *Trishashṭis'alākāpurushacarita,* being the lives of Jaina saints, including *Paris'ishṭaparvan* and *Mahāvīra-carita;* cantos V–XX of *Dvyās'raya,* in which the history of the Cālukyas was brought down to the time of Kumārapāla; *Kumārapālacarita* in Prākṛta; and a commentary on *Abhidhānacintāmaṇi.* He died in 1173, and six months later his royal patron followed him. The commentary on the lexicon, *Anekārthasaṁgraha,* left incomplete, was completed by his disciple, Mahendra, after his death.

Hemacandra identified Mahāvīra with Śiva. To him, Jainism was the noblest of doctrines which made up dharma. He respected the *Vedas,* worshipped Somanātha, and accepted the authority of the *Mahābhārata* and the *Manusmṛti.* He was an apostle of Āryan culture. Saṁskṛta was to him life itself, and the classical kāvyas, grammars and poeties were the source of his inspiration. Though a zealous propagandist of his faith, he was not a separatist. He gave his sect and province an honourable status in the cultural life of India; and became, for his time, the greatest representative of classical learning, which stood for Indian unity.

Siddharāja's one aim in war and peace was to outshine the traditional fame of the semi-mythic Vikramāditya. He was a generous man, open to flattery, and anxious to attain immortality if literature could procure it for him. He was building an empire, and the people of Gujarāta were acquiring the proud consciousness of being a great people. Jaina valour and wealth had a great share in this achievement. Jaina sādhus, therefore, definitely cast in their lot with this province and decided to make Gujarāta their holy land. Hemacandra gave up even the peregrinations enjoined by his religious vows; and with masterly skill and statesmanship, he concentrated his intellectual powers upon leaving a great literary heritage to Gujarāta. He assiduously fostered a pride in the greatness of the Cālukya kings, who had identified themselves with its glory. In his *Dvyās'rayamahākāvya,* he described the glories of the Cālukyas in the orthodox

literary style, and invested the king of Pāṭaṇa with the dignity which classical poets had reserved for the ancient royal houses of the Sun and the Moon. Gurjara Bhūmi became a great country. Pāṭaṇa rivalled the glories of ancient Pāṭaliputra and Ayodhyā. But this later day specimen of the kāvya is, but for stray flashes of poetic merit and some historical material, lifeless and pedantic. Hyperbolic praise, characteristic of courtier-poets, mars the dignity of the whole poem, and is difficult to excuse in so versatile and great a scholar. It can only be explained by the fact that in the Pāṭaṇa of Siddharāja, literary taste and ideals had deteriorated.

Kumārapālacarita, illustrating the rules of Prākṛta and Apabhraṅśa grammar, is an attempt to give a Vikramāditya of its own to Gujarāta. It has served as a model for innumerable caritas, prabandhas and rāsas, which have kept alive the memory of Cālukyan Gujarāta, fostered provincial patriotism, and helped to build up a tradition of unity for modern Gujarāta.

The poem opens with a description of Kumārapāla, and the feudatories waiting upon him. Aṇahilapura is then described, as also the wealth of the king, the splendour of its Jaina temples, and the liberality with which he worshipped at these temples. The magnificence of the king's possessions, his gardens, the luxury in which he lived, and the pastimes of his people during different seasons are then dealt with. Canto vi deals with Kumārapāla's war with Mallikārjuna of Koṅkaṇa. Âmbaḍa, minister Udayana's son, who bore the title of 'Rājapitāmaha', achieves a victory over the king of Koṅkaṇa and brings his head, covered with gold, to Kumārapāla. The other conquests of the king are then referred to. In canto vii, Kumārapāla wakes up to find himself a Jaina uttering religious wisdom, and invokes Śṛtadevī. The goddess, in canto viii, delivers a sermon full of the well known philosophic and religious doctrines of Jainism. It is very poor as a kāvya. But it aims at conciseness and proportion, and bears some impress of the classical art, which later Gujarāti poets never succeeded in reproducing. Prākṛta, as this

work shows, was next to Saṁskṛta the literary language of the Jaina sādhus.

Trishashṭiśalākāpurusha, re-written from Śila's (c.870) *Mahāpurushacariyam*, and *Pariśishṭaparvan* are lengthy collection of Jaina legends of heroes and saints. They are typical of Jaina literature. In one of them, for instance, Candragupta Maurya is made out a devout Jaina. Ordinarily very crude, they appeal only to those who are fired by the ardour of faith. In Dr. Keith's words, they do not attain the level of literature.[1]

His *Kāvyānuśāsana* is borrowed from Mammata's famous *Kāvyaprakāśa* and other similar works. His grammar *Siddha-hemacandra* is a monumental work. The first seven adhyāyas deal with Saṁskṛta, and the eighth with Prākṛta, Śaurseni, Māgadhi, Paiśācī, Culikāpaiśācī, and Apabhraṅśa. The work is more in the nature of a text-book prepared from works of authority, but has been of immense value in the study of Prākṛta and Apabhraṅśa. His *Yogaśāstra* is very elementary, and falls far below the standard of many Jaina works on the subject. Hemacandra was a scholar and a practical reformer, rather than a thinker or a yogin.

VI

Hemacandra spent his life in trying to assert his ethical and literary superiority over the Brāhmaṇa scholars at the court of Pāṭaṇa. Their names and works have been unfortunately lost to us. Āmiga, grandfather of poet Someśvara, a Brāhmaṇa of Vaḍanagara, was the hereditary family priest of Siddharāja and a man of great learning. He was able to resist Hemacandra's attempts to acquire exclusive influence over the king. The great Bhāva Bṛhaspati, respected of Siddharāja, Kumārapāla, and the king of Ujjayinī, was from all accounts a mighty, venerable Brāhmaṇa of interprovincial influence. Kakkal, a Kāyastha and a friend of Hemacandra, was a great grammarian. But we know nothing of them except what is conveyed by stray and biassed references in the works of Jaina authors.

Of the Jaina contemporaries of Hemacandra, the available list is fairly long. But most of them have left purely

1. *History of Sanskrit Literature*, 294.

religious works. One of them, however, is noteworthy. S'rīpāla (c. 1095–1154) was, according to the Jaina authorities, kavīndra, poet laureate, of Siddharāja. The king, it is stated, had great affection for him and called him brother. He is said to be the author of a lost kāvya, *Vairocanaparājaya.* Some of his praśastis, eulogies, and a few verses quoted by other authors are available, and prove the poet's mastery over the technique then universally accepted by Saṁskṛta poets. Any estimate of his poetic worth is impossible. The poet's son and grandson were also poets. Two minor poets, Vardhamāna and Sāgaracandra, have left poems in eulogy of Siddharāja. Vāgbhaṭa, a son of the minister Udayana, wrote *Alaṁkāra* on the lines of Hemacandra's *Kāvyānus'āsana.*

VII

Some pupils of Hemacandra have left literary works, the most noteworthy of whom is Rāmacandra (c. 1093-1174). Siddharāja gave him the title of 'kavikaṭāramalla'. He appears also to have been a recipient of royal favour during the reign of Kumārapāla. But according to a story preserved by *Prabandhakośa* (1349), he tried to prevent Ajayapāla from succeeding Kumārapāla on the throne. The prince, upon his accession, took his revenge by making the politically minded sādhu stand on a red-hot piece of copper. Rāmacandra was a prolific writer. Some of his works possess real merit, a rare thing for an age in which mere capacity to write in stereotyped Saṁskṛta was often the only passport to literary fame. The poet called himself the author of a hundred prabandhas, out of which over twenty-five have come down to us.

Nāṭyadarpaṇa, a treatise which Rāmacandra composed in collaboration with Guṇacandra, another pupil of Hemacandra, has valuable quotations from lost plays, and is a store-house of literary and historical material. This treatise, though planned on Dhanaṁjaya's *Daśarūpa,* shows its author to be an original thinker. He departed from the orthodox theory that there were only ten kinds of dramas, and added Nāṭikā and Prakaraṇi to make them twelve. But a bolder departure was to have divided rasa, sentiment, into

pleasurable and painful. सुखदुःखात्मको रसः। All the authorities, including Hemacandra, had insisted that the rasas must produce pleasure similar to that of realizing Brahma. But according to Rāmacandra, people go to see painful dramas in order to see the skill of the poet or the actor. Thus he entered upon a defence of Tragedy. Rāmacandra combated another prevailing belief that an actor did not experience the feelings which he represented. He maintained that an actor would himself feel what he wanted his audience to feel: 'just as a prostitute, in trying to please others, does herself experience pleasure.' Evidently the author was not merely a theoretical exponent of dramatic technique, but had practical experience of stagecraft.

His *Nalavilāsa* is a good instance from which to judge his literary worth. The story of Nala and Damayantī is so brimful of human elements and dramatic situations that few men of letters in India have escaped its fascination. The story, originally told in the *Mahābhārata*, has been made use of, among the old eminent authors, by Guṇāḍhya, Kshemendra, Somadeva, Śrīharsha and Trivikrama; and, among the Jaina writers before Rāmacandra, by Dharmasena and Hemacandra. After him, numerous Gujarātī authors through the centuries have worked upon it. But he alone has tried to introduce realism into the drama by eliminating some of its miraculous incidents, like the message sent through a swan. This may have been necessitated by the exigencies of the stage. It may have been also a result of literary perception unusual for those times, and entitles the poet to rank high among later-day dramatists.

Another noteworthy drama by the same author is *Kaumudīmitrāṇandam*. It is a prakaraṇa, a bourgeois comedy. The plot is made up of a number of incidents loosely woven together as in kathās. It is very much inferior to the prakaraṇa masterpiece, *Mṛcchakaṭika*, but has some delightful touches. At places, it discloses a sense of humour; and is characteristically free from allegory and the aggressively propagandistic features of Jaina works.

Mitrāṇanda, a merchant, with his friend Maitreya, while at sea, is stranded on an island occupied by a gang of

swindlers disguised as ascetics. The leader of the gang had a novel method of robbing people. He would entice a stranger to marry his daughter, Kaumudī; and, after the marriage, contrive to have him flung into a pit under the nuptial chamber. But, on this occasion when Mitrāṇanda makes love to Kaumudi, she actually falls in love with her father's intended victim and reveals to him the impending danger. Both seek safety in flight to Siṅhaladvīpa, Ceylon.

Their path, however, is beset with danger. Mitrāṇanda, taken for a thief, is arrested, but is saved by the king whose son he has cured of snake-bite. The king leaves him and Kaumudī in charge of the minister. The minister, enamoured of Kaumudī, sends away Mitrāṇanda to one of the king's vassals, who wants a victim for human sacrifice. Mitrāṇanda is, however, recognised and saved by his friend Maitreya who happens to be in great favour with the vassal.

Kaumudi is turned out of the minister's house by his jealous wife. She wanders until she meets Sumitrā, daughter of a merchant. Shortly afterwards, she is captured with Sumitrā's family by Prince Vajravarman. When in captivity, Kaumudī and Sumitrā meet Makaraṅda, a friend of Mitrāṇanda. Sumitrā marries Makaraṅda, and the three begin their unhappy adventures. They encounter a kāpālika, who, in order to kill Makaraṅda, revives a corpse. But the resurrected man kills the Kāpālika instead. Makaraṅda then repairs to the king of Ceylon and finds Mitrāṇanda. The drama, so full of incoherent marvels, ends happily as Kaumudī meets her long-lost husband.

The lovers have been walking for a long time. Mitraṇānda offers to massage Kaumudī's tired feet. She, abashed, will not let him do so. "To forget good manners was not praiseworthy for the daughter-in-law of a respectable family". Then follows this dialogue:

MITRĀṆANDA [to himself]: She does not know my family, nor my temper. I have not conferred any obligation upon her. And yet this dark-eyed one has given up her relatives for me. Really, women are thoughtless when in love. [to KAUMUDĪ] Dear! You have willingly undertaken great

hardships; left your home, borne cold, heat and wind, wandered on foot; made yourself the laughing-stock of relatives who loved you so long; and all this for me, a merchant from a very distant country, whose family, character and wealth you do not know, whose love you cannot be sure of. You wish to climb a mountain but blindly. You wish to cross the ocean without even a cockle shell to carry you across. Without remedy at hand, you have lashed a big snake to fury.

KAUMUDĪ: Āryaputra! All women behave like this. Why are you surprised at this conduct of mine? Women, inspired by love, leave their long-cherished family for lovers whom they have seen but for a moment.[1]

MITRĀNANDA: [to himself]. Women are pre-eminent among the heroic. Blinded by love, they hold their life as blade of grass.[2]

KAUMUDĪ: They may go to foreign lands, suffer misery, wander unhappily; but they are true to their lovers, not to their own people.[3]

In Gujarāta, this was a century of drama. On festive or religious occasions, as a rule, plays were performed in temples with some kind of scenic display; and considerable attention was paid to acting. Out of the twenty six dramas, discovered and undiscovered, which Gujarāta has contributed to the six hundred odd dramas in Saṁskṛta, twenty three belong to the century between c. 1150 and 1250; and of these, Rāmacandra composed as many as eleven. He wrote four varieties, nāṭaka, prakaraṇa, nātikā and vyāyoga. Three dramas were written by two other pupils of Hemacandra, Devacandra and Yaśahcandra; and the rest, by writers of the succeeding two generations. Hemacandra and Rāmacandra made a great effort to plant the drama in Gujarāta, but it struck no root.

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1. क्षणमात्रदृष्टप्रियजनप्रेमभरोद्विह्वला महिला: ।
   चिरपरिचितानपि मुञ्चन्ति बान्धवानेषा किल प्रकृतिः ॥
2. वीरेषु गणनां पूर्वं परमर्हन्ति योषितः ।
   यास्तृणायाभिमन्यन्ते प्राणान् प्रेमान्धचेतस: ॥
3. देशं व्रजन्ति विषमं सहन्ते दुःखं भ्राम्यति दुःखिता: ।
   तथापि महिलानां प्रेम दयिते न स्वजनवर्गे ॥

CHAPTER V

APABHRAṄŚA LITERATURE

Early references to Apabhraṅśa—Its extent—Its early literature—Dhanapāla (c. 900)—*Bhavisayattakahā*—The literature found in Hemacandra's works.—In the works of Somaprabha (1185).—In the works of Merutuṅga (1303)—*Muñjarāsa.*

Apabhraṅśa was a literary language of Gujarāta at least from the time of the rise of Valabhīpura. Daṇḍin (c.600) recorded that literature found expression in four media: Saṁskṛta, Prākṛta, Apabhraṅśa, and Mixed. "The speech of Ābhīras and others in literature is known as Apabhraṅśa," he said, thus clearly implying that Apabhraṇśa was spoken not only by Ābhīras but by others as well, and that it had become the object of literary culture. Bhāmaha (c. 650) described kāvya as threefold : Saṁskṛta, Prākṛta and Apabhraṅśa. Rudraṭa (c. 900) put it on a level with the older literary Prākṛtas and Saṁskṛta, and recognised varieties according to the country in which it was spoken. Rājaśekhara (c. 900) made it a limb of the Kāvyapurusha, poetry personified, and referred to it as being used in the literature of Māravāḍa and Sāurāshṭra. In his time, it was a literary language but had not ceased to be spoken. Bhoja (c. 1000) contemptuously refers to the Gurjaras as being satisfied with this language and no other. Nemisādhu (c. 1069) calls Apabhraṅśa Prākṛta itself, and refers to its varieties, Upanāgara, Ābhīra, and Grāmya. According to him, the language could be properly learnt only from the people themselves. Thus, Apabhraṅśa had one dialect for citizens, another for Ābhīras, a third for the vulgar, and was a spoken language in the eleventh century.[1]

During the Cālukyan period, a living literature was being produced by men who, away from the learning which prevailed at court, addressed themselves to the people in their own dialect. What of it is published is enough to give an idea of its variety, beauty and its comparative immunity from pedantry and religious obsession. Its outlook was

1. See Note A at the end of the chapter.

artifices often detracted from its homely charm. Folk literature, like folk music, have one thing in common: they make a direct appeal to the hearts of men.

Dohākos'a, composed in East Bengal, contains many Apabhraṅśa verses. Svayaṁbhūdeva (c. 900) wrote a Jaina *Harivaṅs'apurāṇa* and *Paumacariyam.* Dhavala also composed *Harivaṅs'āpurāṇa* in eighteen thousand verses. But the most popular form of literature was the social dharmakathā, of which an excellent specimen has been preserved. *Bhavisayattakahā* (Skt: *Bhavishyatkathā*) was composed by Dhanapāla about the tenth century.[1]

The poet belonged to a Dhakkaḍa Vaṇika family of Dhanāsiri living, probably, near Mount Ābu. The style bears traces of Saṁskṛta inspiration; the description is vivid and true to life; the story is well-told. It is made up of two disjointed parts, the original kathā and the typical Jaina ending. The first part of the story is very interesting, rich in adventure, and powerful in appeal. In some places, it possesses the freshness which we associate with the stirring tales in the *Arabian Nights.*

III.

In the city of Gajapura, or Hastināpura, there lived a young, handsome and wealthy merchant, and his wife, Kamalaśri. Kamalaśrī gave birth to Bhavishya, the hero of the poem. He grew up into a very attractive child and received both a liberal and a military education.

His father grew cold towards his mother and married a second wife, Surūpā. She gave birth to Baṅdhudatta, who grew up strong and turbulent, wanton and pleasure-loving. He was a terror to respectable citizens. A desire to go to foreign lands took possession of this boy, and he collected about him needy young merchants ready to participate in his adventures. Even the king could not withold his permission from this impetuous youth. His brother, Bhavishya, was also infected with the spirit of adventure and joined his younger brother.

The father's parting advice is reminiscent of Polonius'.

1. Vide Appendix I.

If any difficulty comes your way, act thus: Never speak a harsh word. Son, speak like an ignorant man who knows not the ways of commerce. Never give your heart even to a friend. Speak little and in measured terms. Increase your wealth by all means; if need be, even by deceiving and making signs with hands. Praise your own commodities, and learn the mind of the other party by diverting his attention. Never let your secrets be known, and always try to know those of others. Heed not another's actions, even if you come to know of them; deflect not from your course. Do not let anyone know your character, but discover the nature of others by gaining their confidence.[1]

They sailed down the river Yamunā and came to the open sea. A gale drove their little fleet to a distant island, Mainākadvīpa by name. The young adventurers landed on the island. Bhavishya went into the interior in search of fruits and flowers, and was soon lost sight of. Bandhudatta had now an opportunity to translate hatred for his brother into action, and, in spite of the remonstrances of his companions, ordered the party to set sail.

When Bhavishya found that he had been left alone on an unknown island, he courageously entered the forest full of birds and beasts; and after making an offering to Jina, he took a path which led across the mountains. He came upon a city with lofty buildings, beautiful archways, white-painted houses with half-open doors and windows, and a market-place rich in wares. All these, however, presented an unearthly appearance. The palace was untenanted and silent. 'All musical instruments had assumed silence with the thought that there was no body to play on them.' Undaunted, Bhavishya came to a temple, where he duly offered worship, and went to sleep.

1. तुडिहिं चडिवि जइ तं किर किज्जइ वयणुवि नउ कराल जंपिज्जइ ।
बोल्लहि पुत्त जेम अण्णाणिउं किं वणिउत्तहं मग्गु न याणिउं ।
सुहियहि हियउ णाहिं अप्पिव्वउ परिमिउं थोउ थोउ जंपिव्वउ ।
अत्थु विढप्पइ विविहपयारिहिं वंचिवि करसन्नासंचारिहिं ।
अप्पणु पक्खे भंडु सलहिव्वउ अण्णहो चित्तु विचित्तु लहेव्वउ ।
अप्पणु अंगु णाहि दरिसिव्वउ अण्णहो तणउं परामरिसिव्वउ ।
घत्ता । परकज्ज सुणंतुवि णउ सुणइ अप्पण कज्जहो णउ चलइ ।
ण कलावइ केणवि णियचरिउ परहो अंगि पइसिवि कलइ ॥ ६ ॥
III–6

God Acyutanātha came to know of his plight, and ordered Maṇibhadra, the king of Yakshas, to protect Bhavishya and lead him back safely to Gajapura. When Bhavishya awoke from his sleep, he heard words directing him to go to a house where his future wife awaited him. He followed the direction, and found a lovely maiden, 'whose limbs, visible through her filmy dress, slyly laughed at him'. She slowly overcame her shyness, and besought him to take her away before the demon, who had made the city lifeless, destroyed him. Bhavishya narrated to her his own story; was convinced that they were made for each other; and offered marriage to her. The girl expressed willingness to accept him.

On hearing this, the son of Pañkajas'rī (Bhavishya), gifted with good manners and well-born, smiled, and said, "Oh long-eyed one ! What you say is right. I am myself amazed. Though deserted by my own relatives and kinsmen, I was led to you in this way, no doubt, by my good luck. The traders with whom I came left me alone in the forest; and as I wandered from place to place, I saw your house. Drive all your fears away. Have no fears, daughter of a good merchant. You are well-born; I, son of a merchant, am led to you in this desert by fate. Now, everything will soon be well.

The young lady trembled with excitement, and, straightway, 'was pierced with the arrows of the god of love'. The girl 'with tremulous eyes', though overpowered by bashfulness which showed her graces to advantage, was bold; and quite modern. She asked, " Why don't you do what is imminent?"

But she did not yet know the man's character.

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1. तं निसुणिवि पंकयसिरिपुत्तिं विहसिउ सीलकुलक्कयजुत्तिं ।
हे पसयच्छि कहिउ पइं चंगउ महु अच्छेरयविंत्रिउ अंगउ ।
हउंमि इत्थु दइविं संजोइउ नियवंधवसयणहिं विच्छोइउ ।
जेण समाणु वणिज्जें आयउ तेण जि वणि घल्लिउ असहायउ ।
सेरउ दीविं दीउ भमंतउ वलणि तउ मंदिरि संपत्तउ ।
एवहिं दूरिं दुरिउ विसज्जहि अभउ अभउ भउ सयलु विवज्जहि ।
तुहुं वणिवरकुमारि कुलि पुंगले हउं वणिउत्तु देसि कुरु जंगले ।
विहिवलणिं संघड़िउ समागउ मंछुडु होसइ सयलुवि चंगउ ।

Bhavishya, muttering a prayer to Vīra, firmly replied, "O Lady with lovely eyes, what you say is right. But, beauteous maid, I am proud to abstain from taking what is not given to me ceremonially. When some one is found to give you to me in marriage, your desire will be satisfied. If nobody gives your hand to me, we shall live only as comrades in spirit. . . . The girl perceived that he was an extraordinary man and restrained her feelings. The sun had not yet set.[1]

A desert isle, a setting sun, a beautiful maiden and a handsome man discovering their soul's affinity, the girl's audacious question, and the reply are elements in a situation full of charm and romance. And it is the work of a celibate Jaina sādhu addressed to a Gujarāti middle-class audience a thousand years ago!

Suddenly the demon appeared, fearful as darkness, like unto 'the loud laughter of Death.' Bhavishya faced him, ready for fight. But the demon suddenly recollected his former life and took kindly to the hero. In a sudden outburst of friendliness, he made the city hum with life, and bestowed it, as also the maiden, on the lucky hero.

Years passed, happy for Bhavishya and his wife, unhappy for the bereaved parents in distant Gajapura. In course of time, the young lovers were tired of the city. "To live in this lonely city is to see a dream, or to dance in darkness." They left it, and, with all their valuables, came to the seashore, where they hoisted a signal on the top of a tree to attract the attention of a passing ship.

Bandhudatta's party was again ship-wrecked on the island, and met the couple. Bhavishya forgave his perfidious brother, loaded him with presents, and told him his story. Bandhu, though jealous and spiteful, spoke sweet words and celebrated their re-union. In a happy mood, they all prepared to leave the island. But when the boats

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1. पभणइं वीरचरित्तु अकंपिउ चंगउं पइं पसयच्छि पयंपिउ ।
अह महु सुद्धी परिप्फुडमाणहो अत्थि निवत्ति अंदत्तादाणहो ।
जाम्वहिं मज्झु को वि पइं देसइ तामहिं सव्वु तेय तं होसइ ।
अह नउ देइ कोइ तउ अंगउ ता अम्हहं साहम्मिय संगउ । ......
घत्ता। तो चिंतिउ ताए एहु कोवि सामन्नु नवि ।
संवरिउ वियारु नहि अत्थवणहो ढुक्कुरवि ॥ V–16

were ready, Bhavishya happened to be away making a religious offering, and Bandhu repeated his old trick. Heedless of every one's protests, he set sail carrying away with him the bride and the wealth of his brother.

The story now begins to suffer in interest. Bandhu made unsuccessful overtures to Bhavishyānurūpā, his brother's wife. Ultimately, Bandhu reached Gajapura, passed off the lady as his wife, and the wealth as his own, and received great honours from the king. Only Kamalā, Bhavishya's mother, was disconsolate as her son was not among those who had returned.

The king of the Yakshas, however, brought Bhavishya to Gajapura in his aerial car. The hero met his mother, and sought justice from the king. The king punished the perfidious Bandhu, but forgave him at the instance of his magnanimous brother. The guilty were forgiven, and, to crown the general feeling of reconciliation, the king offered his daughter, Sumitrā, to Bhavishya.

The prince of Poyaṇāpura, in the meantime, marched on Gajapura. The king of Gajapura offered resistance, his army led by Bhavishya. And in the battle that ensued, he was victorious owing to the valour of the hero. The conqueror was appointed Yuvarāja by the king. This was, perhaps, the closing incident of the story as it originally stood before a Jaina author retouched it. Bhavishya and his wife went to Tilakdvīpa, where a sage explained to them the principles of Jainism, and recounted the past lives of Bhavishya. The hero, thereupon, renounced the world.

IV

Hemacandra has preserved several quotations from the Apabhraṇśa literature of the tenth and eleventh centuries. If these quotations are any indication, the literature of the time was mythological, religious, didactic, erotic and heroic. The elegant phrase and the picturesque image so often found in these verses indicate a well-developed literature.

HEROIC

Look at my lord: he has been described as ths breaker of the temples of elephants gone wild in hundreds of battles.[1]

Oh, friend! It is just as well that my lord has been killed in the battle. Had he come home vanquished, I should have felt ashamed before my friends.[2]

On the field of battle, where arrows destroy arrows and swords cut swords, my husband cuts his way through a crowd of warriors.[3]

Dear friend! My husband, when he is angry, destroys his enemies with his weapons as well as his hands.[4]

Of the two of us who have gone to the field of battle, who will seek the Goddess of Victory? And who will seize the Goddes of Death by the hair, and live?[5]

Cowards say thus: "We are but few, while the enemies are many," Look at the sky, young lady! Only one moon gives light.[6]

DIDACTIC

The ocean keeps grass on the surface and jewels at the bottom; so, too, the master abandons his good servants and honours the wicked ones.[7]

Merits do not beget prosperity, but may beget fame. A lion does not cost even a penny, while an elephant costs lakhs.[8]

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1. संगरसएहिं जु वण्णिअइ, देक्खु अम्हारा कन्तु।
   अईमत्तहं चत्तंकुसहं, गयकुम्भइं दारन्तु ॥

2. भल्ला हुआ जु मारिआ, बहिणि महारा कन्तु।
   लज्जेज्जं तु वयसिअहु, जइ भग्गा घरू एन्तु ॥

3. जहिं कप्पिज्जइ सरिण सरू, छिज्जइ खज्जिण खग्गु।
   तहिं तेहइ भडघड निवहि, कन्तु पयासइ मग्गु ॥

4. कन्तु महारउ हलि सहिए, निच्छइं रूसइ जासु।
   अत्थिहिं सत्थिहिं हत्थिहिं वि, ठाउवि फेडइ तासु ॥

5. पइं मइं वेहिंविं रणगयहिं को जयसिरि तक्केइ;।
   केसहिं लेप्पिणु जमघरिणि, भण सुहु को थक्केइ ॥

6. अम्हे थोवा रिउ बहुअ, क़ायर एम्व भणन्ति।
   मुद्धि निहाल हि गयणयलु, कइ जण जोण्ह करेन्ति ॥

7. सायरू उप्परि तणु धरइ, तलि घल्लइं रयणाइं।
   सामि सुभिच्चुवि परिहरइ, सम्माणेइ खलाइं. ॥

8. गुणहिं न संपइ कित्ति पर, फल लिहिआ भुंजन्ति।
   केसरि न लहइ बोड्डि अवि, गय लक्खेहिं घेप्पन्ति ॥

People take fruits from trees, but cast off bitter leaves. But great trees, like good men, bear those leaves on their laps.[1]

A wicked person, falling from great height, destroys his own people, even as a boulder, rolling down from the top of a mountain, crushes other boulders.[2]

Very rare, indeed, in this Kali age, is the man who hides his own virtues and reveals those of others. I pay my homage to that good man.[3]

To whom is life not dear? Who has no love of money? When time comes the great consider both of them contemptible as grass.[4]

The fire under the ocean does not care whether the waters are dried up. Is it not enough that it keeps on burning even in water?[5]

HEROIC

The body had not met his body. The lips did not touch his lips. Even as I was drinking in his lotus-face, the meeting came to an end.[6]

Why cannot this young lady look farther by the light of the moon, when she can see her hand in the darkness by means of the rays issuing from her face?[7]

What pity can these breasts have for others, when they cruelly fling themselves on their own heart? Men! Take care of yourselves. The breasts of maidens are ruthless.[8]

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1. वच्छहे गृण्हइ फलइं जणु, कडुपल्लव वज्जेइ ।
   तोवि महद्दुमु सुअणु जिवं, ते उच्छंगि धरेइं ॥
2. दूरुड्डाणें पडिउ खलु, अप्पणु जणु मारेइ ।
   जिह गिरिसिंगहुं पडिअ सिल, अन्नुवि चूरू करेइ ॥
3. जो गुण गोवइ अप्पणा, पयडा करइ परस्सु ।
   तसु हउं कलिजुगि दुल्लहहो, बलि किज्जउं सुअणस्सु ॥
4. जीविउ कासु न वल्लहउं, धणु कणु कासु न इट्ठु ।
   दोण्णिवि अवसरनिवडिआइं, तिणासम गणइ विसिट्ठु ॥
5. सोसउ म सोसउच्चिअ, उअही वडवानलस्स किं तेण ।
   जं जलइ जले जलणो, आएण वि किं न पज्जंत्तं ॥
6. अंगहिं अंग न मिलिअउ, हलि अहरें अहरू न पत्तु ।
   पिअ जोअन्ति हे मुहकमलु, एम्वइ सुरउ समत्त ॥
7. निअमुहकरहिंवि मुद्धकर, अन्धारइ पडि पेक्खइ ।
   ससिमंडल चंदिमए पुणु, कांइ न दूरे देक्खइ. ॥
8. फोडेन्ति जे हियडउं अप्पणउं, ताहं पराइ कवण घण ।
   रक्खेज्जहु लोअहो अप्पणा, बालहे जाया विसम थण ॥

If she loves me, she will be dead by now; and if, she be alive still, she has no love for me. In any way, I have lost my wife. Why do you thunder you wicked cloud? [1]

Oh, bee, don't you make a buzzing noise in this forest. Don't you lament as you look in that direction. The Mālatī creeper whose separation has brought you to death is in another country.[2]

My heart has been captured by you; you have been taken in by her; she dances to the tune of another. O beloved! What can I do? It is just like a fish swallowing another.[3]

V.

During the Cālukyan period, several Jaina sādhus composed prayers and religious legends in Apabhraṅśa. Most of these religious compositions were adaptations from the Prākṛta which had long ceased to be understood by the ordinary people. When the sādhus at the court of Pāṭana, who formed the aristocracy of the priesthood, devoted themselves to Saṁskṛta, their humble co-workers continued to cater for the needs of the masses in their own language. But even their language soon ceased to develop on independent lines. Those who made use of Apabhraṅśa looked for inspiration to the sādhus who employed Saṁskṛta; and such fragments as have come down to us show that Apabhraṅśa literature flourished in the twelvth century on the wealth of expression and the grace of style furnished by Saṁskṛta masterpieces.

The following extracts from Somaprabha's *Kumārapāla-pratibodha* will suffice to give an idea of the lines of progress which Apabhraṅśa followed.

If there is dishonour, but not death, one should go into exile; but one should not wander about playing into the hands of the wicked.[4]

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1. जइ ससणेही तो मुइअ, अह जीवइ निन्नेह ।
विहिंविं पयारेहिं गइअ धण, किं गज्जइ खल मेह ॥
2. भमरू म रुणुझुणि रण्णडइ, सा दिसी जोइ म रोइ ।
सा मालइ देसन्तरिअ, जसु तुहुं मरहि विओइ ॥
3. महु हियउं तइं ताए तुहुं, सविअन्नें विनडिज्जइ ।
पिअ काइं करउं हउं काइं तुहुं मच्छें मच्छु गिलिजज्इ ॥
4. माणी पणट्ठई जई न तणु तो दसेडा चइज्ज ।
मा दुज्जन कर पल्लविहिं दंसिज्जंतु भमिज्ज ॥

The notes of the cukoo are heard. Spring has come on the earth. The great King, Love, like a warrior, has given an exhibition of his victorious might.[1]

Seeing the rays (kara, which also means hands) of the Sun, the lover, Dame North is fascinated. Dame South sighs out Malaya breezes. The Sylvan goddess, covered by reddish new leaves, glows, as if dressed in red apparel, in the arms of her lover, Spring.[2]

The fresh sprouts of mango trees sparkle with swarms of black bees, as if the flames of love were emitting a stream of smoke.[3]

VI.

Hemacandra has quoted two verses from a *Muñja-rāsa.* Merutunga has given some more, and has also based *Muñjaprabandha,* in his *Prabandhacintāmaṇi,* on it. Evidently, it was a popular love poem of the eleventh century describing the adventures of Muñja, the king of Malvā styled Pṛthivīvallabha (c. 950-997). Its sentiments were unsophisticated, and its language, based on popular idioms. Perhaps it was what Hemacandra calls a grāmya mahākāvya.

Muñja, the gay lover and the indomitable conquerer, travels every night twelve yojanas to meet a lady-love. Later, his passion cools down, and she addresses him thus:

Muñja, the bond of love is already loose. Fool, don't you know that the thunders of Âshāḍha are already heard, and soon the roads will be unfit (for your dromedary to travel)?[4] . . .

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1. अह कोइलकुलरवमुहुल्ल भुणवि वसंतु पयट्टु ।
भट्टु व मयण-महा-निवह, पयडिअ-विजय मरट्टु ॥

2. सूरु पलोइवि कंत-करू, उत्तरदिसि आसत्तु ।
नीसासु व दाहिण दिसय, मलय समीर पवत्तु ॥
काणण-सिरि सोहइ, अरुण-नव-पल्लव-परिणद्ध ।
न रत्तंसुय-पावरिय, महु-पिययम-संवद्ध ॥

3. सहयारिहि मंजरि सहहिं भ्रमर-समूह सणाह ।
जालाउ व मयणानलह पसरिय-धूम-पवाह ॥

4. मुंज पडल्लादोरडी पेक्खिसि न गमारि ।
आसाढि घनगज्जीइं चिक्खिलि होसेडवारि ॥ *Muñjaprabandha.*

As you leave my arms, so do I leave yours. Who is at fault? But if you leave my heart, I shall know that Muñja is wroth with me.[1]

The water-maiden bears up life by kissing her own hand—the hand which drank the crystal clear water in which the beloved Muñja was reflected.[2]

Muñja carries on a life-long war with king Tailapa of Karṇāṭaka. Against the advice of his minister, Rudrāditya, he crosses the Godāvarī; is defeated; and is captured by Tailapa. Tailapa's sister Mṛṇālavatī, a widow, falls in love with Muñja. While both are looking in a mirror, the elderly widow bewails her grey hair.

Muñja says, "Mṛṇālavati, do not weep over departed youth. Sugar-candy, even if broken into a thousand pieces, will taste sweet."[3]

Efforts are being made by Muñja's friends to rescue him from the subterranean cell in which he is kept. Muñja insists on taking Mṛṇālavatī with him. She, afraid of losing her lover if they went to Dhārā, informs her brother about the plan; and it is frustrated by Tailapa.

Women are clever in inventing amorous talks to please the mind; the person who confides in them comes to grief.[4]

Tailapa forces Muñja to beg from door to door. The poet says:

Why did you not die by fire or string? Why did you not become a heap of ashes? To day, Muñja, tied to a string, is taken from house to house like a dancing monkey.[5]

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1. बाहविछोडवि जाहि तुहुं हउं तेवंइ को दोसु ।
हिअयट्ठिउ जइ नीसरहि जाणउं मुंज सरोसु ॥ *Siddhahemcandra*

2. रक्खई सा विसहारिणी वे कर चुंबिवि जीउ ।
पडिविंबिअ मुंजालु जलु जेहिं अडोहिउ पीउ ॥ (*op. cit.*)

The meaning is obscure. I take मुंजाल to be मुंज; otherwise the verse would refer to a minister of Siddharāja.

3. मुंज भणइ मुणालवइ जुव्वण गयुं न झूरि ।
जइ सक्कर सय खंड थिय तो ईस मीठ्ठी चूरि ॥ *Muñjaprabandha*

4. सउ चित्त हरिसट्ठी भम्मणह वत्तीस डीहियां ।
हियम्मि ते नर दड्ढ सीझे जे वीससइ थियां ॥ (*op. cit.*)

5. झोली तुट्टी किं न मुउ किं न हुयउ छारपुंज ।
हिंडइ दोरी वंधीयउ जिम मंकड तिम मुंज ॥ (*op. cit.*)

While begging, Muñja calls upon the spirit of his departed minister who had advised him against crossing the Godāvari.

Rudrāditya, now in heaven! Unattended, I stand, deprived of my elephants, chariots, horses and men. Call me to you: I stand with my face towards you.[1]

A proud damsel contemptuously gives him whey to drink in a cup made of dry leaves. Muñja says:

Simple-hearted damsel! Do not turn away in pride, seeing me with a cup of leaves in my hand. Muñja was once the master of fourteen hundred and seventy-six elephants but now he has lost them all.[2]

Mṛṇālavatī offers alms to Muñja.

Muñja says, "Mṛṇālavati, if wisdom after the event is the same as before it, no one would be overcome by calamity."[3]

Mṛṇālavatī replies:

When luck turned, even the ten-headed king (Rāvana), the master of seas and the lord of the forts of Lankā, was destroyed. Therefore, Muñja, do not grieve.[4]

Ultimately, Muñja meets death under the feet of Tailapa's elephant.

The language of this poem approximates the earliest specimen of Old Gujarātī found in the works of the twelfth century.

Apabhraṅśa, thus, had a rich and varied literature intended for the people. But at the end of the thirteenth century, it was fast becoming inaccessible to the ordinary people, who no longer used it in speech. The deśabhāśa of the people, Old Gujarāti, was spoken from about 1100, or, perhaps, earlier.

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1. गय गय रहगय तुरय गय पायकडा निभिच्च ।
सग्गट्ठिय करि मन्तण उम्मुहुं रूदाइच्च ॥ (*op. cit.*)

2. भोलि मुन्धि गव्वु करि पिक्खि विपड्डुगुपांइ ।
चउदसइ सइं छहुत्तरई मुज्जह गयह गयाइं ॥ (*op. cit.*)

3. जा मति पच्छइ संपज्जइ सामति पहिली होइ ।
मुंज भणइ मुणालवइ विघन न वेढई कोइ ॥ (*op. cit.*)

4. सायर षाइ लंक गढ गढवइ दससिरि राउ ।
भग्गक्खय सो भज्जि गय मुंज म करि विसाउ ॥ (*op. cit.*)

NOTE A. REFERENCES TO APABHRANŚA

1. Patañjali, *Mahābhashya* (B. C. 150). *ante* p. 17.

एकैकस्यहि शब्दस्य बहवोऽपभ्रंशाः तद्यथा । गौरिरित्यस्य शब्दस्य गावी गोणी गोता गोपोतलिकेत्येवमादयोऽपभ्रंशाः ।

2. Bharata, *Nāṭyaśāstra* XVII. (A.C. 200) *ante* p. 17.

एवमेतत्तुविज्ञेयं प्राकृतं संस्कृतं तथा ।
अत ऊर्ध्वं प्रवक्ष्यामि देशभाषाप्रकल्पनम् ॥ २४ ॥......
गवाश्वाजाविकौष्ट्रादि घोषस्थाननिवासिनाम् ।
आभीरोक्तिः शाबरी वा द्राविडी द्रविडादिषु ॥ ५५ ॥

3. Inscription of Dharasena II of Valabhī, refering to his father Guhasena (559-569), *Bombay Gazeteer* Vol. I, p. 90. *ante* p. 21.

संस्कृतप्राकृतापभ्रंशभाषात्रयप्रतिबद्धप्रबन्धरचनानिपुणतर.......

4. Daṇḍin, *Kāvyādarśa* I. (c. 600). *ante* p. 48.

तदेव वाङ्मयं भूयः संस्कृतं प्राकृतं तथा ।
अपभ्रंशश्च मिश्रं चेत्याहुरार्याश्चतुर्विधम् ॥ ३२ ॥......
आभीरादिगिरः काव्येष्वपभ्रंश इति स्मृताः ।
शास्त्रे तु संस्कृतादन्यदपभ्रंशतयोदितम् ॥ ३६ ॥

5. Bhāmaha, *Kāvyālaṁkāra* I. (c. 650). *ante* p. 48.

शब्दार्थौ सहितौ काव्यं गद्यं पद्यं च तद्द्विधा ।
संस्कृतं प्राकृतं चान्यदपभ्रंश इति त्रिधा ॥ ३६ ॥

6. Rudraṭa, *Kāyālaṁkāra* II. (c. 900) *ante* p. 48.

प्राकृतसंस्कृतमागधपिशाचभाषाश्च शौरसेनीच ।
षष्ठोऽत्र भूरिभेदो देशविशेषादपभ्रंशः ॥ १२ ॥

7. Rājaśekhara, *Kāvyamimānsā* (c. 900) *ante* p. 48.

(*a*) शब्दार्थौ ते शरीरं संस्कृतं मुखं प्राकृतं बाहुः जघनमपभ्रंशः पैशाचं पादौ उरोमिश्रम् । ......

(*b*) गौडाद्याः संस्कृतस्थाः परिचितरूचयः प्राकृते लाटदेश्याः
सापभ्रंशप्रयोगाः सकलमरूभुवष्टक्क भादानकाश्च ।
आवन्त्याः पारियात्राः सहदशपुरजैर्भूतभाषां भजन्ते
यो मध्येमध्यदेशं निवसति स कविः सर्वभाषानिषण्णः ॥....

(*c*) सुराष्ट्रत्रणवाद्या ये पठन्त्यर्पितसौष्ठवम् ।
अपभ्रंशावदंशानि ते संस्कृतवचांस्यपि ॥ ......

(*d*) अपभ्रंशभाषाप्रवणः परिचारक वर्गः ...

(*e*) पश्चिमेनापभ्रंशिनः कवयः ।

8. Bhoja, *Sarasvatikanṭhābharaṇa* (c. 1000), *ante* p. 48.

अपभ्रंशेन तुष्यन्ति स्वेन नान्येन गुर्जराः ।

9. Nemisādhu, Commentary on Rudraṭa's above quoted *Kāvyālamkara* II. 12. (c. 1069). *ante* p. 48.

तथाप्राकृतमेवापभ्रंशः । स चान्यैरुपनागराभीरग्राम्यावभेदेन त्रिधोक्तस्तन्निरासार्थं मुक्तं भूरिभेद इति । कुतो देशविशेषात् । तस्य च लक्षणं लोकादेव सम्यगवसेयं

10. Hemacandra, *Siddhahemacandra* (c. 1140) contains 120 sūtras on Apabhraṅśa, and about 180 verses by way of illustrations. *ante* p. 53-55.

11. *Vāgbhaṭṭālaṁkara* (c. 1200), *ante* p. 44.

अपभ्रंशस्तु तच्छुद्धं यद्यद्देशेषु भाषितम्...

यस्मिन्देशे स्वभावतो या भाषोच्यते सोपभ्रंशो भवतीत्यर्थः ।

12. Mārkaṇḍeya, *Prākṛtasarvasa* (1450), *ante* p. 21.

(*a*) व्राचंडो लाटवैदर्भावुपनागरनागरौ । ... द्राविड गौर्जराः ॥... ...
सप्तविंशत्यपभ्रंशाः .... ॥

(*b*) संस्कृताढ्या च गौर्जरी । चकारात् पूर्वोक्तटक्कभाषाग्रहणम् ॥

It is likely that there was only one literary Apabhraṅśa, and not many; that it was used as lingua franca by the cultured in the whole of North India from Mahārashtra and Gujarāta to Assam; and that the allied modern Indian vernaculars, Hindi, Bengali, Marāṭhī, Gujarātī &c. sprang from it. Vide, P. L. Vaidya, *The Apabhraṅśa Literature of the Tenth Century and its Influence on Marathi Language.* Jour. Bom. University I. vi. 218. May, 1933.

CHAPTER VI.

SOMEŚVARA AND HIS TIMES.

(A. C. 1173–1297)

Yasahpāla (c. 1174)—*Moharājaparājaya*—Somaprabha (1185),—*Kumārapāla-pratibodha*—Political changes (1179–1297)—Vīradhavala, Vastupāla, and Tejahpāla—Vastupāla as patron of learning—Someśvara (1184–1254-)—*Kīrtti kaumudī*—*Surathotsava*—*Ullāgharaghava*—Pralhādana (1164–1209) *Pārthaparākrama*—Vastupāla's *Naranārāyaṇānanda*—Arisinha's *Sukṛtasaṁkīrtana*—Balabhadra's *Vasantavilāsa*—Jayasinha's *Hammīramada mardana* (1222)—Udayaprabha—Subhaṭa—Medical works—The artistic value of the literature.

On the death of Kumārapāla, his nephew Ajayapāla (1174–76) succeeded to the throne, but not without combating a conspiracy in which some of Hemacandra's pupils were involved. He was not amenable to their influence as was his uncle before him; and later Jaina authors had their revenge by attributing to him vices of which contemporary records absolve him.

Yaśahpāla, a Jaina Modha Vaṇika occupying a high position in the king's service, composed an allegorical drama, *Mohārajaparājaya*, celebrating the supposed conversion of Kumārapâla to Jainism. The drama was composed between 1174 and 1177, and was performed at Kumāra-vihāra at Tharapadra, modern Tharāḍa near Pālaṇapura. The drama, except for Kumārapāla, Hemacandra and, perhaps, the court jester, contains allegorical characters, and is a good specimen of later-day literary performances. Yaśahpāla's style is simple and delightful, but lacks the classical touch. In technique, incident and human interest, his work is decidedly inferior to Rāmacandra's.

Jñānārpaṇa, the spy sent to report on Moha, Delusion, comes to king Kumārapāla and reports that Moha has successfully besieged the city of 'Man's Mind'. Its king, Vivekacandra, the Moon of Discrimination, has fled, taking his wife and his daughter, Kṛpāsundarī, Compassion, with him. One of Kumārapāla's queens, Kīrttimañjari, Garland of Fame, with her brother Pratāpa, Valour, is also reported

as thinking of going over to Moha, as the king had fallen under the influence of a Jaina sādhu.

In Act II, Kumārapāla sees Kṛpāsundarī, and falls in love with her. The queen, Rājyaśrī, Royalty, is angry with the king, and the king asks to be forgiven. In Act III, Puṇyaketu, the Banner of Merit, conceals himself behind the statue of a goddess; and, making believe that the goddess is speaking, prevails upon Rājyasrī not only to give up her wrath, but to send an offer for Kṛpāsundarī's hand. But, when the offer is sent, Viveka consents only on condition that the seven vices are banished from the kingdom, and the king abolishes the practice of confiscating the estate of men dying without male issue. The king agrees to the conditions and forgoes the property of a dead millionaire, who, however, turns up with a new bride in an aerial car. In Act IV, gambling, flesh-eating, drinking, slaughter, theft and adultery are banished in spite of the plea that they bring in revenue. In Act V, the king, armed by Hemacandra with his *Yogaśāstra*, wins a victory over Moha.

Moharājaparājaya contains materials for reconstructing the life and splendour of Pāṭana and its merchants, 'whose wealth was the envy of emperors'. An interesting episode refers to the act of Kumārapāla in abrogating the law, whereby the estate of a deceased leaving a widow but no son escheated to the crown. When the king was informed that a millionaire, Kubera, had died and that his vast wealth had lapsed to him under the law, he feelingly expressed himself thus:

What policy is it which entitles wicked kings to take a dead man's wealth, collected by him in high hopes, after a long struggle, and with multitude of worries? The sinners who snatch away the loin cloth from a weeping woman may not have any compassion; but have they no sense of shame? [1]

Again, when he found that the relatives of the deceased

1 आशाबन्धादहह सुचिरं संचितं क्लेशलक्षैः
केयं नीतिर्नृपतिहतका यन्मृतस्वं हरन्ति ।
क्रन्दन्नारीजघनवसनाक्षेपपापोत्कटाना
माः किं तेषां हृदि यदिकृपा नास्ति तत्किं त्रपापि ॥

would not enter his house before the king's servants had taken possession of his wealth under the law, he said:

> Afraid of the king, the relatives of a person dying sonless cannot even perform his obsequies. The members of his family, crying with grief, are made miserable by the king's servants, who, more ruthless than the servants of Death, are busy searching for wealth.[1]

These verses throw light on a custom then in vogue, and on the sentiments which ruled Kumārapāla's conduct. A court receiver in an administration suit filed on the death of a man under modern law, has scarcely improved upon these ancient ways of king's men.

In Yaśahpāla, we have the logical extension of the literary movement which Hemacandra introduced, of weaving round the kings of Pāṭaṇa an atmosphere which classical kāvyas had created round the epic heroes. But literary inspiration had receded into the back-ground. Sidharāja, Kumārapāla and Hemacandra were invested with a transparently semi-mythic importance. And the classical style was unabashedly made to ply the bard's inglorious trade, or play a hand-maid to the religious zealot.

II.

The next author of importance was Somaprabha, a sādhu. He wrote his *Kumārapālapratibodha* in c. 1185, twelve years after Kumārpāla's death at Pāṭaṇa in the upāśraya of Siddhapāla, Śrīpāla's son. The work was read by the author to Guṇacandra and two other disciples of Hemacandra. The work is principally in Prākṛta and Apabhraṅśa, with some parts in Saṁskṛta. The author sets out his object thus:

> Though the lives of Hemacandrasūri and Kumārapāla are interesting from other points of view, I desire to say something about the teaching of the Jaina faith only.

And faithfully does the author keep his word; for, the work is a series of sermons on Jaina vows supposed to

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1. कर्तुं तत्क्षणमौर्ध्वदेहिकमहो पापं भयाद्भुभुजां
निष्पुत्रस्य मृतस्य वान्धवजनः स्निग्धोऽपि नासीदति।
क्रन्दन्भिः च कदर्थ्यते गृहजनोन्विष्यद्भिरन्तर्धनं
धिक्कष्टं यमकिंकरैरिव नृपव्यापारिभिर्निष्कृपैः ॥

have been delivered by Hemacandra to Kumārapāla, and gives an exaggerated account of how the latter carried them into practice. This lengthy work is dreary and devoid of any literary merit or historical value. The work is useful only as a landmark. It shows how, within two decades, the Jaina sādhus canonised Hemacandra and Kumārapāla, and absorbed them so completely in their religious literature that they ceased to be looked upon as men. Idolatry, in literature as in life, finds a fertile soil in India, and ruins the literary gifts of many who would be noteworthy writers but for it.

The author's other works are *Sumatināthacarita*, a religious work; *Sūktimuktāvalī*, a collection of didactic verses; *S'atārthakāvyam*, verses having a hundred meanings; and *Sṛṅgāravairāgyataraṅgiṇī*, a tirade against women. None of these are of any literary value.

A remarkable work is *Pancākhyāna* by Purṇabhadra (1199). It is a revised version of *Pañcatantra* of Vishṇuśarman. This edition, prepared by the sādhu at the instance of a minister of Jhālora, has enabled modern scholars to restore this valuable contribution of India to the literature of the world.

III

Ajayapāla died in 1176, and was succeeded by his infant son, Bāla Mūlarāja, who died in c. 1178. During this period Mahmūd, or Shahab-ud-din Ghori, invaded Gujarāta; but its seasoned army led by the queen-mother, Nāikādevī, drove back the invader.

In c. 1179 the throne of Pātaṇa came to be occupied by Bhīma II. He styled himself Abhinava Siddharāja, but chroniclers have dubbed him Bholo, the Simpleton. The feudatories revolted against his authority, but were soon suppressed by Arṇorāja Vāghelā, a Cālukya of Dholkā, who threw his weight on the side of his king. Arṇorāja's son, Lāvaṇyaprasāda, or Lavaṇaprasāda, whom Bhīma appointed a sarveśvara, dictator, followed in his father's footsteps and, with the assistance of his son Vīradhavala, consolidated the authority of Pātaṇa.

Both the Vāghelās, father and son, held their court at Dholkā. Under their strong rule, the kingdom again became powerful. Except for an unsuccessful invasion in 1194 by a Muslim army headed by Kutb-ud-din Aibak, Gujarāta was happy. In 1242 Bhima, who had outlived three generations of viceregents, died and Vīradhavala's son, Vīsaladeva, formally occupied the throne of Pāṭaṇa. During his vigorous reign of nineteen years, he revived the golden prime of Jayasiṅha Siddharaja, and assumed, with some justification, the dignity of Mahārājādhirāja. He was the last great Hindu king of Gujarāta.

On his death in c. 1261, his throne was occupied by Arjuna up to c. 1264; by Sāraṅga from c. 1265 to 1296; and by Karṇa, popularly known as ghelo or crazy, from c. 1296 to c. 1304. After Vīsaladeva's death, petty wars destroyed the power of Pāṭāṇa, which soon came to rule over only a small part of North Gujarāta and Kāṭhiāvāḍa. In or about 1297, Ulugh Khan, the brother of Sultan Alla-ud-din Khilji occupied Pāṭaṇa, sacked the temple of Somanātha and laid waste the country. The end of the thirteenth century of the Christian era saw the end of self-governed Gujarāta.

The period from c. 1200 to 1250, when the great Vāghelās presided over the destinies of the country, represented a half century of great activity in the fields both of conquest and literature. Lavaṇaprasāda, Vīradhavala, and Vīsaladeva were warriors, administrators and patrons of literature. They also knew how to choose their servants well and wisely. About c. 1220 Vīradhavala invited the two brothers, Vastupāla and Tejaḥpāla, sons of a Jaina, merchant, Āśārāja, to become ministers of state. Rich and religiously disposed, they soon proved to be great warriors and statesmen. Jaina, Hindu, and even Muslim shrines shared their generosity. They erected temples and patronised art, their temples at Ābu being monuments of Indian art. Vastupāla was married to Lalitādevī, Tejaḥpāla to Anupādevī. Both ladies assisted the ministers in their work and were held in great esteem. The statesmanship and valour of the brothers gave to Gujarāta its last Mahārājādhirāja in Vīsaladeva. Vastupāla

died in c. 1248, Tejaḥpāla a few years later; and both retained their power and the confidence of their sovereign till the last.

Vastupāla was decidedly the greater of the two. His personality, statesmanship, heroism and munificence evoked a chorus of literary praise. Someśvara, the family priest of the royal Cālukyas, composed works in his honour, and a host of other literary men followed the example. Many poets have been mentioned in contemporary works as being under his protection. The minister appreciated and encouraged literature; established three libraries at a cost of eighteen crores of rupees; procured for the poets the manuscripts of literary masterpieces; and helped them in the preservation of their works. And the poets repaid their debt well: they gave immortality to his life and works.

IV

Someśvara (c. 1184–1254) was the leading poet of Vastupāla's court. He was the family priest of the kings of Gujarāta, a direct descendant of Śola, the priest of Mūlarāja, and the grandson of Āmiga who officiated as a priest to Siddharāja. His father, Kumāra, was a physician as well, and cured Ajayapāla of his wounds. Someśvara has left two mahākāvyas, *Kīrttikaumudī* and *Surathotsava;* one drama, *Ullāgharāghava; Rāmas'ataka;* and two *Pras'astis*, one of which has not yet been found.

Kīrttikaumudī served as a model to many contemporary kāvyas which had Vastupāla as its hero, and represents a further stage in the evolution of the movement which, as we saw, could be traced to Hemacandra's *Dvyās'raya.* The audience loved to look back proudly upon the times of Siddharāja and Kumārapāla, particularly as Lavaṇaprasāda and Vīradhavala were trying to restore Pāṭaṇa to its former glory.

Someśvara was an ardent admirer of Kālidāsa and looked upon *Raghuvaṅs'a* as his model.

> Kālidāsa was born a poet, and he sang Śrī Rāma's life. It was a mixture of sugar and milk.[1]

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1. कालिदास कविर्जात: श्रीरामचरितस्य यत्।
स एष शर्करा योग: पयस: समुपद्यत ॥

Among the latter day poets, he mentions Māgha, Bhāravi, Bāṇa, Dhanapāla, Bilhaṇa, Hemacandra, Nīlakaṇṭha, Pralhādana, Naracandra, Vijayasena, Subhaṭa, Yashaḥavīra and Vastupāla, the last six of whom were his contemporaries.

The poet describes the city of Pāṭaṇa 'the house of Śrī'; its fort and its gardens where damsels come to play; the chants of its Brāhmaṇas, the songs of its women, the eulogies of its bards; its houses which were white like snow, its palaces in which luxury reigned; and the sacrificial smoke which, like Yamunā, rose skywards to join the heavenly Gangā. The city outshines all the cities of traditional fame. The poet then describes the river, the temples comparable to the Himālaya, the banners of the temples 'so high as to protect even Aruṇa, the Sun's charioteer, from his master's fiery rays'; the roads crowded with elephants and horses. The women also come in for their share of praise.

> Wherever the women move, undulating with grace, the eyes of the gallants follow like their maid servants. Those who are looked at by the women with sidelong glances, are smitten by the god of love, who, though bodiless, assumes a body. Here, Brahmā created women of matchless beauty; and yet their beauty was matched by its reflection in the bejewelled walls.[1]

In canto ii, the poet gives a short history of the kings of Pāṭaṇa, beginning with Mūlarāja. Siddharāja is rightly given the central place. Lavaṇaprasāda's dream is then described. Gurjara Rājyalakshmī, the royal dignity of Gujarāta, appears to him, 'a goddess in the very image of a full-moon night, her face white like the moon, a white mark on her face, in white clothes, a white garland in her hand'. She laments the downfall of Pāṭaṇa, weeps over her vanished glory and departed heroes.

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1. यत्रयत्र प्रसर्पन्ति सलीलं यन्मृगिदृश: ।
दासीव दृष्टिरन्वेति तत्रतत्र विलासिनाम् ॥
वीक्षिता वलितग्रीवं तन्वीभिर्यत्र केपियत् ।
मन्ये व्यावर्त्तितांगेन तेऽनङ्गेनापि ताडिता: ॥
रूपेणाप्रतिमा: कांता यत्र धात्रा कृता: किल ।
तथापि प्रतिमास्तासां संजाता रत्नभित्तिषु ॥ 1. 68, 69, 70.

Here darkness was unknown, for, the scions of the line of Mūlarāja spread their light all around. But, now, a light was not to be found even at night. The city, once resounded with drums at night, ; now, only the howl of jackals is heard. Then, the lake bloomed with the lotus-faces of young damsels ; now, it helplessly sheds tear-drops as the wind blows over it.

And she exhorts Lavaṇaprasāda to win back her departed glory.

The dream vanishes, and the hero sends for his son, and his priest, the poet. The poet explains the meaning of the dream and recommends the appointment of a good minister.

In canto iii, the family of Vastupāla comes in for a highly eulogistic tribute. The king appoints Vastupāla as his minister. (canto iv.) The minister takes charge of Khambhāta and is faced with an invasion from the South. Śaṅkha, king of Lāṭa, also sends a message threatening to march on the city. (canto v) The poet, then, deals with Vastupāla's war with Śaṅkha and celebrates his patron's victory in high flown phrase. (canto vi) He sings the beauties of Khambhāta in the traditional manner of kāvyas and narrates Vastupāla's conversation with his poets. (canto vii) Then follows a description of moon-rise (canto viii); of the daily life of the minister and (canto ix); of his pilgrimage to Śatruṁjaya, Giraṅāra and Prabhāsa.

Someśvara's diction has both grace and lucidity. When he has something new to say, he rises above the wearisome and degenerate imitation of classic models. The kāvya had become rigid and lifeless. The vicious taste of the paṇḍitas perpetuated the bondage of form, style and expression which were no longer living interpretations of life; and, like all worn out conventions, they stifled the soul that accepted them. From the historical point of view the work is invaluable. The author had first-hand knowledge of events connected with the Cālukya kings, and was free from any propagandist zeal. In the first three cantos, he sets men and events in a fairly correct perspective, and is a fairly reliable guide for leading the reader out of the labyrinth of Jaina works.

His next mahākāvya, *Surathotsava*, deals with the episode from the *Mārkaṇḍeya Purāṇa*, of King Suratha who reconquered his lost kingdom by the favour of the goddess Caṇḍī. His drama, *Ullāghar āghava*, in eight acts, is based on the *Rāmāyaṇa*. It was performed before the temple of Śrī Kṛshṇa at Dvārikā. The author introduces fine sentiments and incidents in the drama to retouch the character of Rāma. The modesty of Rāma, for instance, is represented with skill in the stanza which he addresses to his father when people celebrate his victory over Paraśurāma.

> As prescribed by destiny, I broke the old bow of Śaṅkara. Reṇukā's son (Paraśurāma) conceded to me a great deal in the field of battle, treating me as a child. But the people regard my breaking the bow as due to my valour only out of their affection for me. You must, therefore, stop them from doing so. It is improper to treat the great with contempt without reason.[1]

V

Pralhādana, whom Someśvara describes as 'the incarnation of Sarasvatī, as having won fame by being the son of Sarasvatī and the husband of Jayaśri, the goddess of victory', was a younger brother of Dhārāvarsha, the Paramāra ruler of Candrāvatī, and lived between 1164 and 1209. He was reputed to be versed in different philosophies. He was a warrior and founded the city Pralhādanapura, modern Pālaṇapura. Of his works, only *Pārthaparākrama*, a drama of the vyāyoga type (military spectacle), and a few verses have come to light. This one-act drama, exhibiting dīpta rasa or the sentiment of excitement, is based on an incident in the *Mahābhārata*, of Arjuna recovering the cows of King Virāṭa from the Kauravas.

Vastupāla himself, under the name of Vasantapāla conferred upon him by Someśvara and other poets, has left a mahākāvya called *Naranārāyaṇānanda* in sixteen cantos, dealing with the episode of Arjuna eloping with

1. भग्नं जीर्णं त्रिनयनधनुर्यन्मया दैवयोगात्
यत्संसोढ : शिशुरितिरणे रैणुकेयेन चाहम् ।
लोक: प्रीत्या तदपि किल मे पौरुषं भाषमाणे ।
वार्यः कार्यो न खलु महतां गर्हणा निर्निमित्तम् ॥

Subhadrā, Kṛshṇa's sister. Coming as it did from so great a man and so generous a patron of poets, it naturally evoked great contemporary praise. According to *Alaṁkāramahodadhi*, it improved upon Vyāsa's language;[1] and not to be outdone, Someśvara called the minister the adopted son of Sarasvatī. Merutuṅga called him a mahākavi. His fame travelled even outside Gujarāta. But the poem is a mechanical product of the literary conventions which were in vogue all over the country. Pompous kāvyas without true poetic inspiration or direct touch with reality were turned out in that age like factory-made articles.

Arisiṅha's *Sukṛtasaṁkīrtana* is a kāvya modelled on *Kīrttikaumudī* but composed with less imagination and poetic exuberance. Balabhadra's *Vasantavilāsa* is the third and the largest mahākāvya on Vastupāla, and follows the same example both in matter and style. In this poem, the presiding deity of the kingdom appears in a dream to Vīradhavala, and the conventional descriptions follow with mechanical precision.

The messenger from Śaṅkha who advises Vastupāla to flee adds that no one will feel disgraced by the flight of a bania. The minister gives an apt reply:

> Messenger! It is a delusion to think that Kshatriyas alone can fight, and not a Vaṇika. Did not Āmbaḍa, a Vaṇika, kill Mallikārjuna in battle? I, a Vaṇika, am well-known in the shop of the battlefield. I buy commodities—the heads of enemies—weighing them in the scales of swords; I pay the price in the form of Heaven.[2]

And Vastupāla proved as good as his word.

Jayasinha, a Jaina sādhu, while living at the temple of Munisuvrata at Bhṛgukaccha between 1222 and 1236, composed *Hammīra-mada-mardana*, a play, in which is

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1. कोमलयति द्वैपायनीयवचः ।

2. क्षत्रिया : समरकेलिरहस्यं जानते न वणिजोः भ्रमएष ।
अम्बडो वणिगपि प्रधने किं मल्लिकार्जुननृपं न जघान ॥
दूत रे वणिगहं रणहट्टे विश्रुतोऽसि तुलया कलयामि ।
मौलीभाण्डपटलानि रिपूणां स्वर्गवेतनमथो वितरामि ॥

celebrated the victory obtained by Viradhavala with the aid of Vastupāla over the forces of some Muslim invader. The play was written to please Jayantasiṅha, son of Vastupāla, and was performed at the festival of the procession of Bhīmeśvara at Khambhāta. It furnishes some historical information about the event and the times, but is very inferior in style and technique to the dramas of Yaśahpāla, Rāmacandra and Someśvara. There is no individuality in the characters, no plot, and no movement. The style is highly affected even if judged by the standard of his contemporaries, and the author's unbounded delight in long compounds takes away whatever little charm its perusal might otherwise afford. The mutual adulation in which Vīradhavala and Vastupāla indulge at every step is unusual even for an age given to unqualified panegyrics.

Gujarāta is menaced by Turushka Hammira aided by the Yādava Siṅhaṇa, who can also rely upon the assistance of Saṅgrāma, nephew of the king of Lāṭa. In Act I, Vastupāla advises Vīradhavala to secure the aid of the kings of Māravāḍa. Vastupāla's spies run to and fro between the warring kings. One of them induces Saṅgrāma to flee; and the minister, some time later, enters into a treaty with him. Māravāḍa is destroyed by the invading Mlechha, Malicchrikara, who, however, retreats at the approach of Vīradhavala. The diplomacy of Vastupāla surrounds the invader with many difficulties, and he is defeated by Vīradhavala. Finally, the king goes to the temple of Śiva, where the god grants a boon to the king. If the minister is properly delineated in this drama, he was an astute diplomat rather than the heroic statesman described by the exuberant Someśvara. *Vastupālatejahpālaprašasti* of the poet follows *Kīrttikaumudī* both in form and substance.

Udayaprabha, the preceptor of Vastupāla, composed *Saṅghādhipati*, a mahākāvya, on the pilgrimage of Vastupāla and *Sukṛtakīrtikallolinī*, a kāvya of the usual type. The author has a better style than Jayasiṅha. A Brāhmaṇa poet, Subhaṭa, has left a play called *Dūtāṅgadam*. Its merits do not justify the praise which Someśvara, in his

usual vein, showered on its author. Śrīpāla's grandson, Vijayapāla, has left a drama, *Draupadīsvayaṁvara*, and Amaracandra, among other works, a summary of the *Mahābhārata* called *Bālabhāratakāvyam*.

A few scientific works may be briefly noticed here. The versatile Hemacandra wrote *Nighaṇṭuśesha*, a dictionary of medical terms. In the twelfth century, we come across a great Gujarātī physician, Ṣoḍhala, a Rāikwāla Brāhmaṇa. His works, *Guṇasaṁgraha* and *Gadānigraha* are considered as of exceptional merit. The thirteenth century saw the works of two more physicians of eminence, Govindācārya, a Moḍha Brāhmaṇa, and Yaśodhara, a Śrīgauḍa Brāhmaṇa.[1]

VI

Literature, judged from a proper artistic standard, was very poor and lifeless indeed. In this age, the authors had before them for their model either Māgha's *Śiśupālavadha* or Bāṇa's *Kādambarī*, and looked to Kālidāsa as the ultimate source of their inspiration. But their style was wooden and, often, incorrect. Their fancy, unlike Kālidāsa's, was either fettered by conventional alaṁkāras and modes of expression, or performed unmeaning acrobatics which never added any beauty to the picture sought to be drawn. Characterisation as a literary quality simply did not exist. Literary effort began and ended with a mechanical weaving of classical myths or contemporary episodes into works devoid of interest and characterised by extravagance of thought and expression. Poetry is a revelation; and these poets, tied to the apron strings of their masters, had nothing to reveal. They had no ideas to convey, no social life to depict, no deeper interpretation to offer.

1. Durgashankar Shastri, *Gujarātnuṅ Vaidyaka Sahitya*. Sahitya P. Report Vol. II.

CHAPTER VII.

A RETROSPECT OF THE PERIOD

Gurjaradeśa—The activities of the People—Social life—Śaivism—Vaishṇavism—Philosophic influences—Jainism—Gujarāta one with Āryāvarta—Its activities—Āryan culture—Its literature and life—The premature close of the period.

On the death of Vīsaladeva in 1261, the brilliant period in the history of Gujarāta which began with Mūlarāja in 961 came to an end. During this period, Ānarta, which was part of the old kingdom of Gurjaratrā, became a separate kingdom, and, with Lāta, Kāṭhiāvāḍa, Kachha and part of north Koṅkaṇa, was consolidated into one political and cultural entity under the name of Gurjaradeśa. The kings of Pāṭaṇa, with their triumphant arms, raided diverse parts of India and succeeded in founding a powerful kingdom. And, for over a century, they successfully repulsed the invading Mussalman.

II

During this period, the maritime activity of Gujarāta was at its highest, its merchants being as enterprising as its kings. Large parts of the country were brought under cultivation. Cities sprang up at different places. The country was fabulously rich.

The social progress of the people continued unchecked. The cultured and powerful communities of Rajputāna and Mālvā came and settled in the country. All of them found an honourable place in the existing social system, and enjoyed social autonomy. Several of them, like the Ośvālas, the Porvāḍas and the Śrīmāls, attained eminence both in the society and the state. Brāhmaṇas from different parts of the country also came and settled here.

The same characteristics of the people to which we have referred in an earlier chapter continued to distinguish them throughout this period. There were equal opportunities of advancement for high and low, more so than in any other

part of the country. A striking example of this is provided by the Jainas, who slowly attained a status as high as that of the Brāhmaṇas in learning and politics, and as that of the Kshatriyas in war. Their sādhus contested the Brāhmanical superiority in matters cultural, though they never came near overthrowing it. They were ardent students, prolific writers, and indefatigable preachers of ethical principles, especially of ahiṅsā. They opened the doors of learning to many for whom they would otherwise have remained closed. Someśvara, a Brāhmaṇa, Pralhādana, a Paramāra Rajput and Jaina sadhus like Jayasiṅha, had, irrespective of their differing communities, a common literary training, tradition and ambition. A Moḍha Vaṇika, Hemacandra, was the greatest scholar of the age.

The absence of a rigid religious basis for society made the absorption or tolerance of foreign elements in the social organism easy. The Magi of Persia became the Maga Brāhmaṇas. On more than one occasion, Mussalmans were converted to Hinduism and were absorbed. Fugitives from Persia found a home in Gujarāta. Mussalman traders and mercenaries from several parts of Asia and Africa came and settled in the country, and lived peacefully with their neighbours.

Gujarāta maintained its catholic traditions throughout this whole period. The social structure does not appear to have been very rigid. Caste was not so hide-bound as at a later period, and intermarriages were very frequent. Widow-remarriage was not banned. Adult marriage appears to have been the rule. The people on the whole were spirited and happy, and, for the times, cultured. Under the strong rule of Pāṭaṇa, they became united and powerful; and the name Gurjaradeśa, adopted for the country by its kings, gave them conscious unity. The various communities began to live a uniform life, and their culture acquired an individuality of its own. The ancient Āryan colonies were thus inspired by a tradition and cultural self-consciousness peculiarly their own. And Gujarāta was born.

III

Gujarāta, during the whole of this period, was predominently Śaiva. The whole land is studded with temples of Śiva or their ruins, many of which date back to the pre-Cālukyan age. The rulers of Valabhīpura, except for one king, were devotees of Śiva, and styled themselves 'paramamāheśvara'. Their seals bear the impress of the bull sacred to their god. Dr. Bhagvanlal is of opinion that the temple of Somanātha attained its high position as a shrine under the Valabhī kings. The Cālukyas, as we saw, recognised in Somanātha their guardian deity, and so did a large number of chiefs during the whole period under review.

The Brāhmaṇas of Vaḍanagara, who came to be called Nāgaras, possessed high Brahmanical learning and were devotees of Śiva. The family priest of the Cālukyas and Vāghelās was a Brāhmaṇa of Vaḍanagara. Many of them were statesmen, warriors, officers as also priests and literary men. Many of the inscriptions of the period were written by them and their influence was considerable.

The most influential form of Sáivism was the Pāśupata cult, founded by Lakuleśa, who was born at Kāravaṇa a few miles south of Baroda, and worshipped as the eighteenth incarnation of Śiva. The shrine of Somanātha was in the charge of priests of this cult who had a high reputation for learning.

The worship of Vishṇu, the Bhāgavata Dharma, introduced during the Gupta period, was favoured by a small section of the people. We find a temple dedicated to Kṛshṇa at Giranāra in A. C. 455. Ruins of a large number ot such temples, erected during the period and dedicated to one or other of the incarnations of Vishṇu, are found in North Gujarāta. Hemacandra testifies to the existence of a temple of Vishṇu in Pātaṇa. An inscription of 1074 begins with 'Oṁ Namo Bhagavate Vāsudevāya'. Hemacandra, in his *Kavyānuśāsana*, cites two verses indicating the popular Kṛshṇa cult of the time.

"Mother! Kṛshṇa, while at play, ate as much earth as he could." "Is it true, Kṛshṇa?" "Who said it?" "Baladeva?" "He is telling a lie." "Look

into the mouth!" "Open. Let me see" The mother saw the whole universe in the mouth of the Child and was surprised. May this Keśava protect you!

The dark beauty of the child, Kṛshṇa, was reflected on Rādhā's breasts, shining as gold pots. Believing the reflection to be a dark cloth, Kṛshṇa again and again attempted to remove it. Seeing this, Rādhā smiled; and Kṛshna himself was ashamed of his surprising mistake, and smiled. May this Kṛshṇa be victorious![1]

Someśvara, in his *Kīrttikaumudī*, bears testimony to the fact that the Jain Vastupāla worshipped both Śaṅkara and Keśava, and, in *Surathotsava*, refers to the love of Rādhā and Kṛshṇa. Vīradhavala dedicated a temple to Vīranārāyaṇa.

Gujarāta did not offer a good field for the intellectual activities which kept busy the great schools of Indian learning in other provinces. In the ninth century, Śāṅkarācārya, no doubt, exerted a powerful Vedāntic influence over the Brahmaṇas, who exorcised the old popular cult like Pāśupata of its fierce rituals. But Rāmānuja, Madhva, Nimbārka and other scholars of less renown frequently passed through Gujarāta, which served as a corridor linking north and south, and none of them, left any lasting centre of activity. The influence they exerted was just enough to make Gujarāta more catholic and tolerant.

When Mūlarāja came to the throne of Pāṭaṇa, Buddhism had long disappeared, and Jainism had no important following, the statements of Jaina authors to the contrary notwithstanding. But the immigration of the Ośvālas, Porvāḍas and other important communities gave Jainism an important position. During the three centuries under review, the whole of Gujarāta came to be

1. कृष्णेनाम्ब गतेन रन्तुमधुना मृद्भक्षिता स्वेच्छया
सत्यं कृष्ण क एवमाह मुसली मिथ्याम्ब पश्याननम् ।
व्यादेहीति विकासिते शिशुमुखे माता समस्तं जगद्
दृष्ट्वा यस्य जगाम विस्मयपदं पायात् स.व: केशव: ॥

× × ×

कनककलशस्वच्छे राधापयोधरमण्डले
नवजलधरश्यामामात्मद्युतिं प्रतिबिम्बिताम् ।
असितसिचयप्रान्त भ्रान्त्या मुहुर्मुहुरुत्क्षिप-
ज्ञयति जनितव्रीडाहासः प्रियाहसितो हरिः ॥

studded with beautiful temples erected by this small but wealthy community. It was left to Hemacandra to secure for his sect that position of dignity which till then was only reserved for the Brāhmaṇas. The Jaina sādhus spread an atmosphere which made for equality of status, non-violence, and such social purity as abstention from meat, drink and gambling could bring.

IV

Though the local pride of Gujarāta had altered the outlook on life, it would be erroneous to infer that Gurjaradeśa had become a separate province in any sense. Throughout, in language and culture, it was one with Māravaḍa, Mālvā and Rājputāna. Ujjayinī and Mathurā continued actively to influence it. The forces making for Indian unity which were at work at the end of the Gupta period ruled unimpaired. The only important fact to be noted, however, is that Pāṭaṇa had become the most powerful city in the whole area, attracting not only power and heroism, but learning, art and culture.

Gujarāta had an art of its own. Painting of the Ajanta style was popular. Mussalman invaders have destroyed all but a few of the noble temples which local art had reared; but the superb art of the temples at Mt. Ābu and of the ruins at Moḍherā and other places had its rival nowhere in India. Solana, the architect of Vastupāla's temples at Ābu, may be justly ranked as one of the world's greatest artists.

Gujarāta had great libraries in Jaina and Pāśupata monasteries. The Jaina works, composed during the period, are numerous, and indicate great intellectual activity of this sect. The works of the Brāhmaṇas which have come down to us, few though they are, also indicate an equally intensive activity.

Saṁskṛta was the language of the court and culture. It made the contact of Pāṭaṇa with the culture of the country real; in fact, it made Gujarāta only a constituent of a great cultural unit. It stengthened and inspired all influences which, even as they slowly percolated to the lower strata of life, maintained intact the spirit and the form of

Āryan life. The influence of the Epics, the *Purāṇas*, the *Smṛtis*, and the classical works like those of Kālidāsa, entered deep into men's life, making ancient India a living model for the present. And, during the time of Kumārapala, we find a short-lived but successful experiment at introducing the ethical principle of ahiṁsā in the actual governance of the state. The spread of this doctrine resulted in making life more tolerant, gentle and pure. Great in war and peace, Gujarāta, was no less great in its expression of the spirit of Āryan culture through the life of its people.

Saṁskṛta literature was assiduously cultivated. Someśvara was a poet and a man of letters; he had his literary inspiration from Kālidāsa and Māgha. That Vastupāla, should have spent his leisure in composing a mahākāvya and Pralhādana in composing a vyāyoga drama, shows how literary traditions dominated statesmen and warriors. No doubt literary inspiration, on account of the artificial tendencies of the age, lacked vitality. Kāvyas had lost in dignity and self-restraint, and could ill-conceal the motive which underlay the courtier-poet's literary efforts. But one noteworthy feature distinguished this literature from that which was to follow. It had the thrill of a heroic age; its outlook on literature was neither morbid, nor other-worldly. The Apabhraṅśa and the Old Gujarātī literature provide ample evidence to show that life was not only heroic, but joyous and free.

V

But a calamity, in its destructiveness more terrible than a cataclysm of Nature, suddenly brought this period to an abrupt end. The Mussalman invaders laid waste the country and destroyed the strength, the learning, and the glory of Gujarāta.

PART II

OLD GUJARĀTĪ

A. C. 1297-1852

CHAPTER I.

A CENTURY OF CHAOS: OLD GUJARĀTĪ AND ITS EARLY LITERATURE (1297–1400).

The Mussalman occupation—The migrations—The waning influence of Samskṛta—Early literature in des'abhāshā, Old Gujarātī—Literature in the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries—The evolution of the language—Folksongs and rāsa dance—The des'ī tunes—Rāsa as a literary composition. Fāga poems—*Nemināthacatushpadikā* (1269)—Somasundara (1374–1446)—*Ranga sāgara Nemifāga*—*Fāgu* by Natarshi (1439)—Prose—Taruṇaprabha (1355)—*Pṛthvīcandracarita* (1422)—Legends of Hemacandra—*Prabandhacintāmaṇi*.

With the death of Vīsaladeva in 1261, the glory of Gujarāta departed; and a period of unsettled existence was followed by a century (1300-1400) of catastrophic events, which changed the face of the whole country.

In 1297 Ulughkhan, the brother of All-a-uddin, invaded Gujarāta, and captured Aṇahilavāḍā Pāṭaṇa, which thenceforward became a permanent camp of the army of occupation. The viceroys of the Sultans of Delhi sallied forth from it, now and again, to plunder, to destroy, and to carry fire and sword in every direction. Most of the tributary kings and the grandees who had made the court of the great Vāghelā so illustrious were either put to death or forced to embrace Islam. Some stood their ground and fought with grim despair.

Soon, however, the viceroys rebelled against the authority of Delhi, and the amirs, in their turn, against the authority of the viceroys; and, in consequence, confusion prevailed everywhere. Occasionally, the imperial presence supported by a strong army was required to bring a recalcitrant viceroy to his senses. Ultimately in 1391, Zafar khan, a Rajput, a convert, was sent by Mahmūd Shah II to Gujarāta to bring to book Farhat-ul-Mulk, the governor of the province. Zafar Khan spread carnage wherever he went. He defeated the governor, and having conquered the country, elevated his son Mahmūd to the sultanate of Gujarāta. When Mahmūd died in 1403, Zafar Khan, with the title of Muzafar Shah, ruled the country for a few years.

II

Learning sought popular support through the medium of Gurjara bhāshā, or Gujarātī, which was the spoken language of the people since the eleventh century.[1] Bilhaṇa, the author of *Vikramāṅkadevacarita,* (1088) evidently referred to it when he ridiculed Gurjaras for their incorrect speech[2]; and, possibly, Hemacandra had it in mind when, in *Kāvyānusāsana,* he mentioned the grāmya or vulgar variety possessing literature of its own as distinguished from Apabhraṅśa proper.[3] Its earliest available literature, which dates back to the twelfth century, clearly indicates pre-existing literature.

From the beginning, it was distinct from Apabhraṅśa; for instance, many of its words were not derived from corresponding words in the older language, and its structure was fundamentally different. And, under conditions created by the invasion and rule of the Mussalmans, it continued to evolve in unbroken continuity till the middle of the nineteenth century, when factors arising from British rule introduced new elements in it. It may, however, be conveniently divided into Old Gujarātī, the language of the pre-British period, and Modern Gujarātī.

IV

The available literature of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries in Old Gujarātī includes the following typical works:

(1) *Bharateśvarabāhubali rāsa* by Śālibhadra (1185);

(2) *Jambūsvāmicarita* by Mahendra (1210);

(3) *Revantagirirāsa,* by Vijayasena, a preceptor of Vastupāla. (c. 1231);

(4) *Nemināthacatushpadikā* by Vinaycandra (c. 1269);

1. Vide Note A at the end of the Chapter.

2. कक्षाबन्धं विदधति न ये सर्वदैवाविशुद्धा—
स्तद्भाषन्ते किमपि भजते यद् जुगुप्सास्पदत्वम्।
तेषां मार्गे परिचयवशादर्जितं गुर्जराणां
यः संतापं शिथिलमकरोत् सोमनाथं विलोक्य ॥

3. तत्र प्रायः संस्कृतप्राकृतापभ्रंशग्राम्यभाषानिबद्धं महाकाव्यम्।
......ग्राम्यापभ्रंशभाषानिबद्धावस्कन्धनकबन्धम् भीमकाव्यादि।

(5) *Ārādhanā,* a prose note on palm leaf (1274);

(6) *Bālaśikshā* by Samgrāmsinha (1280).

Many rāsas and prose stories of the fourteenth century are available. But the works valuable for appreciating the change in the language are:

(7) *Pratikramaṇabālāvabodha,* by Taruṇaprabha (1355); and,

(8) *Mugdhāvabodha,* a text-book of Saṁskṛta grammar with explanations in Old Gujarātī by Kulamaṇḍana (1394.)

About the same time, flourished Somasundara (1374-1446), and early in the following century, Bhālaṇa (c. 1426-1500), both very important authors in the language.

The fundamental characteristics of Old Gujarātī may be shortly noted.

I. Saṁskṛta, Prākṛta and Apabhraṅśa belong to the class of languages known as synthetic, while Old Gujarātī, from the beginning, exhibits a progressively pronounced tendency to become analytic and drop the inflections.

II. Old Gujarātī develops a phonetic change by which a double consonant is simplified and the preceding vowel is lengthened. This must have been the result of a change of accent.

III. The indistinctly pronounced vowel at the beginning of a word is dropped.

IV. A definite tendency to replace the Apabhraṅśa form of words by its Saṁskṛta equivalent comes into existence.

V. About 1400 छइ begins to be used as an auxiliary verb.

VI. After 1500, as Gujarāta had become a separate kingdom and Pāṭaṇa was no longer a literary centre for Gujarāta as well as Rajputāna, the language spoken in Gujarāta began to develop new features, assuming its modern shape about 1650.[1]

IV

The earliest folk literature of the Āryans was associated with the dance called rāsa. Men and women, sing-

1. Vide Note B at the end of the Chapter.

ing mostly erotic folk-songs, danced to the accompaniment of appropriate movements. Sometimes men alone, very often women by themselves, danced the rāsa. Mathurā was its early home, and long before the Christian era, it came to be associated with Kṛshṇa, who was believed to have invented it. The Vṛshṇis, the Sātvats and the Ābhīras, all nomadic tribes, were the first to worship the cowherd hero and invest the rāsa with a semi-religious significance.

The rāsa produced the early lyrics of the Madhya desá Āryans, whose dialect was the Śaursenī Prākṛta. It gave birth to folk-tunes which could be sung accompanied by dancing and rythmic movements, and predominantly influenced, if it did not create, the Saṁskṛta drama. Kṛshṇa, the hero of the rāsa dance, the naughty cowherd boy, the ardent lover, a god of love more fascinating than Madana himself, became the centre of erotic sentiment and terminology; and popular imagination found for him a lovely bride in Rādhā.

Rāsa also gave the people their principal festive institution. It formed the basis of yātrā, a kind of drama staged by amateurs at fairs and religious festivities, which persisted in spite of the disappearance of the regular drama. Itinerant parties of dancers, male and female, travelled from place to place staging rāsalilā. The spring festival of Holi resembling the May-Day merriment of Old England, and Madan Utsava or Dola Utsava, a festival in honour of the god of love, provided occasions for rāsa.

Women of Gujarāta have made rāsa, under the name of garabo, a special feature of many festive occasions, particularly during the first ten days of the month of Āśvin sacred to the goddess Aṁbā. On such occasions, the women of different localities gather together, and dance in a circle around a burning lamp placed in the centre on an earthen jar, or garabo, singing love lyrics set to popular tunes; and, as they do so, they keep time by clap of hands or with their feet. This is pre-eminently a Gujarātī institution. Śārṇgadhara (c. 1200), in *Saṁgīta-ratnākara*, gives a tradition that lāsya dance was taught to the women of Saurāshṭra by Bāṇa's daughter, Ushā, who

learnt it from Pārvati, the spouse of god Śaṅkara. Hemacandra refers to rāsaka; and Laksamaṇagaṇi (1143) describes it thus:

Some ladies dance rāsa giving time-beats with hands high and low, some smile as their hands move in rhythm.[1]

Saptakshetrirāsa, an Old Gujarāti work (1271), refers to two kinds of rasas: Tāla rāsa in which the rythmic beat was marked by clapping the hands, and Lakuṭa rāsa, in which small sticks held in the hands of each dancer were used for the purpose.[2] Both these forms are still in vogue, and as popular as they were then.

The rāsa dance naturally gave rise to poetic literature depicting Love's conquests in spring, or the loves of Krshṇa and Rādhā. It was essentially popular in tone and expression; its great feature was its freedom from strict rules of prosody. Each poem had its own law; and all that was necessary was cadence, and the possibility of its being sung to a popular melody known as rāga, or deśi, local style.[3] Such a poem, which could be sung with a rāsa, came to be called a rāsa or a rāsaka, and later, garabī, from the dance, garabo.

The rāsa sung in the spring festival or fāga was itself called fāga. The fāgu poems describe the glories of the spring, the lovers and their dances, and give a glimpse of the free and joyous life of Gujarāta before the fourteenth century. The earliest available fāga in Old Gujarāti is *Sthūlibhadrafāga* (1324).

But the word rāsa changed its meaning about the end of the eleventh century; it came to be used for a long composition giving a sustained narrative in rhymed verse, partly in old Apabhraṅśa metres like duhā and cupāi and partly in deśi melodies. In 1118 Yaśodeva, in his *Navatatvabhāshya*, refers to such a rāsa even in Apabhraṅśa. Hemacandra calls a similar composition

1. केवि उत्तालतालाउलं रासयं कुणहिं करनिच्चियं अवरि वरहासयं।
2. तीछे तालारस पडइ वहु भाट पढंता।
अनइ लकुटारस जोईई खेला नाचंतां. ॥
3. Vide Appendix I.

a mahākāvya. *Bharateśvarabāhubali rāsa* by Śālibhadra, the first available rāsa in Old Gujarātī, is dated 1145. At first, perhaps, the popular caritas and dharmakathās were called rāsas; later, all poems in this form came to be known as rāsas irrespective of the subject which they treated, and were sung by men and women on festive occasions. Jaina literature of this kind became stereotyped. New authors did nothing but turn the works of their predecessors in Saṁskṛta, Prākṛta, Apabhraṅśa, and even Old Gujarātī, into rāsas.

A love poem, set to popular tunes, was another poetic form. The earliest specimen of such a poem is *Nemināthacatushpadikā* (c. 1269). It is a love-lament of Rājala on her separation from Neminātha. She describes her feelings as they vary with each month of the year.

Rājala weeps, as she sees the lakes full of water in the month of Bhādrapada. "O source of all kindness! Why have you left me, lonely and helpless?"

Her friend replies, "Do not weep. He is heartless and will never be yours; otherwise, having reared a tree, he would not set fire to it; having carried you to the top of a mountain, he would not throw you down."

Rājala replies, "You speak truly. In these rains, the lakes burst their bounds, the sea tosses about, and the mountains are worn away; but the dark-hearted beloved does not relent."[1]

In a similar vein the poem refers successively to the other months of the year. Later, similar poems were very popular under the name of bāra māsī, literature of the twelve months.

V

The first notable author in Old Gujarātī appeared at the beginning of the fifteenth century. Somasundara (1374-1446), a sādhu of great literary attainments composed explanatory works in prose on religious and philosophic treatises. His *Raṅgasāgara Nemifāga* is a charming poem.

1. भाद्रवि भरिया सर पिक्खेवि सकरुण रोअइ राजलदेवि।
हा एकलडी मइ निरधार किम ऊवेषिसि करुणासार॥
भणइ सखी राजल मन रोइ नीठुरु नेमि न अप्पणु होइ।
सिंचिय तरुवर परि पलवंति गिरिवर पुण कउ डेरा हुंति॥
साचउं सखि वरि गिरि भिज्जंति किमइ न भिज्जइ सामलकांति।
घण वरिसंतइ सर फुट्टंति सायरु पुण घणुओह्ट डुलिंति॥

Then, in spring full of the fragrance of the sweet Mādhavī creeper, is born Rati, the goddess of love. Trees take up weapons of flowers and start to fight the love-lorn. Madana enters the battlefield and blows his trumpet, the Malaya breeze. Bees, his soldiers, bustle about, and cuckoos sound a clarion call....

All gardens begin to bear the weapons of the god who shoots flower-arrows. Bees spread everywhere.

When people, fascinated, see bees sitting on a Sevanti flower, they say that Rāhu has eclipsed the moon.

Another short and interesting poem of the kind is *Vasantavilāsa*, The Joys of Spring, believed to have been composed in the beginning of the fifteenth century. The poem was found in an illuminated manuscript containing paintings in the style of Ajanṭā, which was favoured by the Gujarāti painters of the time.[1] A love-lorn bride, oppressed by the fresh beauties of the spring, expresses her feelings thus:

Stop, friend cuckoo. Why sing so much? I am forlorn; my lord is far away; I cannot take delight in pleasure. My garland is a burden on my breast. Friend, ornaments are like blazing fire to me. Perfume does not attract me; nor does the moon fascinate me. Friend, my body is athrob with pain; fine raiment no longer charms me; my food is tasteless to-day; even sweet water tastes flat.

Full moon, why do you give me pain? Why? Dark-spotted one, why kill a helpless woman? Consider well: if you kill me, it will be sinful.

Bee, why not leave me alone? My body is frail. Moon! Torturer! We have no old scores to pay.[2]

1. N. C. Mehta, *Studies in Indian Painting*. Chapter II.

2. रहि रहि तोरीजो, अलि कोइली स्यूं बहु वांसि।
नाहु अजी नवि आवइ, भावइं मूं न विलास॥
हार ते भार मूं उंर वरि, सइरि शङ्गार अङ्गार।
चींत हरइ नवि चन्दन, चन्द नहि मनोहार॥
सखि दीह दूख अनीठऊं, दीठऊं गमइ न चीर।
भोजन आज ऊछीठऊं, मीठऊं सदइ न नीर॥
सकल कला तूं निशाकर, शा करं सइरि संताप।
अवला म मारि कलङ्की, शङ्की हुवइ पापु॥
भमरला छांडि न पाखल, थ्यां अह्म सइर।
चांदुला सइर संतापण, आपण तां नहि वइर॥

Fāgu, composed by Natarshi (c. 1439)., expressing the joys of spring, is an excellent specimen of fāga literature.

The month of Fāga has begun. Spring has come; the good people are full of joy; Malaya breezes blow; Kāma has been wielding his weapons.

Rāsaka

The sylvan goddess came and besought the Lord. "The ten quarters have assumed new forms; Kāmadeva is coming to embrace you, Krshna, Lord Murāri, pray come."

Having heard this, the Lord was pleased and looked at his friends; and with his friends, the Yādava went to the forest.

Maidens, bowed with the weight of their breasts, move like elephants excited with passion; their anklets tinkle and the broad head-ornaments shine.

Their braided hair look as if a cobra had nestled there; vying with the colour of their lips, corals acknowledge defeat.

Āndola

Gopīs begin to dance; hand-drums are played upon; bending their beautiful bodies, they dance to the accompaniment of rythmic movements. Sārṅgadhara, the best of his family, plays the flute.

They sing new songs of spring to the melody of the s'rirāga; they keep time with their feet. Sārṅgadhara plays the flute.

In their hands, gopīs hold lotus-stems; they wave them over their heads; to every tune, they keep time. And Sārṅgadhara plays the flute.

As the moon shines among the stars, so does Mukunda among gopīs; gods, men and Indra bow down to him in worship. Sārṅgadhara plays the flute.

Fāga

The best of cowherds, Mukunda, and the gopīs wander about in the forest, playing; and the forest, inspired by the breeze, bows low to Murāri.[1]

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1. फागु

आविय मास वसंतक, संत करइ उत्साह।
मलयानिल महि वायउ, आयउ काम गिदाह॥

रासक

वणवरि आविय प्रभु वीनविउ, नवि दसइ दिसारी रे।
माधव माधव भेटणे आवइ, आवित देव मुरारि रे॥
वात सुणी प्रभु मणि अति हरखिय, निरखिय गृहपरिवार रे।
निज परिवारि इं जादव पुहुतु, वहु तु वनह मझारि रे॥
पण भरि नमती तरुणी करुणी, वरुणी चरण संचारि रे।
चालइ चमकत झमकत नेउर, केउर कटक विशाल रे॥

The literature of the deśabhāshā possessed an artistic beauty of its own, though it was largely influenced by works like *Gītagovinda*, or, as is more likely, by older songs.

VI

The Jaina sādhus popularised their teachings by means of prose kathās, some of which have been preserved. The prose which they used was highly developed, racy and expressive. It possessed a rythmic charm peculiar to itself, and, often, was embellished with literary graces borrowed from Saṁskṛta works like *Kādambarī.* The style of Taruṇaprabha, (1355), the first author of merit in prose we know of, is remarkable for vigour, grace and felicity of expression. His *Parikramaṇabālāvabodha*, intended to illustrate the ethical doctrines of the Jainas, is well told.

Somasundara's *Upadeśamālā* and *Yogaśāstra* contain numerous tales in prose, which, though less rhetorical than Taruṇaprabha's, show ease and rythm. The stories written for the young, the ignorant and the credulous are simple, full of miracles, and inspired by a hatred of the Brāhmaṇa, the sadhu's age-long and successful rival in religion, letters and politics.

A cunning Brāhmaṇa, of Ujjayinī by name Aghoraśiva, went to the land of tanners. He met thieves. He said to them, "I am assuming the garb of a muni to pass myself off as an ascetic; praise me that the people may be

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वेणिय वयणि मिंषतरि, भिंतरि रहिउ सिरि नाग।
अधररंग परवालिय, आलिय नावइं भाग॥

आंदोल

नाचइं गोपिय वृंद, वाइं मधुर मृदंग।
मोडइ अंग सुरंग, सारंगधर वाइत महूयरि ऐ, कुलवण महूयर ए॥
कर लिइं पंकज नाल, सिरि वरि फेरइ वाल।
छंदिहि वाजइ ताल, सारंगधर०
तारा माहि जिम चंद, गोपिय माह मुकुंद।
पणमइं सुरनर इंद, सारंगधर ०

फागु

गोपिय गोपति कीडत, हींडत वनह मझारि।
मारुत प्रेरित वन भर नमइं मुरारि॥

deceived." The thieves consented. Thereafter, the Brāhmaṇa, assuming an ascetic's garb, went and lived in a forest between three villages. The thieves began to praise him to the people; they said that he had been fasting for a month and induced the people to worship him.

The people invited him to meals. Believing him to be an ascetic, they told him of their wealth and consulted him about their future gains and other affairs. Having come to know of the wealth of the people, he joined the other thieves and broke open their houses at night.

Once, one of the thieves was caught. On being beaten, he disclosed the names of the other thieves. The people captured all of them and punished them. As the Brāhmaṇa had been in the garb of an ascetic, they gouged out his eyes and drove him away. Afflicted by pain and and censured by people, he felt contrition for his acts. He died and went to hell. Thus he who deceives others, lives to be sorry for his acts.[1]

But a much more artistic piece of prose dharmakathā is *Pṛthvīcandracaritra* by Māṇikyacandra (1422). The story is exceedingly well-told. Apart from the conventional lists of weapons, sciences, etc., it contains some excellent description, revealing a rare sense of proportion. The language is more elaborate than Taruṇaprabha's or Somasundara's, and more musical. The sentences are constructed with a sure eye to rhetoric and balance, and, at places, attain poetic cadence. Very often, the sentences are broken up into clāuses, the last words of which rhyme.

In Chapter I the rivers, the mountains and the countries of the wōrld, and the city of Paiṭhaṇa in Mahārāshtra, its

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1. उज्जयनी नगरीइं अघोरशिव ईसि नार्मि धूर्त ब्राह्मण चर्मकार देशि गिओ । चोररहइं मिलइं । इंसिउं कहइ-हूं मुनिवेष लेई तपस्वी थाउं छउं । तुह्म्यो मुजन्हइं वषाणियो जिम सुखिं लोक वंचाइ । चोरे मानिउं । पछइं ते ब्राह्मण परिव्राजकनु वेष करी त्रिहुं गाम विचालइं वनमांहिं थई रहिओ । चोर लोक देषतां वखाणइं तेहनइं । ए मासोपवास करइं तापस—इम कही तेहनइं पूजा करावइं । लोक तेहनइं घरि तेडी जिमाडइं । महा तापस भणी मानता आपणा घरनी लक्ष्मीनूं स्वरूप तेहन्हइं कहइं अनइं आगामीया लाभादिकनउं स्वरूप पूछइं । पछइं ते लोकनी लक्ष्मी हेरीनइं रात्रिनइं समइं वीजां चोर साथिं लोकनां घर मुंसइं । एकवार तेह मांहिलओ एक चोर साहिओ । तीणइं मारीतइं बीजाइं चोर सघलाइं कहिया । लोके सघलाइं धरीया मारिया । परिव्राजक भणी आंषि काढी मूंकिओ । पछइं ते वेदनाक्रांत हूंतओ लोके निंदीतु पश्चात्ताप करइं । मरी नरगि गिओ । इम अनेरु ऊ जिको वंचइं ते इम शोचइं—पश्चात्ताप करइं ॥

markets and its jewels are described in detail. Pṛthvicandra, the king, sees a dream.

What kind of dream? The king saw a damsel who had the golden hue of royalty, tempting even to gods; she had jingling anklets, shining earrings, a garland in her hand, a broad forehead like the crescent moon.[1]

As she throws a garland on his neck, the king wakes up. Next day he holds his court; and the author enumerates his officers and describes his court. A messenger from Ayodhyā arrives, who describes the country of Kośala, its capital, its king Somadeva, his queen, and their accomplished daughter, Ratnamañjarī, versed in seventy-two arts.

Chapter II begins with the description of the monsoon.

The monsoon, enemy of travellers, then began to blow; famine disappeared. In the rains, lively thunder issued from the clouds, and the famine-stricken became fearless as if the drums of victory had announced a generous king. In all quarters, lightning flashed; travellers ran home. The sky became fearful; the sun and the moon developed a nimbus. The nights were dark; the insects sang. The storm from the north spread; the heavens were overcast. The quarters of the sky were dark; peacocks danced. Rain poured in torrents; waters flowed noisily; creepers covered the hedges. Carts, ploughing through the mud, got stuck; people turned their thoughts to God. Rivers were flooded, overflowing their banks. Saplings sprouted; foliage danced. Farmers rejoiced; religious teachers read the scriptures; streams ran down mountains; and lakes, filled to the brim, overflowed.[2]

King Somadeva goes to see a lake. The Brāhmaṇas are invited, and the Purāṇas and the Smṛtis, which are enumerated, are recited. Ratnamañjarī comes to the lake. A

1. किसिउं ते स्वप्न ? इसिउं-जाणइ नरेश्वर सुवर्णवर्णकांति, देवरहइं मन भ्रांति, षलकते नेउरि, झलकते कुंडलि, हाथि वरमाल, अर्द्धचंद्रसमभाल, रूपि विशाल, इसी बालदेवी देषइ भूपाल ।

2. विस्तरिउ वर्षाकाल, जे पंथीतणउ काल, नाठउ दुकाल । जीणिइ वर्षाकालि मधुरध्वनि मेह गाजइ, दुर्भिक्षतणा भय भाजइ, जाणे सुभिक्षभूपति आवतां जयढक्का वाजइ । चिहुं दिसि वीज झलहलइ, पंथी घरभणी पुलइ । विपरीत आकाश, चंद्रसूर्य परियास । राति अंधारी, लवइं तिमिरी । उत्तरनउ ऊनयण, छायउ गयण । दिसि घोर, नाचइं मोर । सधर, वरसइ धाराधर । पाणीतणा प्रवाह षलहलइं, वाडि ऊपरि वेला वलइं । चीषलि चालतां शकट स्खलइं, लोकतणां मन धर्म्मऊपरि वलइं । नदी महापूरि आवइं, पृथ्वपीठ प्लावइं । नवां किसलय गहगहइं, वल्लीवितान लहलहइं । कुटुंबीलोक माचइ, महात्मा वइठां पुस्तक वाचइं । पर्वततउ नीझरण विछूटइं, भरियां सरोवर फूटइं । इसिइ वर्षाकालि राजा सोमदेवतणउं कराविउ सरोवर भराणुं, समुद्रसमाणउं ।

swan, lovely like a heap of kuṅda flowers, flies from the lake and alights on the king's hand. The princess, moved by curiosity, takes it in her hands. The swan suddenly flies away with her. The king's efforts to recover the princess meet with no success. Then comes spring, and the king again goes to the lake. He is presented with a lotus, from which Ratnamañjarī emerges. The restoration is duly celebrated, and the joy of the people is fully described. The king then decides to hold a svayaṁvara for his daughter and invites all eligible suitors; and the messenger has come to Pṛthvīcandra with the invitation.

Pṛthvīcandra starts for the svayaṁvara with his troops, chariots and horses; traverses a forest; and halts before a city. Suddenly, a man runs up to him and falls at his feet. The warders of the city, in pursuit of the man, ask the king to give him up as he is a thief. Pṛthvīcandra declines to surrender him; and, thereupon, Śamaraketu, the king of the city, marshalls his army for battle. The two armies meet, and Pṛthvīcandra, thanks to divine aid, is victorious. Samaraketu lies at his feet, a chained slave.

In Chapter III the fugitive who was pursued as a thief tells his story.

In Aṅgadeśa is situate the city of Śrīpura, where lived a merchant, Laxmīdhara, full of wealth. I, Śrīpati, am his son, but my luck was bad. Our wealth was ten crores, but it disappeared with my father. Father died; and, after his death, what was in the ship sank in the sea. Some wealth was misappropriated by the servants; what was in the shop was stolen by thieves. Whatever was in different places was lost. Some was taken away by the king. All wealth was gone; one lac alone remained.

Then I left all other work, and began to load a ship. On an auspicious day, the ship was loaded. Three hundred and sixty kinds of spices were in it; seven kinds of sweets were on board; seven kinds of pickles were stored; the casks were filled. The God of the sea and the crew were worshipped. The drums were beaten and trumpets blown. Fisherwomen began to dance; the mast was erected; the anchor was weighed; the sails were spread; the sailor in charge began to throw out water collected in the boat; the helmsman sat holding the sheet; the captain sat in the bow. Oars were plied. The helmsman began to steer; the pilot, to look after the ship. The gods were happy; the sea echoed back the music.

We went further; cold winds blew; and the sky was overcast with clouds. Furious gales blew; the sea became stormy. The waves rose sky high; the frightened people became sea-sick. The waves rose higher and the cargo was lost. Some one said, "Oh! Luck"; others began to pray to the

seated on a throne brings back Ratnamañjarī. Pṛthvīcandra then marries the princess; and rejoicings follow.

Pṛthvīcandra and Somadeva soon thereafter listen to a recital of the life of Dharmnātha Tīrthaṅkara, from which they receive religious inspiration. Pṛthvīcandra and Ratnamañjarī return to Paiṭhaṇa, where, in course of time, a son is born to them. The king then takes Jaina vows.

VII

In spite of the loss of royal patronage, the sādhus continued to pursue their literary activities in Saṁskṛta, which, however, left the classic groove and ran in popular channels. Following the footsteps of Hemacandra and Somaprabha, they created a new mythology for their faith out of the legends of Kumārapāla and Hemacandra, many of which had already attained absurd proportions. The works belonging to this period which have been the main source for later literature of its kind are: (1) *Prabhāvakacaritra* by Prabhācandra and Pradyumna (1278); (2) *Prabandhacintāmaṇi* by Merutuṅga (1303-1306); and (3) *Caturviṁśatiprabandha* by Rājaśekhara (1348-49). The first is a collection of twenty-two legendary lives of Jaina teachers and includes one of Hemacandra. The second contains a series of episodes concerning, among others, Vikrama, Śālivāhana, Vanarāja, Muñja of Dhārā, Bhoja of Ujjayinī, Bhīma, Siddharāja, Kumārapāla and Hemacandra. The third is on the same lines as the second.

Prabandhacintāmaṇi is by far the best of the three in style and treatment, as also in wealth of historical material. Though mainly in Saṁskṛta prose, it contains interesting quotations from Apabhranśa literature. The language is at places full of inaccuracies and deśī words, and the work, as a whole, is not of a high literary order. The anecdotes are full of anachronisms, omissions and bias, making them unreliable as historical documents. But the author never pretended to write any history.

> The old stories do not delight persons of understanding as they have heard them very often; hence, I am compiling this *Prabandhacintāmaṇi* which contains detailed information about the good men who lived nearer our times. All prabandhas, as the learned recite them according to their understanding, become different in character; clever people, therefore, should not criticise this work, as it is based on good tradition.

As centuries passed, the historical prabandhas ceased to have any element of history in them and deteriorated even from the literary point of view. The only other important work of this kind in Saṁskṛta, produced during this age, is *Kumārapālacaritra* by Jayasiṁha (1360). *Kumārapālaprabandha* by Jinamaṇḍana (1436) and *Vastupālacarita* by Jinahaṅsa are similar works.

Note A. Gujarāti

The word, Gujarāta, as applied to the land is very old. Al Beruni (970-1030), the Arab traveller, knew it as Guzrata; Marco Polo (1254-1324) applied it to a territory which included modern Gujarāta; Ambadevasūri,[1] author of *Samararāsa* (1315) and Rājaśekharasūri, (1348)[2] knew the province by that name, Padmanābha (1456) used the word Gujarāta, as also the adjective Gujarāti.[3]

Its deśabhāshā was referred to by Bhālaṇa (c. 1426-1500) as Apabhranśa or Gurjarbhāshā[4]; by Markaṇdeya in his *Prākṛtasarvasva* (c. 1450) as Gaurjarī Apabhranśa[5]; By Padmanābha (1456) as Prākṛta[6]; by Narasinha Mehtā (1450 or 1550?) as Apabhrashṭa girā[7]; by Akho (1650) as Prākṛta, or Bhāshā.[8] Premānanda (c. 1640-1750) was perhaps the first to call it Gujarātī[9]; and, for the first time, it was so styled by foreign visitors about the same time (1731).[10] These names were used generally to distinguish it from Saṁskṛta, the language of culture.

With a view, however, to find a place for it in a scheme of Indian languages, modern scholars have tried to invent new names for it. Dr. Tessitori calls it Old Western Rājasthānī from the area in which it was spoken; Narsinhrao Divatia calls it Gaurjarī Apabhranśa[11]; D. B. Keshavlal Dhruva,

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1. आविउ गुजरात.
2. गूर्जरातेति ख्यातदेशं।
3. गूजरातिनु भोजनकरुं; गूजराति ते कहीइ किसी.
4. गुजर भाषाए नळराजाना गुण मनोहर गाउं; कथा मात्र ए नइषधरानीं अपभ्रंस ए दाखी.
5. संस्कृताढयाच गौर्जरी।
6. प्राकृतबंध कवित मति करी
7. अपभ्रष्ट गिराविशे काव्य केवुं दीसे.
8. भाषाने शुं वळगे भूर; काइ प्राकृतमांथी नाशी गयुं.
9. वांधु नागदमण गुजराती भाषा.
10. La Croze, LS I, IX. Pt. II, 333.
11. 1914 I. A.

Middle Gujarati, Apabhransa being named Early Gujarātī.[2] Grierson calls it Gujarātī.

Why is not the word, Gujaratī, used by Premānanda himself, correct and appropriate?

Note B. Evolution of Old Gujarātī.

Generally speaking, in the synthetic stage of a language the particles added to a noun to form case-endings are not separable, but are incorporated in the word itself, with the result that the terminal syllable is varied as in Saṁskṛta. In the analytic stage, the word stands without any termination and an auxiliary word is tacked on to express the relations denoted by the termination.

The changes described in the text are illustrated with special reference to the works mentioned on pages 85 and 86.

I. The nominative case termination in Skt. is the visarga, e.g., चंद्रः In Apa. it is उ, e.g., बासु भणइ; the same, in Old Guj. No. 1 (1185); it is optionally dropped in No. 2 (1210), e.g., सींस भणइ. The option is continued till it is dropped in No. 8 (1394) e.g., चंद्र उगइ.

The objective case termination in Skt. is म् e.g., चंद्रम्; it is उ in Ap. and in No. 1 (1185); it is optional in No. 2 (1210) e.g., चारित पढइं. The option is also found in No. 8 (1394) e.g., जीव संसार तरइ and किसउं तरइ, संसारु.

The instrumental case termination survived even in Old Guj., e.g., धर्म्मिइं तरइ in No. 8 (1394); in Mod. Guj. an optional form is used with a propositation, e.g., धर्मथी or धर्मे तरेछे.

The dative case termination in Pkt. was हिंतो e.g., कहन्तिहु; in Ap., हुतहु; in Old Guj. it is optional with इणि कारणी in No. 7 (1355). नइ कारणि is continued in No. 8 (1394). Thereafter the case termination is no longer used. The preposition ने, which is used, is derived from Pkt. thus: लगि-लइ-नई-ने and is, perhaps, similar to Marāthī ला and Nepālī कै. According to Narsinhrao, it is derived from Skt. तन-तण-नुं-ने.

The ablative termination in Skt. is formed by अत् e.g., रामात्; by होन्तउ in Apa.; by हूतुं in No. 2 (1210); by इतउ, उतउ in No. 7 (1355); by जेहतउ, हूंतउ, or the preposition थउ, थकउं in No. 8 (1394). थी-थकउ are derived from Skt. स्थित and स्थकित, and their use marks the analytic stage of the language. Bhālaṇa (1450) uses थी-थकी; some others, स्थकी. The optional use of हूंतु is continued till the end of the XVII century in Jaina works.

The genitive case termination in Skt. is स्य; in Ap. it is हो e.g., कंथहो; is ह in No. 2 (1210) e.g., वीरजिणिंदह तीथि. But the preposition तणउ, अहनउ and नउ from Skt. तन is also used in Ap. It is used in Old Guj. in No. 1

1. He dates the beginning of Gujarati from 1494 (1550 A. V.) Early Gujarātī 1494-1594; Middle Gujarātī 1594-1694; Modern Gujarātī thereafter. *Gujarati Language and Literature*, Vol. II, p. 9, 129.

2. *Presidential Address*, Sahitya Parishad Report, Vol. II.

(1145), e. g., भरत नरिंदह तणउच्चरित्तो, and in No. 2 (1202); and displaces the termination in No. 5 (1274). It becomes एह्नउ, तणउ, in No. 8 (1394), e. g., चेत्रतणउ; and तणो and ना *in Kāhnaḍadeprabandha* (1456). Both these latter forms have come down to Mod. Guj. Another preposition used for the purpose is derived from Skt. कृत. It becomes कर in Ap.; एहरइ in No. 8 (1394); survives as केरो in Bhālaṇa (c. 1450) and as केरो in Māravadī; and is still used in poetry and in some adjectives in Mod. Guj. e. g., सोनेरी, रूपेरी. It is found in Bengali अमार.

II. No. 6 (1280) shows that the change referred to in para II p. 86 had come to stay e. g., गाजइ for गज्जइ Ap. and गर्जति Skt. वाप for वप्प Ap.

III. No. 6 (1280) has वइसइ for उवइसइ Ap., and उपविशति Skt. The same work uses अच्छइ as in Apa. for अस्ति Skt.; but it becomes छइ in No. 7 (1355).

IV. वयण Ap. is replaced by वदन Skt.; similarly, मयण by मदन, मणोरह by मनोरथ.

V. Bhālaṇa (c. 1450) and Padmanābha in (c. 1456) first use छइ as auxiliary.

VI. (a) About 1650 the final अइ or इ became ए, the final अउ or उ became ओ. छइ became छे; घोडउ Old Guj. became घोडो.

(b) The penultimate इ or उ became अ; कठ्ठिन turned to कठ्ठण, लुणइ to लण. This change was effected about 1700.

(c) About 1700, स when preceding इ, ए, य became श e. g., बेसीने-बेशीनें; and ल became ळ e. g., मलवुं-मळवुं. In South Gujarāta the change has not been effectively introduced even now.

(d) The passive इयइ became आय e.g., करीयइ, Old Guj., was replaced by कराय.

(e) Between 1450 and 1650 various other changes came into existence by which

(i) The syntatical concord was changed to fit into a later idiom, e. g. the concord in the passive voice of verbs in the past tense as in Skt. was used by Bhālaṇa and Premānanda, but, later, this is altered and the object is put in as in dative with नें. दिठ्ठुं नहीं तेणि व्याधि हुं (Bhālaṇa) would be now ते व्याधें मने दिठो नहीं. कहें द्रुपदी हुं भले टाळी (Premānanda) would be कहे द्रुपदी मने भले टाळी;

(ii) An idea conveyed by an earlier grammatical form was altered in its later form, e. g., the sense of the passive future third person singular form is altered to the active future first person singular. कथयिष्यति Skt. कहिशइ Old. Guj. (It will be told) is changed to कहीश. (I will tell).

For a detailed philological discussion *vide* the Wilson Philological Lectures by Narsinhrao Divatia, entitled *Gujarati Language and Literature*, Vol. II.

CHAPTER II.

PADMANĀBHA AND THE HEROIC POETRY IN OLD GUJARĀTĪ.

Heroic poetry—*Raṇamallachanda* (c. 1400)—Padmanābha (1456)—*Kāhnaḍadeprabandha*—Its value.

As it appears from the verses already quoted from Hemacandra's works, Gujarāta had heroic poetry in Apabhraṇśa reflecting its martial spirit in the days of the Cālukyas and Vāghelās. A similar literature in Old Gujarātī has all but disappeared; only two poems give an idea of its nature. They provide a brilliant picture of the epic heroism displayed by Gujarāta when it grimly contested every inch of ground with the invader.

I

The first poem, *Raṇamallachanda*, is a short ballad, composed about 1400 by Śrīdhara, celebrating the heroic deeds of Raṇamalla of Iḍara. It consists of seventy stanzas in metres like cupāi and duhā, and is the earliest work of a kind which has been a favourite of the bards. This literature, principally panegyrical, is composed in metres which lend themselves to recitation with considerable dramatic force. The language is very often archaic and strongly alliterative. Sometimes words are altered out of recognition in the interest of sound effects, and assonances and other verbal tricks abound.

Raṇamalla of Iḍara, of the Kamadhaja or Rāṭhoḍa family, was a great warrior. About 1397, he harassed Zafar Khan, the viceroy of Pāṭaṇa, and spread terror among the Mussalman chiefs.

> As the army of the Sultan bristled with valour Raṇamalla's whiskers flew about with wrath.[1]

The Sultan calls upon him to submit. Raṇamalla roars:

> If my lotus-like head bows before the Mlechhas' feet, the sun will not rise in the sky. So long as the sun moves in the sky, Kamadhaja will not

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1. सिरि फुरमाण धरवि सुरताणी चरद्य हालमाल दीवाणी;

bow to a block of stone. Even if the flame of the submarine fire is extinguished, I will not yield an inch of land to the Mlechha.[1]

A battle ensues between the two armies, and is described in jingling rhymes. The Mussalmans are routed, and in token of submission the not unusual humiliation of being made to eat grass is forced on them. Raṇamalla begins to think of world-wide conquest, and he says, "I will bring under my control everything on which the sun shines."[2]

II

Kānhaḍadeprabandha (c. 1456) follows a greater literary tradition. It deals with the struggle which Gujarāta made for self-preservation after 1297, and breathes the grim and heroic attitude of mind which prevailed among her people during the fourteenth century. The author, Padmanābha of Vīsalanagara, was the poet-laureate of Akherāja, the Cahamāna or Cohāṇa king of Jhālora and a descendant of the hero of the poem. A few manuscripts of the work, luckily mistaken for those of a religious work, were preserved by the Jaina temples. Its language is Old Gujarātī, then spoken all over Western Rājasthāna including Gujarāta. The style, though not as elegant as Bhālaṇā's, maintains a high level of expressiveness. The language is neither trite nor ornate; the interest is well sustained throughout. The author, however, could not resist the temptation of recording in the conventional manner the names of Rajput and Mussalman warriors, and of introducing didactic verses and tedious narrative of past lives. In some places, the chronological order has not been preserved, and the same descriptions appear more than once. As a narrative, it is much better than many other rāsas; and it has the merit of being without religious bias.

III

The poem opens with a prayer, and proceeds to mention Māravāḍa, 'the land of nine forts', and the Sonagirā Cohāṇas

1. मुझ सिरकमल मेच्छपय लग्गइ, तु गयणङ्गमणि भाण व उग्गइ.
जां अम्बरपुडतलि तरणि रमइ, तां कमधजकन्ध न धगड नमइ.
वरि वडवानल तण झाल शमइ; पुण मेच्छ न आपूं चास किमइ.

2. ईडरवइ रा रणमल्ल कहि, 'इक्कछत्त रवितलि करूं,'

'as noble looking as royal swans'. Karṇadeva Ghelo ruled in Gujarāta. Being enamoured of Keśava's wife, he killed the husband and appropriated the wife. The minister Mādhava, Keśava's brother, moved by wrath, said, "I shall not taste any food in Gujarāta till I bring the Turks here."[1] On this, the poet feelingly laments:

To the place where he worshipped his God and sang His praises; where he performed sacrifices and gave gifts to Brāhmaṇas; where he worshipped the sacred Tulsī plant and Pipala tree, heard recited the *Vedas* and the Purāṇas; where all go for pilgrimage; where all sing the Smṛtis and the Purāṇas, there, Mādhava brought the Mlechhas.[2]

Ready to betray his country for a private wrong, Mādhava goes to Delhi. He approaches Sultan Allā-ud-din with presents and offers to subdue Gujarāta if an army is given to him. The sultan consents, and sends a message to Kānhaḍade, the Cohāṇa king of Jhālora, to let the imperial army pass through his territory on its way to Gujarāta. Proudly, Kānhaḍade replies:

I owe no such duty. They will plunder the villages; take my men prisoners; tear off women's ears. I do not make way for those who oppress the Brāhmaṇa and the cow.[3]

But Allā-ud-din, determined to conquer Gujarāta, secures a passage through Mevāḍa. Baṭṭaḍa of Moḍāsa vainly bars the way of the onrushing hosts.

Pillaging, burning, destroying, the Sultan's army marches towards Pātaṇa. The Mussalmans, with Mādhava at their head, invest the city. The ex-minister, traitor to the last, advises Karṇa to escape with his life. The king takes the advice; the queen flees on foot; and the capital falls into the hands of Alafkhan, the general of Allā-ud-din. 'And

1. गूजरातिनूं भोजन करूं, जु तरकाणूं आणूं अरहूं.

2. जिहां पूजीइ सालिग्राम, जिहां जपीइ हरिनूं नाम,
जिणि देसि कीजइ जाग, जिहां विप्रनइ दीजइ त्याग,
जिहां तुलसी पीपल पूजीइ, वेद पुराण धर्म बूझीइ,
जिणि देसि सहू तीरथ जाइ, स्मृति पुराण मावीइ गाइ
. . . . माधवि म्लेच्छ आणिआ तहिं.

3. ए तां नहीं अह्मारु धर्म,
भाजीइ गाम झालीइ वान, अवला तणा त्रोडीइ कान,
जिहां पीडीइ विप्र नइ गाइ, तिहां वाट नवि आपइ राइ.

from what once were temples was sounded the muezzin's call to prayers.'

The army then started on a further campaign of conquest and destruction to the south. It carried carnage right up to Surat, Rander, and the sea; returned to Saurāshṭra, destroyed many of its towns, and proceeded to Prabhāsa. The Rajputs mobilised their strength to protect the shrine of Somanātha, and valiantly fought the enemy. But the fortress fell; and in front of the temple which they had vainly sought to protect, the heroic warriors, after ceremonial bathing and anointment, fell fighting, 'surrendered themselves to Somanātha'. Mādhava, the cause of all this evil, was also killed.

The temple had fallen into the hands of the enemy. Alafkhan broke open the shrine, shattered the idol to pieces, and carried away the fragments in a cart to Delhi. "We shall make chunaṃ out of it", he said. The poet then piteously asks Śiva:

> O Rudra! By your wrath you burnt the demons. You spread virtue in the world; You removed the terror which oppressed the gods; You put to flight the powerful demon, Tripura, even as the wind blows away chaff. Padmanābha asks you: O Rudra! Where is now your mighty trident? [1]

The conquering army, the poet proceeds, burnt villages, devastated the land, plundered people's wealth; took Brāhmaṇas, children and women of all castes captive, and flogged them with thongs of raw hide; carried a moving prison with it, and converted the prisoners into obsequious Turks. Alafkhan then turned his attention to Kānhaḍade, who had declined to give a passage to his army.

Pārvatī and Gaṅgā, God Somanātha's spouses, urge Kanhaḍade in a dream to save the god from the hands of the Mlechha. When Alafkhan sends a message to Kānhaḍade, he gets a fitting reply: "A hero never praises himself. He who performs heroic deeds alone wins fame." Alafkhan thereupon continues his march and encamps at Sirāṇā.

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1. आगइ रुद्र! घणइ कोपानालि दैत्य सवे तिइं वाला;
तिइं प्रथवी मांहि पुण्य वरतावीऊं, देवलोकि भय टाल्या.
तिं वलकाक त्रिपुर विध्वंसिउ पवनवेगि जिम तूल;
पद्मनाभ पूछइ सोमईया! केथऊं करूं त्रिसूल?

Ministers of the Cohāṇa king call on the Khan, who shows them his army and his prisoners. The ministers report the state of things to Kānhaḍade, who gets ready for battle. The goddess Āśāpura is worshipped; necessary orders are given; and the Rajput armies go forward to meet the foe.

In the battle that follows, the Turks are routed. Alafkhan flees for life. The idol of Somanātha is recovered, and nine lacs of prisoners are set free. The victory is then celebrated in Jhālora, and the conqueror returns home amidst the rejoicings of his people. The fragments of the idol are duly installed in five different towns where they are worshipped. (canto i)

The fleeing Turks came together in a forest; some were without clothes; some, worn out and hungry; others, staggering and wounded; whilst a few were being carried on stretchers. [1].........

Alafkhan entered Delhi like a thief in the night. When the news of battle spread, consternation prevailed. The women of the Turks began to weep; some tore their clothes to tatters; many smashed the anklets on their feet. Some threw away their precious necklaces; others ripped off their ornaments. Some rent their hair......One had lost her brother, another a husband, a third her handsome sons......The markets were closed. [2]

Allā-ud-din puts the blame on Alafkhan and is very wroth. He orders another attack on Jhālora. The army thereupon marches back and invests the guardian fort of Sāmiāṇā, which is in the charge of Santalasiṁha, Kānhaḍade's nephew. Kānhaḍade goes to his nephew's assistance, and the Mahomedan army is annihilated.

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1. जे जे तुरक नासी ऊवल्या, एक ठामि जई जंगलि मिल्या;
एक उघाडा वस्त्र विहीण, भूखइं करी एक थाइ खीण.
एक घूमन्ता जाइ घाई, एक डोली ऊपाडया जाइ.

2. अलूखान अंधारूं करी............
........................नयर मांहि पइठु एकलु.
भागा तणी वात इम सुणी, ठाम ठाम रोइ तुरकणी.
एक फाडइ पहिरणि सूथणी, पाए नेउर भाजइ घणी.
एक लाखइ एकाउलि हार, एक ऊतारइ सवि सिणगार.
ताणइ वीणि, विछोडइ दोर, एक लूस्या दीसइ वंदोर....
एक तणा बंधव भरतार, एक तणा फूटरा कुमार...
........................नगर मांहि देवराणां हाट.

Allā-ud-din becomes furious. He sends for his generals and the viceroy of Pātaṇa, collects his army, and himself takes the field. The progress of the army, more like a town in motion, is then described. The army lays siege to Sāmiāṇa, but the fortress is impregnable, and it remains so even at the end of seven long years. The Rajputs, in the well-provisioned fort, continue to defy the enemy. Allā-ud-din then decides upon a sinister stratagem. Cows are killed, and their flesh, tied up in sacks, is thrown by catapults over the fortress walls into the lake within. The following morning, the Rajputs find their only source of water defiled by the flesh of the sacred cow, and decide upon jamahara, a rite commonly known as jauhara.

There was no hope of life. None would touch a drop of the water. The queen said, "We will now perform jamahara." And she addressed a message to the queen of Kānhaḍade: "Of what has overtaken us, you will come to know to-morrow. Remember us with affection. In this life, these are our last salutations." Having thus spoken, the queen put on all her ornaments. The retainers brought heaps of sandal-wood. Strong and heroic, the queen entered the fire. All said "Rāma, Rāma", and the friends wept.[1]

The Pādshah comes to know of the queen's self-immolation, and offers to treat the beleaguered city with every consideration if Santala only submits. The heroic king replies, "I am ready to give up life, not my honour". The non-combatants in the fort are then asked to leave it, and all the warriors decide on an attack. They worship the Śāligrāma (Vishṇu), and then pray to Rāma. They take their bath, dry their hair, put on Tulsī garlands round their necks. Animated with one desire, they rush on the

1. जीवितव्यनी आशा टली, ए पाणी नहीं पीजइ पली.
राणी वोल इसिउ ऊचरिउ, 'इम जाणेजो जमहर करिउ.'
कान्हडदेनी घरणि हती, तेह भणी लखी वीनती.
इस्यूं कहीऊः 'अह्म वीतूं जेउ, हवइ वीचिसि कालि तुह्म तेउ;
अह्मस्यूं प्रीति आणेज्यो घणी. आणी जमारइ मोकलामणी.'
इस्यूं कही नवि लाइ वार, राणी सवि करिउ शिणगार.
चंदन काठ आणीउ घणु तिहां परिवार मिल्यु तेह तणु.
साहस प्रभावि एतली आहि, राणी पइठी पावक मांहि
राम राम वाणी उच्चरइ. सजन लोकनि आंसू खिरइ.

Mussalmans. A great battle ensues; and the Hindus, fighting valiantly, are killed to a man. (Canto ii)

This unflinching and terrible self-immolation in order to safeguard their honour was the marvellous feature of Hindu warfare during those dire times. There is not a fort in Rajputānā which cannot boast of the proud heroism of women who wooed fire to save their honour, and of men who marched to death to preserve their freedom.

VI

Allā-ud-din captures Sāmiāṇā, and calls upon Kānhaḍade to surrender. But he is again met with a proud refusal. The Pādshāh continues his march, and, on the way, pillages and burns the venerable city of Bhīnnamāla, even then a centre of learning. Some skirmishes follow with varying success. The Mussalman army camps near Jhālora. Allā-ud-din's daughter, Pirojā, who has fallen in love with Vīramadeva, the son of Kānhaḍade, insists on an offer of marriage being sent to the latter. With lofty pride, the Rajput prince spurns the offer.

> The Cohāṇa's race is spotless, like the full moon. Descended as I am from the sun, shall I disgrace the founder of my race? . . . Shall I become a convert? This has never happened before, and shall not happen now.[1]

The insulted Pādshah then proceeds to invest Jhālora. He finds it in a merry mood, for, he hears bands playing within her walls, and sees festive banners floating on her towers. The Rajputs, at intervals, sally from the fort and harass the besiegers, and the Sultan has eventually to withdraw towards Delhi. Kānhaḍade, thirsting for fight, comes out of Jhālora, and his armies press the retreating Mussalman army hard.

The princess, having acquired occult knowledge, finds that Vīrama was her husband in previous lives. She tells her father of her relationship with Vīrama, and prophesies

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1. चहूआणनूं कुल निकलंक, जिसिउ पूनम तणु मयंक
सूर्य तणइ वंशि हु आज, वडा पुरुषनि आवइ लाज.
हुं तां नही वटालूं आप.....................
.........इसी वात नवि सुणी पूराणि
.........आगिइ हूई न, होसि नहीं.

the death of her lover, of Kānhaḍade, of her father and of herself. This part is introduced evidently after the usual orthodox style of kathās from *Tarangalolā* downwards, but in the mouth of the daughter of Allā-ud-din, it mars the realistic charm of the poem.

Anxious to see Vīramadeva and to obtain the freedom of her sister and brother-in-law, then prisoners in Jhālora, the princess, goes to the city with a small retinue. She encamps on the bank of a lake, and is met by the chivalrous Kānhaḍade and his son Vīrama. The princess begs for love, but in vain.

> Love has made me miserable. What can I, an unfortunate woman, say? Love! I, a foreigner, beg of you; find out for yourself what you are to me. My days and nights seem endless; the pain of separation oppresses me; I cannot live without you, my love. A fish cannot live without water; no more can a woman without her lord.[1]

Virama is unrelenting. The princess, anxious for peace, requests that the Mussalman army should not be attacked at night, and that her sister should be released. The chivalrous Rajputs readily grant these requests. Vīrama, in return, demands that the Sultan should not destroy temples, pillage the land, or trouble Brāhmaṇas and slaughter cows. On behalf of her father, she agrees to respect his wishes. At her desire, she is taken to see Jhālora and has a view of the impregnable citadel. Kānhaḍade releases the prisoners and returns the captured elephants. Loaded with presents, the princess returns to her father, and the Sultan withdraws to Delhi. (canto iii).

VII

The princess tells her father of the glories of Jhālora, its learned men, its warriors, its markets, its pleasures, its ramparts, and its prosperity. The Pādshah does not like the engagement into which his daughter has entered, but

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1. कइ मइं मन्मथ दुहविऊं जी, कइ हूं निर्गुण नारि
पीयु परदेसणी वीनवइ जी, आपि आप संभारि.
दिवस दोहिला हूं नीगमुं जी, रयणि घणेरी थाइ.
विरह वेदना माहरी जी, पीयु विण रहणूं न जाइ.
जु जलहीणी माछली जी, जीवइ नही जग मांहि;
कंत विहूणी कामिनि जी, तिम तिम खीणी थाइ.

agrees to wait for the period of eight years, at the end of which, according to her prophesy, Jhālora is to fall. Later, he gives orders to his army to proceed towards Jhālora. The princess sends her nurse with the army to bring Vīrama to her, or, in the event of his death, to bring her his head. The army is repulsed by the Jhālora forces led by Vīrama. But the Sultan is adamant: Jhālora must be captured at any cost.

For over twelve years the beleaguered city defies the Mussalmans. Its merchants feed the people; miracles save it from disasters. At last a palanquin-bearer turns traitor, and discloses a secret way leading to the fort. The bearer's wife, furious at her husband's treachery, kills him, and informs Kānhaḍade of the unexpected entry of the besieging army. Desperate combat ensues. Kānhaḍade's brother works wonders against heavy odds; but the outnumbered Rajputs are faced with the alternative of death or dishonour. Kānhaḍade sends for the priest and, presenting him with his own horse, begs him to flee from the fort. The Brāhmaṇā is not to be outdone; he accepts the king's horses as gifts, but returns them to the royal stables. The king is surprised and asks the priest why he, a man of peace, does not leave the fort.

Who will carry your funeral bier, my king? If I live after you die, then, I live in dishonour. If Jhālora falls, I too will die..[1] . . .

The solem rite then begins. The queens prepare for the jamahara; the priest gives his benedictions to Kānhaḍade; the subjects now bow before him, and decide to join him in the immolation. The king calls his son Vīrama and anoints him king. Vīrama bows to his mother, who blesses him. The sandal and other sacred wood is brought. All the queens, having bathed, commend themselves to the Sun. They enter the fire; precisely 1,984 of their sex follow; gods witness the sacrifice.

Kānhaḍade and his men, sword in hand, then rush on the besiegers. 'The Rajputs re-enact the *Ramāyaṇa.*' Hundreds fall fighting. The city falls into the hands of the enemy; and Kānhaḍade, at bay, withdraws to the citadel. His priest advises him to crown his heroism by falling in

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1. व्यास भणइ, 'कुण वीजउ राजा पालखी खांधि लेसइ ?'
जु तह्म पूठि हुं जीवूं तु अपकीरति घण पामूं,
जाल्होरि भेलातइ नाश्रैं देइ आपणू होमूं.'

battle and the Cohāṇa hero acts accordingly. Vīrama reigns for three days and a half. His queens also prepare for jamhara. Their companions looking on, the beautiful queens come to the balconies, and with restrained tears worship their beloved Jhālora fort. "And verily shall we share Vīrama's beautiful throne on the Sonagiri Mount," they said, and entered the fire.

To ensure death, Vīrama thrusts a dagger in his bowels, straps up the wound, rushes into the fight, and, dealing death all round him, is himself slain. The Mussalman general, who has not lost sight of the princess's wishes, tries to take him captive. But the hero, invincible in death as in life, escapes him.

The nurse brings Vīrama's head to Delhi on a bier, and placing it on a gold salver, brings it to the heart-broken princess. As she gazes at the face of her beloved, the head turns away from her: the invincible Cohāṇa hero even in death keeps his vow. Whereupon the princess laments thus:

> My virtuous, handsome hero! Why are you so wroth? I am love-struck, my Sonagiri Cohāṇa. I am but your wife, with one life only separating us. Why do you forget our love? My heart is broken. Will you not hear me? You are gone to paradise; I will come with you.[1]

Having worshipped her beloved's head, she jumps into the Jumnā to meet in the next world him whom she had missed this. (canto iv)

VIII

Except where necessity for the conventional features of the rāsa takes him out of his normal vein, the author is realistic. He is perhaps the only one of the many writers of the period who has handled characters and events so well and truly. The narrative is, on the whole, well sus-

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1 सगुण सलूणा राउल ! माणि रूसणु किस्यु ?
हूं तां प्रेमगहेलडी तुं सोनगिरु चहूआणजी.
तुं तां प्राणद माहरु, हुं तां ताहरी घरि नारि जी;
जनम एक अंतरि गयुं सो नेहलु म वीसारी जी.
हईयलडूं घणु गहवडयूं, तुं सुणि न अह्मारा नाथ जी !
तुं अमरापुरि सांचरिउ, हुं मरणि न मेहलुं साथजी.

tained. The Rajput and the Mussalman warriors are true to life, the former headstrong, firm, unflinching in matters where honour was concerned, neglectful of prudence, fanatically heroic; the latter, deceitful, determined, relentlessly cruel and determined on victory at any cost. Only Pirojā, the daughter of the Sultan, is out of harmony with the setting. The characters do not lack individuality, as do most of those found in the literature of the age. The irate Sultan is not badly done. Kānhaḍade, generous, charitable, beloved of his people, superstitious, is well depicted. In him is revealed the real Rajput. His son, though he occupies little space, is also well drawn, and so is the old Brāhmaṇa priest. Mādhava, the 'direful spring of woes unnumbered', is also well drawn. The poet portrays the actual situation in the India of the day: Hindu princes, strong and heroic, one jealous of the other, fighting in isolated splendour; the Mussalmans, stern and relentless, advancing and campaigning as a collective body. This prabandha is a rhapsody unique in Old, or Modern Gujarātī, throbbing with great and sustained heroism; an epic of a great age fast fading into oblivion; a swan-song of the Gujarāta of Siddharāja.

CHAPTER III.

A NEW GUJARĀTA AND THE PURĀNIC MOVEMENT.

(1400 to 1600)

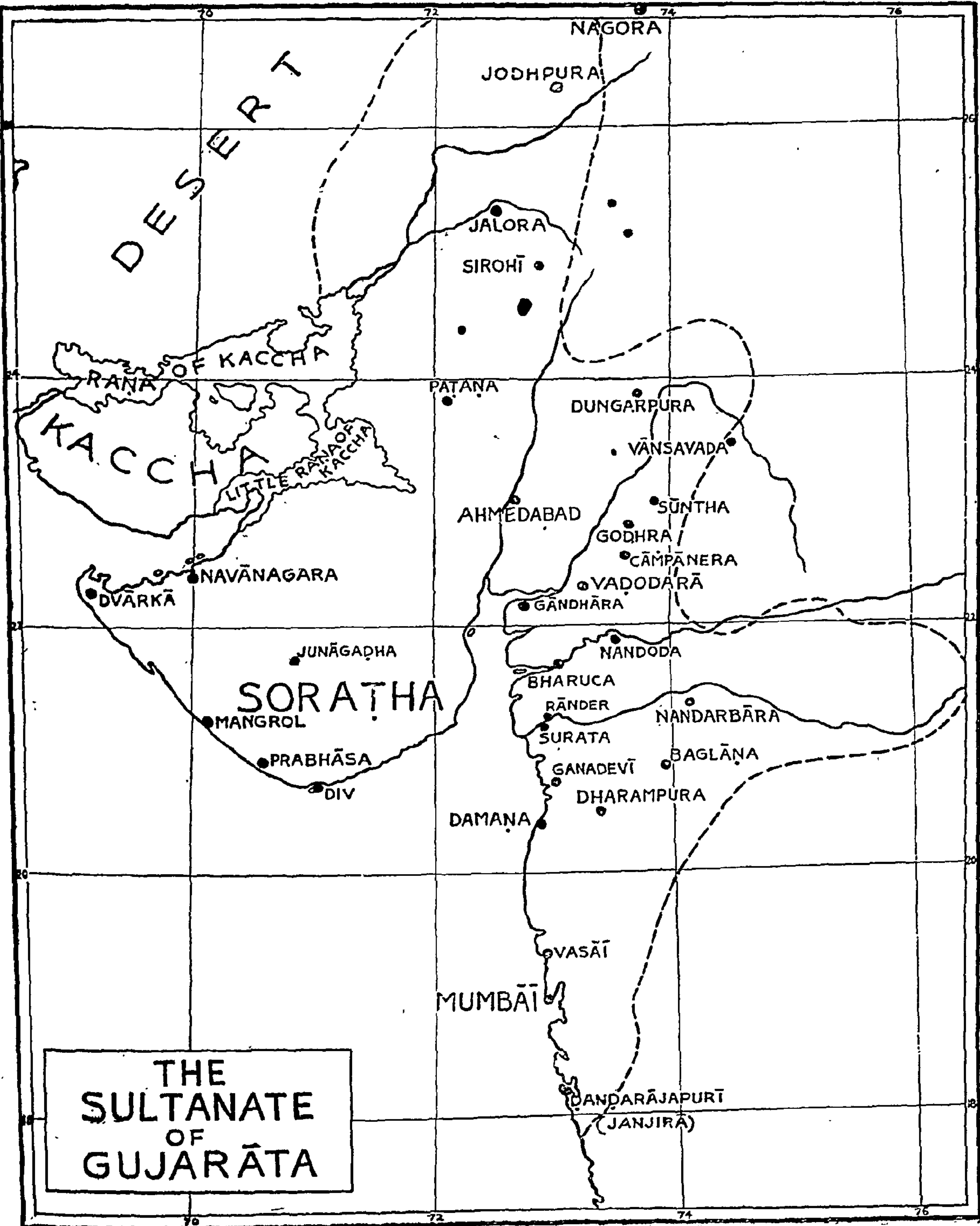
The Sultanate of Ahmedābād—Akbar—Marathā raids—The Purānic influence—The new spirit among Brāhmanas—Impetus to the deśabhāshā—Rāmānanda—The purānika—The Gāgariā bhata—The akhyāna literature—Bhālana (c. 1426-1500)—The ākhyānā in his hands—*Kādambarī*—*Daśamaskandha*—Mantri Karmana (1470)—Bhīma (c. 1473)—Nākara (c. 1550).

Political history from 1411 to 1707 had a negative influence on the literature of Gujarāta. From 1411 to 1573 the country was ruled by the Sultans of Ahmedabad; from 1573 to 1707 it was a province of the Moghul Empire. These facts circumscribed life, and brought into existence new literary traditions which not only ignored political conditions, but provided an easy way to forget them.

I

In 1411 Ahmad Shah, the grandson of Muzafar Shah, transferred the capital of his kingdom from Pātana to Ahmedābād. He was a fanatic, and his acts did not belie his bigotry. He invaded Soratha, Mālvā and Konkana, but tried to conciliate the Hindu landlords by giving them a fourth share of the villages. His grandson, Mahmūd Begdā, (1459-1513) was powerful both on land and sea, and consolidated the kingdom by annexing Junāgadha. He built many of the monuments which have made Ahmedābād famous. The Mussalman historians narrate numerous anecdotes revealing his popularity with his people. To the Hindus, however, one sultan was as good, or as bad, as another.

The next great Sultan was Begdā's grandson, Bahādur Shah (1527-1536), a great warrior who adopted an aggressive policy of conquest. Gujarāta soon came to be divided into twenty five sarkārs: Ahmedābād, Sūntha, Godhrā, Cāmpānera, Vadodarā, Bharuca, Nāndoda, and Surat, in the centre; Sirohī, Jhālora, Jodhapura and Nāgora in the north; Dungarpura, Vānsavādā, Nandarbāra, Bāglāna, and Dharampura in the east; Dandarājapurī, (modern Janjirā),


DESERT
NAGORA
JODHPURA
JALORA
SIROHĪ
RANA OF KACCHA
KACCHA
LITTLE RANA OF KACCHA
PATANA
DUNGARPURA
VĀNSAVADA
AHMEDABAD
SŪNTHA
GODHRA
CĀMPĀNERA
VADODARĀ
NAVĀNAGARA
DVĀRKĀ
GĀNDHĀRA
JUNĀGADHA
NANDODA
SORATHA
BHARUCA
RĀNDER
NANDARBĀRA
MANGROL
SURATA
BAGLĀNA
PRABHĀSA
GANADEVĪ
DIV
DHARAMPURA
DAMANA
VASĀĪ
MUMBĀĪ
DANDARĀJAPURĪ
(JANJIRĀ)
THE SULTANATE OF GUJARĀTA

Mumbāi, (Bombay) Vasāi (Bassein), and Damaṇa in the south; Soraṭha, Navānagara, and Kaccha in the west. A territory slightly larger than what is linguistically the Gujarāta of to-day was a political unit under Bāhādur Shah. His ambitious raids drew the wrath of Humāyun, the Mogul Emperor, who overran Gujarāta in 1535. Bāhādur soon recovered it, but he died the next year. Reckless as a ruler, he laid a heavy burden of military expenditure on the people and left them to the tender mercies of his revenue farmers.

In 1573 Akbar annexed Gujarāta.

From 1411 to 1573, Gujarāta remained a political unit. The Khans and Amirs swept across the country; made friends with Hindu chiefs and leaders as suited their immediate purpose; spread terror and destruction for a time; and were worsted by their rivals, or, sank into imbecility. During this period, the people enjoyed settled existence only when sheltered behind their castes, mahājanas and pancāyats. Social exclusiveness became the rule of the day, and life acquired an unprogressive and narrow outlook, mainly religious and other-worldly. And so it continued till the British came.

I

Of all the cultural and educational influences forged during the Gupta times, the Purāṇas were the most powerful. The *Mahābhārata*, including the *Harivaṅśa*, a complete cyclopaedia of Āryan culture, had attained the sanctity of a fifth *Veda* under the name of *Śatsāhasrīsaṁhitā*. The *Vāyu*, the *Matsya*, the *Mārkaṇḍeya*, the *Brahmāṇḍa*, and, perhaps, the *Devībhāgavata* Purāṇas had become very popular by the seventh century. The *Vishṇu* (c. 600), the Purāṇa of the Bhāgavata dharma which the Imperial Guptas followed, exercised great influence over the minds of men. Other Purāṇās also came to be composed, till their traditional number stood at eighteen.

Literary men, for centuries, sought inspiration for subject and atmosphere from one or more of these Purāṇas. The tradition of mythic kings; the mythology connected with sacred places all over the country; stories and hymns

glorifying gods and goddesses; and the ethics and the ritual—all this Purāṇic wealth had brought uniformity of belief, conduct and outlook to all who looked upon Bharatakhaṇḍa as their land, and Dharma as the law in this life and the means of salvation for the next. It had created in the people a living sense of homogeneity, and of the continuity of Āryan life. When the Mussalmans overran the country, the Purāṇas became, in the hands of the Brāhmaṇas, formidable instruments to preserve religion and culture. The Purāṇic scheme of things had universal application. A Hindu king had a place ready in the genealogy of the Sun or the Moon. A recently elevated Brāhmaṇa had a position ready in the family of a venerable Ṛshi of Vedic antiquity. And the people had all the materials ready to bring up fresh generations in the traditions of Āryan life, to preserve the integrity of society, and to resist the proselytising vigour of the foreigner.

And when the Brāhmaṇas found the fanatical foreigner—mleccha as they called him—devastating their land, demolishing the most sacred shrines of their faith, destroying their dharma and the social structure which they believed to be eternal, they developed miraculous adaptability. They delivered to the masses, through the medium of their dialects, the message of the Purāṇas, and made the past live again. The Purāṇic revival preserved society and culture, and directed literary energy into the channel of the deśabhāshā. It spread over the whole country, and opened up prospects for all. Poets received fresh inspiration; purāṇikas, a new vocation; philosophers, a new orientation. To the village saints, it gave something to live for; and it brought to the ordinary people, in the place of cumbrous ritual and abstruse doctrine, bhakti, a worship full of joy and song, dance and prayer. Every province began to work out its cultural salvation. Every language began to develop, and its literature assumed distinctive character.

II

About the beginning of the fourteenth century, one of the greatest of Indian reformers lent an active hand in spreading the different influences then at work. His life is

shrouded in tradition; his creed is found only in the devotional songs composed by his disciples. Rāmānanda, originally a follower of Rāmānuja, began his apostolic work in North India. He was an uncompromising advocate of purity of heart, and spread the worship of Rāma, the high-souled hero of the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the seventh avatāra of Vishṇu. He protested against social and religious evils. The *Vedas*, Brāhmaṇas, rituals, inequalities of caste, the grossness of idolatry, and even Saṁskṛta came in for his iconoclastic zeal. He stood for God, humility, and equality of men.

His teachings proved very popular among the lower classes of Hindus and Mussalmans. His principal disciples included Kabīra, a spinner, Raidāsa, a tanner, Senā, a barber, Sadnā, a butcher, and Naraharidāsa, a Brāhmaṇa. Kabīra, a Hindu brought up by a Musalman, was catholic in an age of orthodoxy; and his padas, songs, appealed equally to both communities. He created a great impression in Gujarāta and the Kabīrpantha gave rise to sects which claimed numerous adherents. Guru Nānaka (1469-1555), the founder of Sikhism, was a disciple of Raidāsa; and the *Granṭha Sāheb*, the sacred book of the sect, contains the only available padas of Rāmānanda and Raidāsa. Naraharidāsa was the guru of Tulsīdāsa (1532-1623), the greatest of saint-poets of the age. The latter's *Rāmacaritamānasa*, if judged by the number of men it has inspired, can be classed among the first few books in the literature of the world.

Rāmānanda and his disciples wielded a great liberalising influence over their age. Even the orthodox Brāhmaṇa was shaken out of his religious groove, and could not but admire their tenets and revere the idealism for which the deity, Rāma, stood. They threw their weight against Saṁskṛta, and were the first unflinching champions of the language of the people. Kabīra's attack on the lovers of Saṁskṛta runs thus:

Paṇḍitas talk in Saṁskṛta alone and dubb those who use the bhāshā ignorant fools. In the world, paṇḍitas praise only Saṁskṛta. But bhakti through the bhāshā alone gives strength and leads to salvation. Saṁskṛta is the water

of wells; bhāshā is running brook. Bhāshā is loved by the true guru and shows the true way.[1]

Rāmānanda's influence in Gujarāta was widespread in the latter half of the fourteenth, and the fifteenth, century. It taught the learned not to spurn the lowly and the illiterate, but to work with and for them through the medium of their own language.

III

In the beginning of the fourteenth century, we first come across definite literary landmarks of the Purāṇic movement in Gujarāta. The *Bhāgavata*, Jayadeva's *Gītagovinda* and Bopadeva's *Harilīlāmṛta*, works principally dealing with the amours of Kṛshṇa, had perceptibly altered the tone and language of the folk-songs relating to Rādhā-Kṛshṇa. In 1416 Nṛsiṁhāraṇyamuni composed *Vishṇubhakticandrodaya*, a work on bhakti. In 1417 an inscription on Mount Giranāra begins with a prayer to Damodara, 'the stealer of butter', referring to Śrī Kṛshṇa's well-known pranks as a cowherd. In 149) Vāghelā Mokalasiṁha is recorded to have protected the members of the Bhāgavata sect.

Paṇḍitas were rare, and the knowledge of Saṁskṛta was restricted to a select class. Among the intellectual and well-to-do classes, there was naturally a craving for literature, and, from the beginning of the fifteenth century, poets worked through the medium of Old Gujarātī to satisfy it. But their language has been transformed out of recognition. Manuscripts of some of their works, recovered so far, have been written years after the author's death. In many cases, the works were handed down from generation to generation by professional reciters of the Purāṇas, or purāṇikas; and every reciter went on making such changes in their form, language and substance as

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1. संस्कृतहिं पंडित कहै, बहुत करै अभिमान,
भाषा जानि तरक करै, ते नर मूढ अजान.
संस्किरत संसार में, पंडित करै बखान,
भाषा भक्ति दृढावही, न्यारा पद निरवान.
संस्किरत है कूपजल, भाषा बहता नीर,
भाषा सतगुरु सहित है, सतमत गहिर गँभीर.

the occasion and the taste of his audience required. The gāgariā bhaṭa, who preserved most of these works in the form of ākhyānas, was the greatest sinner in this respect.

The gāgariā bhata, or māṇa bhata, is peculiar to Gujarāta, and has played a great part in the evolution and preservation of this class of literature. He is the popular counterpart of the purāṇika, who, generally well-read in Saṁskṛta, recites the Purāṇas from the original to a select audience at his own house, or at the house of his patron. The purāṇika, more often than not, maintains the dignity of learning, and enjoys the position of a friend in his patron's family. But the gāgariā bhaṭa is rarely acquainted with Saṁskṛta; he knows only the ākhyānas, or the Purāṇic episodes in Gujarāti verse which he has learnt from his teacher during his apprenticeship. He goes from place to place with a couple of disciples. His stock-in-trade is his ākhyānas, his tact, and his māṇa or gāgara, a large copper pot with a narrow neck from which he gets his name.

Wherever he happpens to be, he opens his session at night on some temple-door or verandah before a public square. With his nimble fingers loaded with brass rings, he starts playing upon the gāgara as on a hand-drum, and makes the pot resound with his skilful raps. The neighbourhood flocks to hear the kathā, as the Purāṇic recital is called; the public square in front and the windows of the surrounding houses are turned into an auditorium for the occasion. The bhaṭa recites an ākhyāna; explains many parts of it; adds a flourish here, a touch there, to move or tickle the audience; improvises new stories and introduces lively anecdotes. The audience sits, hour after hour, absorbed in the recital. The description of a Purāṅic incident or character, in the mouth of a competent bhaṭa, assumes a fresh form and contemporary colour. At an interesting point in the recital the bhaṭa stops, and wants to know who among his listeners will provide his next day's dinner; and, unless he is ignorant of the rudiments of his art, he is sure to receive invitations from more than one hospitable townsman. Having made sure of the morrow, he proceeds with the kathā

till after midnight, sometimes till the early hours of the morning. The session continues for a month, sometimes, longer; its length, as a rule, depends upon the bhaṭa's ability to attract a good audience, and upon the hospitable nature of the locality. After the session is over, the bhaṭa is feasted, carried in a procession through the town, and presented with a purse as a send-off.

The bhaṭas flourished in Gujarāta for more than five hundred years, but have fallen on evil days with the advent of the press, the theatre, and the cinema. They provided free entertainment and education, religious and secular, and helped to preserve Purāṇic literature. But these poets were scarcely qualified to reproduce the spirit, the art, or the idealism of the original Purāṇas; and were mostly content with mechanical repetition of narrative verses handed down from teacher to disciple. Their range of emotion, sentiment and thought was limited; their language, suited to an illiterate audience, lacked refinement and expressiveness. Sometimes, only a Bhālaṇa or a Premānanda could break the monotony by a word-picture of contemporary life, or by a charming song full of homely sentiments.

But the service which the gāgariā bhaṭa rendered to culture was immense.

He considered himself the heir of ancient Āryan culture; of a civilization, pure and incomparable, brilliant with heroic exploits, beautiful literature, undefiled ideals......He was prepared to arrest the growth of alien culture. His ears heard the music of the inspiring past. His eyes were fixed on coming victory. He opened the floodgates of his soul; he sang of his hereditary culture. He inspired pāṭhaśālās; he offered prayers from village to village; he recited kathās from street to street; he made his songs popular in every home. He kept alive religion and a sense of historic continuity. He preserved language, literature, inspiration, and ideals. And, thanks to him, the immortal spirit of the culture, breaking the bonds of political subjection, triumphed in the land.'[1]

This literature took the form of an ākhyāna. In form, it was a rāsa; but the narrative parts were brief, the arrangement more systematic, and the language more influenced by Saṁskṛta. In substance, it presented an independent literary composition based mainly on a free rendering

1. Munshi, *Ādi Vacano.* (Guj.) 24.

of an ākhyāyikā from the Purāṇas, supplemented by portions borrowed from other sources or composed by the author himself.

IV

Bhālaṇa may be called the father of the ākhyāna. He was a Moḍha Brāhmaṇa by caste, a resident of Pāṭana. His date, tentatively fixed between 1426 and 1500, is yet uncertain. The incidents of his life, which enthusiastic admirers have unearthed, do not appear to have any reliable foundation. But his works show that he was a good student of the epics and the Purāṇas in the original.

In one of his works, he says :

> Men of sentiment, who are fond of the Purāṇas, desire to hear them, but their desire remains unfulfilled. Bhālaṇa has, therefore, composed this poem in bhāshā.

He appears to have supplied a growing need, and, on his own admission, evoked considerable antagonism from those who found his method undignified for a purāṇika of learning. He started life as a devotee of Śiva; but later, as his works show, fell under the influence of the Rāmānandī sect and transferred his allegiance to Rāma. He left two sons, Udhava and Vishṇudāsa, both of whom, following in his footsteps with far less ability and equipment, have left parts of the *Rāmāyaṇa.*

His early works were mere renderings of the ākhyāyikas. But, later, he borrowed the episodes from several sources, pruned or altered them, and added fresh materials to produce a new work. He also travelled outside the Purāṇic field to compose a rāsa on Bāṇa's *Kādambarī.* In works presumably composed during his last days, the ākhyāna reached an advanced stage of evolution. It was a Gujarātī ākhyāyikā. With contemporary sentiments, and the Purāṇic plot and characters altered to suit them, it became a new and distinct literary form.

His *Harasaṁvāda* gives the episode from the *S'iva Purāṇa*, wherein Pārvatī, jealous of Gaṅgā whom Śiva had harboured in his matted locks, tries to win back the love of the god by assuming the guise of a forest-girl. *Mṛgī-ākhyāna,* from the same Purāṇa, describes a hunter, who, unconsciously worshipping Śiva, obtains religious merit

and goes to heaven. These, and *Saptaśatī* borrowed from the *Mārkaṇḍeya Purāṇa*, may be classed among his early works. They follow the original closely, relieved only by an occasional gleam of contemporary sentiment.

The deer in *Mṛgī-ākhhyāna* when his mate is killed, addresses the hunter in a manner which does credit to the sentiments of the poet and to the atmosphere which permitted their expression.

With cunning skill, you slew my lovely bride, before my own eyes. Shame upon him who lives, when the mistress of his soul is dead! Without my bride, life has no aim; the world is desolate. Without her, my house and garden are lonely as the abodes of the dead. She was my support in trouble; I had no better friend.

Parallelisms of this nature were quite common in the literature of the period, and were employed by the poet with great effect.

V

To the next period of Bhālaṇa's literary activity belongs *Kādaṁbarī*, perhaps the best of his works. It is an adaptation of Bāṇa's great work, carefully abridged with an eye to literary presentation. This work of Bhālaṇa is the best rāsa in the language, perhaps the most artistic and sustained composition, not even excepting the ākhyānas of Premānanda. It has all the good features of a rāsa, but without the loose structure, the monotonous descriptions, the ever-recurring didactic passages and the ill-concealed religious purpose which destroy the unity and charm of many of them. Some of the beauties of the original work are brought out with great skill in a language not possessing the wealth or elegance of Saṁskṛta.

From the wealth of Bāṇa, Bhālaṇa chooses what his art and audience require, and presents it with the freedom of a master in the art of literary expression. At places the poem is word-perfect. Bhālaṇa's description of the Acchoda lake is a delightful picture painted with the help of a few of the great phrases from Bāṇa's elaborate masterpiece. The little parrot's tale of how it preserved life after its parents had been killed by the hunter, is one of the many passages in which the poet has given to a translation the charm of an original. The parrot finally says:

. . . . . King! What can I say? Nothing is so dear as life. Otherwise, how could I forget my dead father in the very moment in which I suffered so terrible a blow. No one could be so heartless as I. I forgot all gratitude. He had denied himself food to give it me; had kept me by his side with loving care; had brought me up under great hardship. But I forgot all grief at the loss of my parents and tried to save my life. Who could be so callous?

King, I was so tired that I could not even walk. The way was difficult to tread; my body was covered with dust; I was wretched; my feet tottered with fatigue. I longed for death, but it did not come. My sight was blurred; my heart trembled; my mind stood still. Thirst made me miserable, but water was far away. King! I stumbled at every step.[1]

At another place, the poet graphically describes how the women of the royal place exchange remarks about each other. They are typically Gujarātī. Additions in the interest of realism are also made at appropriate places without destroying the flow of the poem.

Bhālaṇa is the greatest artist in the language for portraying parental and domestic feelings. The maid describes to Tarapīḍa his queen's yearning for a child in words full of grace and feeling.

While talking, Oh King, she says: "Life is wasted. I never kissed a child of mine, never pressed it close to my heart. I never saw the smiling face of a son, beautiful with two tiny teeth looking up to me as I fed him with milk. Never did I hear, with joyful heart, anklets jingling on his feet as he stumbled along on his toes. Oh! What shall I do now? I shall never see him return from school, ink-pot and writing-board in hand, running up to me, clinging to

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1. राय! घणूं शूं कंहीइ कथी? प्राण समूं कांइ वाहालूं नथी,
नहितरि ततक्षण मुउ तात, ते सवि वीसारी मि वात,
तेह वेदना दारुण सही, मुझ समु को निष्टुर नहीं!
भूख्या रही जिणि दीधूं भक्ष, पाल्यु सनेह करी समक्ष,
ने दोहिलि ऊछेरु अपार, ते मुझ वीसरिउ उपकार!
जननी जनक गयां परलोक, ते मि वीसार्यु सवि शोक;
देह राखवा कर्यु उपाय; कोइ दुष्ट मुझ सरखुं? राय!
श्रांत थकां मि नवि हींडाय; विषम वाट; तनु धूलि भराय;
दुःखातुर अति थाका चरण; घणूं इ वांछूं नावि मरण.
आवि अंधारूं लोचंन, धूजि रिदि; न चालि मंन;
पीडि पिपासा; वेगळूं वारि; ढली ढली पडूं, रा, तिणि ठारि.

me with the word 'Mama'. My heart longs for a mother's joy; but the longing will never be fulfilled."[1]

But this work, which modern students of the literature appreciate, does not appear to have evoked contemporary enthusiasm or to have been a subject of imitation.

Nalākhyāna, which followed, was similar in technique. The *Mahābhārata*, Śrīharsha's *Naishadhīya* and Trivikrama's *Nalacampū* have been laid under contribution to produce a short ākhyāna on the episode of Nala and Damayantī. Though the execution of this work is decidedly inferior to that of *Kādambarī*, it was the original of many subsequent copies.

V.

His other works are: *Rāmavivāha* and *Rāmabālacarita* from the *Rāmāyaṇa*; *Jālandharākhyāna* from the *Padma Purāṇa*; *Durvāsākhyāna* from the *Mahābhārata*; *Dhruvākhyāna, Rukmiṇīharaṇa, Satyabhāmāvivāha, Kṛishṇavishṭi, Kṛshṇa-bāla-carita,* and the *Daśamaskandha* from the *Bhāgavata.*

Bhālana made a free use of garabīs in the works dealing with Kṛshṇa's life, and invested them with charm of language and delicacy of sentiment. The models furnished by him were copied by all later poets, including Dayarāma, and gave to garabī its distinctive form. The following garabī is still popular for the homely charm with which it describes the feelings of Jasodā, Kṛishṇa's foster mother.

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1. वात करती एम कहि, 'मिथ्या गयु ए काल ।
हृदि शूं चांप्यु नहीं, चुंबन देई वाल ॥
नाहाना नाहाना दंत वि, नि सुंदर मुखनु वान ।
पुत्र हसतु नहीं दीठु, करावतां पयपान ॥
चरण वागि घूघरी, अंगुली वलगु जाय ।
ए सुख हूं पामी नहीं ! हवि करूं किशु उपाय ॥
नेसालीथी भणी आवि, पाटी खडिउ हाथि ।
आइ ! कही बोलावतु धरि वाल घालि वाथि ॥
ए ऊरिउ वीतु नहीं, जे पुत्रमाता नाम । '
एणी पिरि मनि दुःख आणि नित्य परति, स्वामि ॥

Come home, darling Māvajī! I will give you milk and rice with a loving hand. You have grown rich since you went to Mathurā; and, powerful too. But, believe me, none loves you more than I do. Devakī herself will not hold you more fondly in her arms than I held you in mine when nursing you. Her body will never be as mine was then, all quivering with rapture.

Alas! I am your nurse, not your mother; you know it now. I know why you are wroth: I tied your hands when you stole butter. Yes, and I did not jump after you in the Kālindī; you remember it still; you owe me a grudge for it. None else can win love, and forget it so lightly as you. Raghunātha! Lord of Bhālaṇa! Do remember your love for me, short-lived though it was.[1]

The poet deserves a high place in literature as the pioneer of the new tradition, which, through ākhyānas, gave Gujarāta a new literature. Many authors have worked upon his ākhyānas, but none, except Premānanda, has improved upon them. His style is expressive and elegant. He knew the art both of translation and adaptation. As we read him, we note the remarkable change which two centuries, between Someśvara and Bhālaṇa had wrought. Style, verse, outlook, all had changed, and so also the literary quality.

The next poet whose work is available, Mantrī Karmaṇa (c. 1470), a Vaṇika by caste, has left an ākhyāna, *Sītāharaṇa*, which is poor in style. Keśava Hṛderāma, a Kāyastha of Pāṭaṇa (c. 1473), composed *Daśamaskandha*, a version of Xth canto of the *Bhāgavata*. Bhīma, a Moḍha Brāhmaṇa of Siddhapura, composed some ākhyānas and a work entitled *Harilīlāshodaśakalā*, (c. 1484) borrowed from

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1. सीठडा मावजी रे, मारे मंदिर आवो;
प्रेमे पीरसुं परमानंद, कुर ने दूध शीरावो.
मथुरा रिद्धि पाम्या घणी, वाध्युं छे अति तेज रे;
सही जाणजो मारा सरखुं, को नहिं आणे हेज.
धवरावीने हैडे चांपती, त्यम देवकी नहिं चांपे रे;
रोमांचित मारी देहडी थाती, त्यम तेनी नव कांपे.
माता नहिं थाउं तमारी, धाव कहीने जाणो रे;
में बांध्यो जे माखण माटे, तेणे रोष भराणो.
कालिंदी मांहे तम उपर, जे हुं नव झंपावी रे;
जाणुं छुं ते वात संभारी, रीस मनमांहे आवी.
तें कीधो त्यम कोय दे नहिं, प्रीत करीने छेह रे;
भालणप्रभु रघुनाथ संभारो, एक घडीनो नेह.

the *Harilīlāmṛta* of Bopadeva. The movement spread fast. Poets from different parts of Gujarāta composed similar ākhyānas, using the *Bhāgavata,* the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Saptaśatī* for their models. A voluminous writer was Nākara (c. 1550), a Deśāvala Vaṇika of Baroda, who attempted a rendering of some parts of the *Mahābhārata.* He was unable to follow the original Saṁskṛta even with Bhālaṇa's fidelity. Many of the Brāhmaṇa authors were gāgariā bhaṭas by profession.

CHAPTER IV.

BHAKTI : MIRĀṄ AND NARASIṄHA MEHTĀ.

Bhakti—The evolution of the Kṛshṇa myth.—The *Bhāgavata* and bhakti—Its philosophic back-ground—Its spread—Caṇḍīdāsa—Mādhavendra—Caitanya and his influence—Mirāṅ (c.1550)—As a bhakta—As a poetess—Pushtimārga —Vallabhācārya's sect.—Its influence in Gujarāta—Gopāladāsa (c. 1570) Narasinha Mehtā (1500-1580).—His life—His struggles—His works—*Hāramāla*-*Sāmalaśāno Vivāha*—*Sṛngāramāla*—*Rāsa-sahasrapadī*—*Suratasangrāma*.—His *Padas* —His Surrender to God—His place in literature.—Note A. The date of Narasinha Mehtā.

In the fourteenth century, the classics and the philosophies receded into the background. Even the Purāṇas by themselves did not meet the requirements of the people. And the cult of bhakti became the most potent factor in the Purānic movement, stimulating an intensely devotional attitude towards the gods.

I

Kṛshṇa was the first to become the centre of a great devotional impulse. Owing to this impulse, this semi-mythic person is now the greatest among epic heroes, a Ulysses, and very much more. He is the One who delivered the message of the *Bhagavadgītā*, the most popular and the most profound scripture in a land of conflicting scriptures, a work which has inspired the life and thought of great Indians from Śaṅkara to Tilak, Aravinda Ghose and Mahātmā Gandhi, among the moderns. He has fired the imagination of almost every Indian poet since the *Bhāgavata* was composed. And, as the very image of triumphant manhood, he has for centuries brought solace to millions. He occupies the highest place in the Indian pantheon; in religion, he is the God, and in philosophy, the all pervading Over-soul, Parabrahma. The process by which a hero of mythology has continued to hold this position has to be rightly understood in order to realise the mighty impulse which spread through the country in his name[1].

1 Vide, Munshi, *Thoḍāṅka Rasadarśano* (Guj.) p. 116 et seq.

In the *Ṛgveda*, Vishṇu, the sun-god, was the omniscient, 'trivikrama viśvasya,' and Varuṇa, the sky-god, was the king of heavens, 'bhuvanasya rājā'. Later, the *Aitareya Brāhmaṇa* elevated Vishṇu to the position of the greatest of gods, and the Vedic myths connected with other gods were transferred to him. The *Taittarīya Āraṇyaka* identified him with Nārāyaṇa, an ancient Ṛshi, who, as an incarnation of Vishṇu, was worshipped by a sect known as Pāñcarātra. All these different attributes came to be transferred to one deity, the god Vāsudeva, whose worship was common even in the days of the grammarian Pāṇini (c. B. C. 500). Bhagavān Vāsudeva's devotees came to be known as Bhāgavatas; such a one was Heliodore, the ambassador of a Greek king, who came to India (c. B. C. 200.) The Gupta Emperors were styled 'Mahābhāgavatas', the great devotees of the Bhagavān, and the worship of Vishṇu and his spouse Laxmī was popular in the Gupta period.

It spread right down to South India; and Śaṅkara (c. A. C. 800) refers to the worship of Parabrahma in the form of Bhagavān Vāsudeva. The *Vishṇu Purāṇa* had for its object the glorification of Vishṇu as Vāsudeva. But, so far, the bhakti or devotion which the Bhāgavata cult inculcated was akin to reverence, and found its best expression in Arjuna's prayer in the *Bhagavadgītā* canto xi. The God was great; the devotee, weak and helpless, prayed to his Master with humility.

This aspect of bhakti was soon changed. It was invested with all the attributes of earthly love. Nārada, in *Bhaktiśāstra*, defines it as of the nature of intense love. Śāṇḍilya, in his *Bhaktisūtra*, explains it to be attachment towards god, which, as amplified by the commentator, means love 'characterized by horripilation and other signs of worldly love, like the love felt by Śakuntalā for Dushyanta'. The new bhakti was an emotion which impelled the bhakta, the devotee, to worship the Lord, to seek him everywhere, to yearn for him, to quarrel with him, to remove the distance which reverence implies, in short, to love him passionately as one would a human lover. This new emotion led the national imagination, before c. A. C. 800, to create Rādhā, a bride for Kṛshṇa, more human and

lovable than the majestic Laxmī or Rukmiṇī of the Purānas. In *Dhvanyāloka* (c. 850) she shares the incense with Kṛshṇa; about 980 she is mentioned as his spouse in an inscription of King Amoghavarsha of Dhārā.

The *Bhāgavata Purāṇa*, composed sometime between c. 600 and c. 800, gives prominence to this aspect of bhakti for Kṛshṇa. This was an epoch-making work; it soon gained predominant influence in the country, as much through its being the gospel of the new emotion as by its rare literary charm. Its sentiments and turns of expression were soon carried to the doors of every villager by the purāṇikas in all provinces.

Pure bhakti is beautifully expressed in the *Bhāgavata*.

As the wingless nestlings wait for the mother, as the hungry calves long to be suckled, as the love-lorn damsel waits for her lover, so, Lotus-eyed, does my mind yearn for thee. . . . To hear about Vishṇu, to sing of Him, to remember Him, to fall at His feet, to worship Him, to bow to Him, to serve Him, to be His friend, to dedicate oneself to Him, is the nine-fold bhakti......

To the gopīs, (says Kṛshṇa) the nights, when I, their lover, went about with them in Vṛndāvana, were like flitting moments. But when I left them, their nights were endless as cycles . . . In this way, hundreds who knew not My real Self loved Me only as their Lover, and attained to Me, the Parabrahma.[1]

Thus the Purānic movement, leavened by bhakti, captured the religious thought and sentiment of the age.

II

Between the tenth and the thirteenth centuries, bhakti spread all over the country. Temples had been raised to Vishṇu and Saṅkarshaṇa in the extreme south. In the sixth, seventh and eighth centuries the twelve Alvāras or apostles—one of whom was a lady—had preached the bhakti of Nārāyaṇa in devotional songs which became popular under the name of the *Vaishṇava veda*, the scriptures of the Vishṇu cult. After the Alvāras came the Ācāryas, who gave it a philosophic basis. In c. 1000, Yamunācārya propounded the doctrine of prapatti, surrender to God; his great-grandson, Rāmānuja, who succeeded him, gave a complete philosophic back-ground to the movement, and elevated it to the level of a mono-theistic

1. VI. 11. 26; VII 5. 23-24; XI, 12, 11-13.

religion. About 1150 Nimbārka founded a new school in Telaṅgaṇa stressing the pure bhakti of Kṛshṇa and Rādhā. "We worship", says he "Rādhā, the daughter of Vṛshabha, the goddess who joyfully adorns the left lap of the great deity Krshṇa, as beautiful as Kṛshṇa himself, surrounded by thousands of damsels. She it is who fulfils all desires." Madhva (c. 1199-1278) laid the foundation of a yet more vigorous Vaishṇava cult. These great philosophers, by their learning and dialectic skill, founded new schools of thought; and the linguistic and intellectual unity which Saṁskṛta imparted made it easy for them to introduce a new outlook in the religious and moral life of the whole of India.

In the tenth century, decadent Buddhism under the influence of Kāhṇa Bhatta, a great scholar and poet of Bengal, preached illicit love and complete bodily and mental surrender to the teacher as the only way to emancipation. The Rādhā-Kṛshṇa romance had already obtained a hold over the popular mind through folk-songs and festivals. Both these currents combined to strengthen the bhakti of Kṛshṇa. Umāpati, in the eleventh century, and Jayadeva, the author of *Gītagovinda*, in the twelfth, wrote highly artistic and sensuous poems on Kṛshṇa. The linguistic, the rythmic, and the sentimental graces of *Gītagovinda* caught the imagination of all bhaktas in the country, and within a century of its composition, it was recognised as a classical model. In the thirteenth century, Mahārāshṭra also developed its bhakti cult, but with a decided bias towards asceticism. Thus bhakti grew into the most creative force in the country, bringing joy to every home and re-vitalising the Āryan culture.

In the fourteenth century, Navadvīpa (Nadia), the ancient centre of learning in Bengal where later Budhist monks had preached unchaste love as the only avenue leading to Nirvāṇa, rang with the passionate love-songs of one of the greatest Indian poets, Caṇḍīdāsa. This learned and pure Brāhmaṇa belonged to the Sahajiā sect. Following its tenets, which required a seeker after salvation to love a low-caste married woman, he had given his heart to a washer-woman, Rāmī. Caṇḍīdāsa was persecuted for this

love, but, for the sake of the woman to whom he addressed his immortal love-songs, he endured every form of persecution. "You are religion; you are my parents. You are my threefold worship. You are the *Vedas*, the Gāyatrī. You are the goddess of speech, Sarasvatī, and Pārvatī", thus, he expressed his yearning for Rāmī. He composed kīrtanas, ostensibly religious, which told only the tale of his undying passion.

With these lyrics eternally ringing in his ears, Mādhavendrapuri, a sanyāsin from Bengal and a disciple of Madhva, came to Vṛndāvana near Mathurā. The sacred groves, where once Kṛshṇa had made love to Rādhā, were the most active centres of the bhakti cults. The bhaktas, the teachers, and thousands of devotees came there every year from all parts of India, generation after generation; and so also came there Mādhavendra to meet his lover, Śrī Kṛshṇa. On the banks of the Yamunā, in the groves hallowed by divine romance, the learned sādhu wandered like a maiden in love, singing songs, seeking his Love. This bhakta founded there a temple which attracted Bengālī bhaktas. He died in c. 1485 leaving a number of disciples including Īśvarapuri.

A few years later Īśvarapuri initiated into the mysteries of bhakti Nimāi, a young, brilliant, strong-headed paṇḍita from Nadiā who had come to Gayā to perform his father's obsequies. Nimāi, one of the most notable lovers in history, heard Mādhvendra's gospel and straightway fell in love with Śrī Kṛshṇa. "Leave me", he said, "I am not of the world. I will go to Vṛndāvana and meet my Lord." He gave up the world to become a sanyāsin, and went about like one mad, calling upon his Lord. He wandered all over India in search of Vaishṇavas. A stern ascetic and a profound scholar, he prayed and sang to his Lover, quivering with emotion like a heart-broken girl. Nimāi, better known as Caitanya or Lord Gaurāṅga, soon became the living embodiment of bhakti. He revolutionised Vaishṇavism.

Caitanya longed to see Vṛndāvana become the centre of the bhakti cult. In c. 1510 Lokanātha, his follower, founded the headquarters of the Caitanya sect in the holy grove. In c. 1516 two Mahomedan noblemen became converts to

Hinduism, accepted him as their teacher, and took charge of the temple. These two, Rūpa and Sanātana, and their more eminent nephew, Jivā Gosāiṅ, made Vṛṅdāvana a living centre of bhakti and learning. Under the influence of the Vṛṅdāvana school, bhakti flooded the country. To love Śrī Kṛshṇa with the undying passion of a bride became a national religion.

The new bhakti impulse from Vṛṅdāvana spread in Gujarāta in the sixteenth century, and, perhaps, the two greatest bhakti poets of Gujarāta, Mīrāṅbāī and Narasiṅha Mehtā, were influenced by the sādhus and bhaktas of this sect.

III

Mīrāṅbaī, the greatest poetess of Western India, was a grand-daughter of Rao Dudājī, chief of Meḍtā, a small principality in Rajputāna.[1] She was born about the year 1500, and her grand-father, a devout Vaishṇava, influenced her mind from her earliest years. She was married to Bhojarāja, the son of Rāṇā Saṅgha of Cītoḍa, but he died in c. 1517. In 1532, Saṅgha's younger son, Vikrama, came to the throne of Cītoḍa, then suffering from the after-effects of Saṅgha's unsuccessful war with Babar, the founder of the Mogul Empire.

The widowed princess forgot the world in the worship of Kṛshṇa. Surrounded by sādhus and bhaktas, she prayed incessantly, singing devotional songs composed by herself. Her association with low-born sādhus offended the Rāṇā's sense of propriety, and he tried to put a stop to it by persecution. But Mīrāṅ's attitude was unyielding.

Giradhara Gopāla is mine, and none else. I have left mother, father, and brother; in company of saints, I have lost all sense of shame. I run to welcome saints; I weep, looking at the world. I have reared an immortal creeper of bhakti, watering it with tears of love . . . . . The thing has gone

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1 Another theory makes her a queen of Kumbhā Rāṇā of Cītoḍa, placing her between 1403 and 1470.

forth; every one knows it. Mirāñ, the slave of Giradhara, says, what was to happen has happened.[1]

And in one of her beautiful padas she addresses the Rāṇā thus:

Rāṇāji! What can I do! My love for Kṛshṇa is eternal. Rāṇā of Mevāḍa! What can I do? I am so tempted. My heart is at peace only when I worship my Rāma; otherwise, I cannot even sleep. The double rosary on my neck is to me a lovely ornament. How can I forget my Lord, the bride-groom in all my past lives?

The Rāṇā even made an attempt to kill her. Rajput standards had condemned her as a disgrace to the family. In her waking hours, she was a love-lorn cowherdess, beloved of her Lover, living in the imaginary world of Vṛndāvana.

No one knows the pain I feel. No, none. The wounded and the suffering alone know the plight of the wounded. Like a fish, I am dying for water. I lie on a bed made of thorns. Mirāñ's pain will cease only when the physician, Śāmalā, Dark one, comes.[2]

Kṛshṇa is a living lover to her. She visits Vṛndāvana and yearns to see him. She hears his flute as its notes rise to the sky. He stops her on the way, taking the toll of curds as from other gopīs. She plays with him, dances the rāsa with him. She pines away; she is reminiscent. "I am mad with love and no one knows it". She is fascinated with Kṛshṇa's face.

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1. अब तो मेरा गिरधर गोपाल, दूसरा न कोइ.
माता छोडी पिता छोडे, छोडे सगा भाइ,
साधुसंग बेठ बेठ लोकलाज खोइ.
संत देख दोड आइ,
प्रेम आंसु डाल डाल, अमरवेल बोइ.
. . . .
अब तो बात फेल गइ, जाने सब कोइ,
दास मीरां लाल गिरधर, होनी सो होइ.

2. दर्द ना जाने मेरा कोइ रे, मेरा कोइ.
घायलकी गत घायल जाने, जा शिर बीती होइ.
जल विना जेसी मछलीही तलपे, सो गत मेरी होइ.
सूलि उपर सेज हमारी, तापर रहेवुं सोइ.
मीरांको दुःख जब मीटेगो, बद शामरो वोही.

I love your face. Enchanting one, I love your face. I saw your face and the world has become repulsive. My mind has been different since then.

Her longing is acute.

Kanhudā does not know of my love—my virgin love for Him. We went to fetch water from the Jumnā; He sprayed us with water there. And the spray was all about us.

The Beloved held a rāsa in Vṛndāvana; He pulled the raiment of sixteen hundred gopīs. And the raiment were torn to shreds.

Kānā! I am mad after you; You have shot your arrows at me; and the arrows have pierced me through and through.

Bai Mīrāṅ says: Lord Giradhara, Kanhuḍā has burnt her to death; He has thrown her ashes from a high hill. And the ashes are flying about on all sides.[1]

Again she sings:

My Giradhara, my Lover, my beloved handsome Dark One! Do not forsake us. You have gone to dwell in Mathurā, but do not be cruel. . . . . Your flute is still heard; its echoes are about us. Without you the pathways of Vraja are hateful.[2]

So many stories are told about her that it is difficult to ascertain the facts. But one of her bhajanas sums up her adventures.

Govinda is my soul. The world repels me; I love only my Rāmaji—I know no other. Saints devoted to Hari live in the palace of Mīrāṅ. Hari lives away from the deceitful; but He lives beside my saints.

Rānāji sends a letter. Go, and give it into the hands of Mīrāṅ. "Leave off the company of sādhus; come and live with me."

Mīrāṅbāī sends a reply. Go and give it into the hands of Rānāji. "Let go your throne and kingdom; come and live with my sādhus."

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1. कानुडे न जाणी मोरी पीर, बाइ हुं तो बाळकुंवारी रे—कानुडे०
जलरे जमनां अमे पाणीडां गयां'तां वाहाला, कानुडे उडाड्यां आछां नीर;
उड्यां फररररररर रे—कानुडे०
वृंदारे वनमां वा'ले रास रच्यो छे, सोळसें गोपीनां ताण्यां चीर;
फाट्यां चरररररर रे—कानुडे०
हुं वरणागी काहाना तमारारे नामनी रे, कानुडे मार्या छे अमने तीर;
वाग्यां अररररररर रे—कानुडे०
वाई मीरांके प्रभु गिरधर नागर, कानुडे बाळीने फेंकी उंचे गिर;
राख उडे फररररररर रे—कानुडे०

2. वलिहारी रसिया गिरधारी, सुंदर श्याम हो, तजी अमने मथुराना वासी आवा न बनी ए जी . . . .
वांसलडी वागी वहाला भणकारा वागे छे,
व्रजवाट लागे खारी . . . .

Rāṇā sends a cup of poison. Go and give it into the hands of Mirāñ. Mirāñ drank it as if it were nectar; the Lord of the Universe protected her.

"Camelman! Get the camel ready. I have to go a hundred kośas. It is sinful even to take water in the kingdom of the Rāṇā." Mirāñ left Mevāḍa and went to the west. She gave up all, for her mind was not with the world.

Mirāñ is the beloved of Hari; she lives in the service of His saints. She likes the company of the holy; her heart is away from that deceitful person.[1]

Thus Mīrāñ came to live at Dvārikā in Kāṭhiāvāḍa. After her departure, Cītoḍa fell on evil days. Its throne changed hands at short intervals. Ultimately, the ruling prince traced its misfortunes to Mirāñ's departure from Cītoḍa, and begged of her to come back. Mīrāñbāī declined to return; but the unfortunate prince wanted her back at any cost. The Brāhmaṇas entered upon a fast in order to induce her to come. Moved by this, Mīrāñ went into the temple to ask leave of her Lord; she did it with tears in her eyes, singing her songs; and as she sang, she was merged in the idol of her Lord.

IV

Mīrāñ is claimed by Gujarāta, Rajputāna and the whole of the Mathurā region. But, as during the century in which

1. गोविन्दो प्राण अमारो रे, मने जग लाग्यो खारो रे;
मने मारो रामजी भावे रे, बीजो मारी नजरे न आवे रे.
मीरांबाईना महेलमां रे, हरि संतननो वास;
कपटीथी हरि दूर वसे, मारा संतन केरी पास.
राणोजी कागळ मोकले रे, दो राणी मीरांने हाथ;
साधुनी संगत छोडी द्यो, तमो वसोने अमारे साथ.
मीरांबाई कागळ मोकले रे, देजो राणाजीने हाथ;
राजपाट तमे छोडी राणाजी, वसो साधुने साथ.
विषनो प्यालो राणे मोकल्यो रे, देजो मीरांने हाथ;
अमृत जाणी मीरां पी गयां, जेने सहाय श्री विश्वनो नाथ.
सांढवाळा सांढ शणगारजे रे, जावुं सो सो रे कोश;
राणाजीना देशमांरे मारे, जळ रे पीधानो दोष.
डावो मेल्यो मेवाड रे, मीरां गई पश्चिम मांय,
सरव छोडी मीरां नीसर्यां, जेनुं मायामां मनडुं न कांय.
मीरां हरिनी लाडणी रे, रहेती संत हजूर,
साधु संगाते स्नेह घणो, पेला कपटीथी दिल दूर.

she lived there was only one language in these parts, Old Gujarātī or Old Western Rājasthānī, it is no wonder that her padas are now found in all the different vernaculars which have taken the place of that language. She has not left any long poem; a large number of the padas which bear her name are not authentic; but some definitely bear the impress of her pure, noble, and loving personality. Her language is simple, and appealing.

> She has only one thing to say, and, in consequence, her range is limited. Her poems have elegance and delicacy rather than variety. Her heart is capable of deep feeling, but its expression is limited by her comparative ignorance. Mīrāṅ is not ego-centric, only intense: not voluptuous, nor profound.[1]

But passion, grace, delicacy, melody—Mīrāṅ has all these gifts. Her longing is exquisite; it seizes all hearts, penetrates all souls. Her poetic skill possesses the supreme art of being artless. Sometimes she brings natural beauty to aid sense and sound in producing harmony. An untranslatable harmony characterizes the following:

> The peacock's notes are shrill. Rādhā! the peacock's notes are shrill. Peacocks call; bapaiyās call: koels sing; the sound fills the air. Lightening glistens; dark clouds thunder. Drizzling rain pours gently; and as I come to meet you the fringe of my sāri is wet. Bāī Mīrāṅ says, this is the charm of my Lord Giridhara; My Lord has stolen my heart.[2]

Mīrāṅ's padas, some of which are garabīs, have been very popular throughout Rajputāna and Gujarāta, and have considerably influenced the literature of succeeding periods.

V

Yet another school of bhakti arose, known as Rudrasaṁpradāya or Pushtimārga. A Vishṇuswāmī founded the sect[3]; and Vallabhācārya Goswāmī, a Brāhmaṇa from Telaṅgaṇa born in c. 1479, made it noteworthy. The Goswāmī repeatedly travelled all over India preaching his

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1. Lilavati Munshi, *Mīrāṅbāī Eka Dṛshṭ*, (Guj.)
2. वोले झीणा मोर, राधे तारा डुंगरिया पर वोले झीणा मोर.
   मोर ही वोले वपैया ही वोले, कोयल करे घनशोर. राधे०
   * * * भली वीजली चमके, वादल हुवा घनघोर. राधे०
   झरमर झरमर मेहुलो वरसे, भीजे मारा साळुडानी कोर. राधे०
   वाई मीरांके प्रभु गिरधरना गुण प्रभुजी म्हारा चितडाना चोर. राधे०
3. Munshi, *Thodāṅka Rasadarśano* (Guj.) p. 204.

cult, and naturally came to Gujarāta. He founded the shrine of Śrī Nāthaji in Vṛaja in c. 1558, and died in c. 1576. Vallabhācāryā was a scholar more than a bhakta. The record of his meeting with Caitanya does not show him at his best. His aim was to found a compact sect on the basis of bhakti; and it was carried out in practice by the initiate taking the vow of 'dedicating to Lord Śrī Kṛshṇa his body, organs of sense, soul, heart and all its activities, as also his wife, house, family, wealth and self.'

Vallabha's son, Viṭhalanāthajī, improved upon his father's doctrines. His father was not 'the slave of Kṛshṇa', but Kṛshṇa himself. Rāsalilā, in which Vallabha's sons played the part of young Kṛshṇa, became a predominant feature of the goswāmi's existence.

'The ācārya was to be considered a husband of many wives and the centre of rāsalilā, and one whose principal function was to dance the rāsalilā.'[1] The Sahajia doctrine of self-surrender to the teacher was combined with bhakti; and the sect flourished on the degrading self-dedication of its adherents, both men and women, to a religious institution, the heads of which claimed to be living Kṛshṇas. No doubt, some of the goswāmis were learned and led an irreproachable life, and, in playing the part they did, were merely systematising existing practices. Thus the rāsa dance from a popular festival became a religious ceremony. Conducted by one male, the religious head of the institution regarded as the Kṛshṇa on earth, and women devotees, it was performed in the sanctum of the palaces of the goswāmis which went by the name of temples. The grandson of Vallabha carried these principles to their logical extreme, and inculcated the doctrine that a devotee should dedicate even his wife to the ācārya before marriage was consummated. That these theories did not remain innocent abstractions was proved in a case which came before the High Court of Bombay in 1862.

Viṭhalnāthaji came to Gujarāta and acquired a large following. In c. 1570 we see the influence of this sect on Gujarātī literature in Gopāladāsa's *Vallabhākhyāna*. The

1 *Viṭhaleshwaratnavivaraṇa*, quoted in op. cit. 207.

enthusiastic worshipper looked upon the goswāmī as God and described his appearance and pomp with abject admiration. This sect became very popular in Gujarāta, attracting many castes which followed Śaivism or Jainism. Its music, rāsas and sensuous literature opened a vista of joy before the people.

VI

In the sixteenth century, Narasiṁha Mehtā voices the new impulse of bhakti in Gujarāta. At one time his date was taken as fixed between 1414 and 1480. Results of recent investigations point to his being placed between 1500 and 1580.[1] About the beginning of the seventeenth century his fame as a bhakta spread over all the provinces of India. His life, works, and, more particularly, the miraculous assistance which Kṛshṇa gave him from time to time fired popular imagination; and, soon, he became the centre of a new mythology of bhakti. The first Gujarātī poet to sing of his life was Viśvanātha Jānī (1652).

Some incidents of his life are mentioned by the poet himself in works which are undoubtedly his own. Narasiṁha, born in the village of Talājā near Junāgaḍha, was a younger son of one Kṛshṇadāsa, a Vaḍanagarā Nāgara by caste. The Nāgaras were, for centuries, the repositories of learning and orthodoxy; and their fierce exclusiveness was then at its height. Narasiṁha lost his father early, and was left dependent on his elder brother. He associated with itinerant sādhus, and was introduced by them to the mysteries of bhakti peculiar to Vṛndāvana. He sang, danced like a gopī, and began to look upon Śrī Kṛshṇa as a lover. This conduct shocked his castemen who worshipped respectability no less than orthodoxy. His betrothal was broken off. But, after some time, another bride, Maṇekabāī, was found for him.

His brother's wife knew the fine art of hitting those who could not hit back; and Narasiṁha, by temperament incapable of making money, was made to lead a life of humiliation. The poet confesses:

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1 See Note A at the end of the chapter. Vide, Munshi, *Narasaiyo-Bhakta Harino*, Introduction (Guj.) pp. 49–82.



NARASINHA MEHTA

My birth was in Talājā. My brother's wife taunted me and called me a fool. The word pierced me; I went into the forest and worshipped a phallus of Śiva which was lying unworshipped.

Again, at another place he says, "My brother's wife said words which rankled in my mind". For seven days and nights the poor, helpless poet worshipped Gopanātha in a temple situated a few miles from Junāgaḍha; and at the end the mighty Śiva was propitiated. The god took him to Dvārikā, where the poet saw, with his eyes 'in fine frenzy rolling, Lord Kṛshṇa dancing his eternal rāsalīlā with the gopīs. Humbly, he held the torch, while his Lord danced. With the aid of a highly-strung imagination peopled with the fairy beings of bhakti literature, he achieved his heart's desire of establishing living contact with Śrī Kṛshṇa. "I resolved," he says, "to sing daily of the joy which once I knew, and so tell the world what always lives in my heart". His heart full of love for his Lord, he went and thanked his brother's wife for the favour she had done him.

Blessed are you, my brother's wife. You spoke harsh words; and because of them, I saw the dance of the Lord of cowherds in Gokula, and the Lord of the earth embraced me.

Narasiṅha left his brother's house, and set up a home of his own in a small, old house. It is identified by tradition with a spot now known as Narasiṅha Mehtāno Coro in Junāgaḍha. Maṇekabāī bore him a daughter, Kuṅvarabāī, and later a son, Śāmala. The family was maintained by the generosity of the religious-minded in the town. The poor poet was incorrigible. To people who rebuked him for his habits, he humbly replied, "Such am I, verily such am I; I am exactly such a one as you describe". He collected around him a few simple-hearted worshippers of Kṛshṇa of both sexes. He composed padas or bhajanas, mainly devotional, sometimes philosophic or ethical, very often descriptive of the amours of Rādhā and Kṛshṇa; and he spent his days and nights in singing them to the accompaniment of his karatāla.[1] Ever happy and intoxicated with pure bhakti,

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1. Karatālas are small cymbals loosely fixed in pieces of wood. They are held in each hand and used to beat the time to vocal music; and are the proverbial accompaniment of bhajanas.

he lived in an imaginary world, more real to him than the reality of worldly life.

But the bhakta had to pay the penalty of belonging to a caste composed of the fastidious. Kuṅvarbāī married and bore a child; and her father had to give her husband's people presents by way of *mośālā*. Then, Śāmala had to be married. All these ceremonials and social occasions meant money; and the poor Mehtā owned nothing but his karatālas, his poor saintly companions, and his unalterable faith in his Kṛshṇa. Nāgaras laughed at the penniless fool who believed that his God would help him. But someone always came forward with timely assistance for the godly man. Assistance so rendered came to be regarded miraculous, and the miracles were sung by later poets with faith and feeling.

Narasiṅha was not a fool, and not merely a poet. His life was inspired by a great philosophy. His heart went out to all men equally, and he sought every opportunity to bring solace to the lowly and the wretched. He derided family pride and caste exclusiveness, and mixed with the poor and the untouchables, teaching them bhakti. He sang:

> He who leaves his family, worships Hari and bears the taunts of the world, he, say I, Narasiṅha, he alone will meet Hari. Others will live in vain.[1]

But the climax was reached when the proud, orthodox Nāgara Brāhmaṇas of Junāgaḍha found that he had gone to a dheḍa, an untouchable sweeper, to sing bhajanas. They forthwith excommunicated him. Tired of social persecution, the saint exclaimed, "O Lord! Do not give me poverty and birth in the Nāgara caste again".[2]

A semblance of poetic justice is done to Narasiṅha by later poets by adding another incident to this episode. When the Nāgaras were sitting down to a caste-dinner, they saw a dheḍa sitting next to every one of them. This

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1 कुळ तजशे ने हरिने भजशे, सहेशे संसारनुं महेणुं रे;
भणे नरसैयो हरि तेने मळशे, बीजी वाते वोहणुं रे.

2 निरधन ने वळी नात नागरी, हरि न आपीश अवतार रे.

vision, however, vanished as soon as they rescinded the decree of excommunication which they had passed against the bhakta. Many other incidents have been sung by later poets. Once Narasiṅha received monies and drew a huṇḍī on Kṛshṇa at Dvārikā; and God himself honoured the bill of exchange. Again, Rā Māṇḍalik, the king of Junāgaḍha called the poet and, to test his sainthood, asked him to get a garland, hāra, from his Lord before morn, threatening him with dire penalties if he failed to do so. The bhakta prayed the whole night, and Kṛshṇa, just as the dawn broke, gave him the coveted garland. Both these incidents appear to be based on a later tradition.

Domestic calamities overtook the poet. His wife died, and, later, his son. His daughter became a widow. But the poet was happy as ever, unshaken in his faith and love.

> Believe me, all worldly happiness is shadowy. All things except Kṛshṇa are ephemeral.[1]

And, singing his love for his divine lover in passionate verse, the great saint, philosopher and poet lived to a ripe old age.

VIII

For centuries, his padas have been handed down orally. The followers of Vallabhācārya considered Narasiṇha a vadhaiā or a messenger of the coming dispensation, and attached special sanctity to them. The result has been unfortunate. No padas are available in the poet's own language; and some of them bear the traces of different authorship. The most notorious instance is that of *Hāra-mālā* which is supposed to have been composed by the poet to celebrate the occasion when Kṛshṇa gave him a garland of flowers in Rā Māṇḍalika's court. The poet is confronted by representatives of other sects. All of them, including the poet, thereupon break into mutual vituperation. Some padas put into the mouth of the poet are in questionable taste, and display narrow-mindedness and arrogance foreign to Narasiṅha's temperament. The poem came into

1 सुख संसारी मिथ्या करी मानजो,
कृष्ण विना बीजुं सर्वे काचुं.

existence about 1650; it was re-arranged and partly re-written by Premānanda in 1678, since when it has grown to twice its original size.[1]

Śāmalaśāno vivāha, The Marriage of Śāmala, the poet's son, is an authentic autobiographical poem. The poet described the events of his life: how his brother's wife drove him out, the god Śiva took him to Śrī Kṛshṇa, and he saw the rāsa; how his saintly wife served him; how a simple-hearted priest came to Junāgaḍha to find a husband for the daughter of Madana Mehtā, a proud official of Vaḍanagara; how the priest, fascinated with the saintliness of the poet and the qualities of his son, betrothed the girl to Śāmala. The caste tried to ridicule the match; and the poet, goaded on by his wife, went to Dvārikā to the Lord whose friend he claimed to be. There he found Kṛshṇa, who treated him with great friendliness and promised his support. And the Lord of the universe made the marriage procession of the bhakta a triumphant march full of pomp. The poet naïvely describes how the proud Madana Mehtā, when he rushed forward to greet his guest, saw Narasiṅha Mehtā as a divinity. The marriage was solemnised with éclat, the procession came back to Junāgaḍha, and the poet humbly adds: "The Lord disappeared as Narasiṅha stood with folded hands."

The reputation of the saint had evidently spread far enough to attract substantial generosity.

IX

The bulk of his works consists of padas, about seven hundred and forty in number,[2] collected under the name of *Sṛṅgāramālā*, the Rosary of Love. They are the expression of the Caitanya attitude of mind. To Narasiṅha, as to Caitanya and Mirāṅ, Kṛshṇa was the living Bridegroom. He was convinced that he had gone to Dvārikā with God Śaṅkara and held a torch when Kṛshṇa danced with Rādhā; and that, all absorbed, he had not even noticed that his hand was scorched as the torch burnt out.

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1 Op. cit. Introduction, pp. 14-48.
2 Op. cit. Introduction, p. 4.

I have held the hand of the great Lord of gopīs in pledge of love; I do not care for any one else . . . My manhood disappeared: I began to sing as a maid. My body was transformed; I was one of the gopīs. I intervened as a friend, and soothed the irate lady (Rādhā) with soft words. . . . Then I knew the delicate shades of emotion and sentiment, and felt strange experiences. He who sat and sang with Rādhā lived in my heart thereafter.

Modern prudery has tried in vain to find an esoteric meaning in the padas. The voluptuous imagination of the poet had been set on fire by the sex-tinged bhakti of Vṛndāvana; and it expressed itself in a poetic form sanctioned by the literary tradition of the age and acceptable to the religious sentiments of the author. The padas are subjective in their tone.

My Love has played the flute. I cannot stay in the house for a moment: I am so excited. What shall I do to have a look at him? . . . . .[1]

I clung to Kānji's neck, and drank the nectar of his lips . . . . . .[2]

How shall I go to fetch water? I am pierced by his flute; the tempter's eyes are dancing; I am attracted by his grace . . . . . .[3]

His eyes are matchless . . . There is magic in his eyes; they have charmed me with love. How can I go to my house? He has stolen my mind.[4]

Tell me, Śāmaliā, dear, where had you been? . . . You have forgotten your love of late; you are attracted to a new woman; I am dying for you. I have weighed you in the balance . . . [5]

My Lord does not speak with me; I cannot live without hearing his words. Somehow I bear the separation. But what shall I do now? . . . [6]

Kṛshṇa is with the gopī, and she adresses the moon thus:

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1 वांसलडी वाई मारे वहाले, मंदिरमां न रहेवाय रे;
व्याकुल थईने वहालाने, जोवा शुं करुं उपाय रे.

2 कंठे विलागी कहानजीने, अधर अमृतरस पीधोरे

3 केम जाउं जळ जमुनां भरवा, वांसलडीए वेंधाणीरे;
कामणगारो नेण नचावे, लटके हुं लोभाणीरे.

4 लोचन मांहे कामण भरीयुं, ते तो हुं नेहशुं करीयुं रे;
केम मंदिर जाउं मारी सजनी, मारुं मन एणे हरीयुं रे.

5 साचुं बोलो शामळिया वहाला, कहोने क्यां गया' तारे; . . .
हमणां हेत उतार्युं हरजी, पेली नवल नारशुं मन मोह्युं रे,
तमो विना अमे तलसि मरिये, तोल तमारुं जोयुं रे.

6 मारो नाथ न बोले बोल, अबोला मरिये रे;
हुं क्यम करी वेठुं वियोग, हवे शुं करिये रे.

Don't flicker like a lamp. Moon! Be steady, just for once. My Love is with me to-night; all shyness is at an end . . . . Let not your flame grow faint. Look, my lover smiles on me . . . . . . The soul of my soul has met me to-day.[1]

Rāsasahasrapadī, as it stands at present, is a loosely woven poem of about one hundred and twenty three padas[2]. But the original must have been a free rendering of chapters 29-33 of the *Bhāgavata* canto X. The poem begins by describing the gopīs as they came dressed up for the rāsa. In words well-tuned to the idea, the poet first describes the jingling anklets of the cowherdesses as they run out to meet their lover, and then, in verse after verse, the longing of each gopī. The rāsa begins. The padas grow more picturesque, now describing the rāsa, now depicting the condition of some gopī. The poet exclaims, as he describes his own part in the rāsa:

The torch-bearer, Narasinha was Hari's torch-bearer; and his manhood disappeared. . . .

The lovely young women shouted 'thei thei' as Kāhna appeared with each gopī. The anklets and girdles and the beat of drums sounded in exquisite harmony. The ardent lover danced with ecstasy. The resounding melody with its seven notes floated up to the sky. The gopīs danced with graceful movements, and pressed him to their hearts, their arms on each other's neck." [3]

But exquisite fancies are rare. The poet is all along absorbed in the grosser side of the rāsa: the dress, the smile, the embrace and a thousand other details. *Vasantanā pado*, The Songs of Spring, are in a similar vein, but the subject is the fāga festival. *Hiṇḍolānā pado*, the Songs of the

1 दीपकडो लईश मारे चांदलिया
स्थिर थई रहेजे आज;
वहालोजी विलस्यो हुं साथे लोपी सघळी लाज . . . .
रखे ज्योत तुं झांखी करतो पीउडे मांड्युं हास्य . . . .
प्राणनो प्राण ते आज मुजने मळ्या.

2 Op. Cit. Introduction, p. 24.

3 थेइ थेइ करे अगणित अंगना, गोपी गोपी प्रत्ये सोहे कान;
झांझर नेपुर कटि तणी क्रींकणी, ताल मृदंग रस एकतान.
नाचतां नाचतां, छेल छंदे भर्यो, सप्त स्वर धुन ते गगन चाली;
लटके लटका करे, नाथने उर धरे, परस्पर वांहेडी कंठ घाली.

Swing Festival, relate to another popular festivity connected with Kṛshṇa. In both these works, perhaps, the fāga literature was being pressed by Narasiṅha into the service of the bhakti cult. These padas have given to men and women in Gujarāta a glimmer of romance, of love, of the joy of life, which their humdrum every-day existence denied them.

X

The next group of poems relates to the episodes in Kṛshṇa's life as described in the canto X of the *Bhāgavata.* They are on the same model as the rāsa, each being a series of short padas. They are: *Kṛshṇajanma* dealing with the birth of Kṛshṇa; *Bālalīlā* describing the sports of his infancy; *Nāgadamaṇa* dealing with the well-known incident of his bringing back a ball which had fallen into the river Jumnā and incidentally vanquishing a cobra; *Dāṇalīlā* and *Mānalīlā* relating the story of how Kṛshṇa extracted the toll of curds from the gopīs; and *Sudāmā caritra,* the story of an old friend, needy and poor, who goes to seek the aid of Kṛshṇa. *Goviṅda gamana,* The Departure of Goviṅda, relates the episode of Akrūra taking away Krishṇa from Gokula. These were composed at different periods of his life; the last was composed, as he himself tells us, in his old age. As ākhyānas, they indicate a more advanced stage than those of Bhālaṇa's, but less advanced than Premānaṅda's. They are not literal translations of the originals, nor are they, in presentation and substance, independent works representing Gujarātī life. The author knows the text well. The original episode is changed; unified by the poet's imagination, it is reproduced as a fresh story, though not different from the Purāṇic original in incident and character.

Suratasaṁgrāma, The Battle of Love, which describes a boyish prank of Kṛshṇa, is an independent creation both in conception and execution. It is a work of higher literary value than many other ākhyānas.

On an early spring morn, when the birds are singing gaily, Rādhā, with ten friends, goes to sell curds. She meets Kṛshṇa who, with ten of his friends, is out to gather his toll of curds. Kṛshṇa abuses Rādhā. Angry like a feminine

Rudra incarnate, she catches hold of Kṛshṇa. Kṛshṇa attacks the young cowherdess; a battle ensues, but is suspended on the sudden appearance of Kṛshṇa's father, Nanda. The belligerents conceal themselves for a while, and when Nanda passes on, come together again. They decide to meet on a full moon night to resume battle. Rādhā is determined to fight fiercely. "The vanquished must become the victor's slave," she says.

When the full-moon night arrives, Rādhā and her friends emerge from their houses, ready for the fray, each little amazon selecting her antagonist. Rādhā writes out a message calling upon the enemies to surrender; as luck would have it, Narasiṁha is present, and is entrusted with the letter. The young cowherds, on the other side, take counsel whether or not to yield to their fair enemies. One advises prudent surrender. "There is no joy for you in victory, no dishonour in defeat." But Kṛshṇa refuses to submit to women. In the meantime, Narasiṁha comes along with the message, is taken to be a thief, and is beaten. He is, however, saved by Kṛshṇa. The poet asserts his dignity as an ambassador, hands over the message, and, turning an ardent feminist, advises the young men to surrender. He says, "Do not think that it is so easy to vanquish women... The lioness is more powerful than the lion, and, so is the cowherdess, strong and tough". But his advice is rejected, the young cowherds begin their march, and send Jayadeva, the author of *Gitagovinda* whom Narasiṁha considered his comrade in the Lord's service, with a message demanding immediate submission. Rādhā scornfully rejects the demand, saying, "We are the primal forces of life, mothers of men, gods and demons. Have you seen the seed without soil?"

The pourparlers having failed, the armies march against each other. Kisses, embraces, 'side-long glances shooting from winsome eyebrows', and many other unmentionable missiles are valiantly exchanged. The poet takes his humble share in the fight. In the first round the amazons defeat the young cowherds, but Kṛshṇa rushes to their rescue. Rādhā is overpowered at first, but recovers her ground. She goes back to her friends and shoots an

'arrow of anxiety'. The cowherds run for their lives; some fall; Kṛshṇa faints. He has to be carried away from the battlefield by friends. The fair warriors, flushed with victory, pursue the fleeing men to the very outskirts of Vraja. And lovely Rādhā 'having vanquished the lord of cowherds' marches on, occupying the conquered territory.

This is the best of his long poems. His favourite measure, prabhātia, with its slow-moving music, often takes on a martial air. The march, the fight, the defiant messages are described appropriately, sound matching sense. The personality of Rādhā emerges from the poem with a vividness rare in the literature of the age. Determined, proudly defiant, and lovelier by far than any other heroine in Old Gujarātī literature, her portrait is a piece of unusual creative art.

XI

But Narasiṅha's style is at its best in the padas of bhakti and jñāna, philosophy. They present the different aspects of the real Narasiṅha; the Vedāntin; the iconoclast who defied the existing formulae of life and for whom self-surrender to his all-pervading Master was real and complete; the man who cheerfully bore the cross of worldly afflictions, his faith in the goodness of his Lord unshaken; the saint whose heart went out to all. His creed was positive; his experience expressed itself in noble and touching eloquence, making his padas a living source of faith and inspiration.

> What avails it if one takes his bath and offers worship? What avails it to sit in the house and give money in charity? What use is it to have studied all the six philosophies? To have preserved caste-distinctions? These are but tricks to gain a living. Narasiṅha says: Who knows not the Supreme Soul that dwells within him, who sees not the Essence of all things, he has wasted his life, precious as the cintāmani jewel."[1]

His Vedāntism is highly practical.

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1 शुं थयुं स्नान सेवा ने पूजा थकी? शुं थयुं घेर रही दान दीधे?...
शुं थयु खटदर्शन सेवा थकी? शुं थयुं वरणना भेद आणे?
ए छे परपंच सहु पेट भरवा तणा आत्माराम परिब्रह्म न जोयो;
भणे नरसैयो तत्त्वदर्शन विना रत्नचिंतामणि जन्म खोयो.

You will never find the truth by making nice distinctions between soul, God and Supreme Soul. Narasinha says: When you forget I and Thou then alone will the Master help you.[1]

The dheḍas, sweepers, invite him to sing his bhājanas. He agrees to go, for 'where distinctions come in, God departs. To the eye of the dispassionate, all are equal.'[2]

The poet goes amongst the untouchables and prays. In the morning he returns, singing and keeping time with his karatāla. The Nāgaras, his castemen, laugh at him. What kind of Brāhmaṇa is this, herding with untouchables? The poet is silent. They say, "You don't know caste-distinctions." He bows low with folded hands and replies, "Yes! I have only the support of the Vaishṇavas." He defiantly sings:

I am such a man; I am such a one as you say. In the whole of the society I alone am wicked, yea, more wicked than the wicked. You may call me what you like; but my love is deeper. I am Narrasaiyo of the wicked deeds, but the Vaishṇavas alone are dear to me. He who believes himself superior to the worshipper of Hari has led his life in vain." [3]

According to him, a Vaishṇava is not one who worships Vishṇu; he is the flower of Āryan culture. He describes it in a verse which Mahātmā Gāndhi has made the hymn of his life.

He is the real Vaishṇava who feels other's sufferings as his own. He serves those who are afflicted and has no conceit. He bows before everyone, despises none; is steady in word, body and mind. Blessed is the mother of such a man. His outlook is always dispassionate; he has left all desires; he sees a mother in another man's wife. He never speaks an untruth, and touches no one's wealth. Ignorance does not overpower him; his mind knows stern detachment. He has experienced ecstasy in the worship of Rāma; his body in itself possesses all places of pilgrimage. He has no avarice, he

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1 जीव ईश्वर अने ब्रह्मना भेदमां, सत्य वस्तु नहि सद्य जडशे;
हुं अने तुंपणुं तजीश नरसैंया तो, गुरु तने हर्षथी पार पाडशे.

2 पक्षापक्षी त्यां नहि परमेश्वर, समदृष्टिने सर्व समान.

3 एवा रे अमो एवा, तमे कहो छो वळी तेवा रे;
सघळा साथमां हुं एक भुंडो, भुंडाथी वळी भुंडो रे;
तमारे मन माने ते कहेजो, स्नेह लाग्यो छे मने ऊंडो रे.
हळवा कर्मनो हुं नरसैंयो, मुजने तो वैष्णव वहाला रे;
हरिजनथी जे अंतर गणशे, तेना फोगट फेरा ठाला रे.

knows no fraud, he has outgrown desire and anger. Narsaiyā says: To look at such a man is to earn merit enough to save seventy-one generations from hell.[1]

This was for our poet no academic description of the Āryan code of ethics. It was a flaming truth, which the poet had felt and lived all his life, uttered in immortal words. In some of his padas the poet expresses himself with great poetic eloquence. In one such pada, Narasiṁha has risen to a power of conception and expression, a solemn majesty of noble, resounding utterance, which has scarcely been improved upon by any other author in the language.

Look at the sky, see Who pervades it, uttering the words: 'I am He', 'I am He'. At the feet of the Dark One, would I die; for there is none here who can compare with Kṛshṇa. My mind, lost in one endless festive mood, cannot fathom the great, dark splendour. Know the animate and the inanimate as one; lovingly hold fast to the life eternal. Look there—where the flaming light shines out of a million, rising suns; where the heavens are ablaze with a golden mantle; there, the Supreme sports in joy, swinging in a golden cradle. There, without wick or oil or thread, burns bright the fiery lamp, unwavering and everlasting. Let us see, but not with eyes, Him who is Formless. Let us drink in the delicious joy of this vision, but not with tongues. He is the Unknowable, the Deathless swinging high and low. The Lord of Narsaiyā is omnipresent. The saints alone can catch Him in the web of their love.[2]

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1 वैष्णवजन तो तेने कहीए, जे पीड पराइ जाणे रे;
परदुःखे उपकार करे ते, मन अभिमान न आणे रे.
सकळ लोकमां सहुने वंदे, निंदा ते न करे केनी रे;
वाचकाछमन निश्चळ राखे तो, धन्य धन्य जननी तेनी रे.
समदृष्टि ने तृष्णा त्यागी, परस्त्री जेने मात रे;
जीह्वा थकी असत्य न बोले, परधन नव झाले हाथ रे.
मोहमाया व्यापे नहि तेने, दृढ वैराग्य जेना मनमां रे;
रामनामसुं ताळी रे लागी, सकळ तीरथ तेना तनमां रे.
वणलोभी ने कपटरहित छे, कामक्रोधने निवार्या रे;
भणे नरसैंयो तेनुं दरसन करतां, कुळ इकोतेर तार्या रे.

2 नीरखने गगनमां कोण घुमी रह्यो, तेज हुं तेज हुं शब्द बोले;
श्यामना चरणमां इच्छुं छुं मरणरे, अहिंयां कोइ नथी कृष्ण तोले.
श्याम शोभा घणी बुद्धि ना शके कळी, अनंत ओच्छवमां पंथ भूली ;
जड ने चैतन रस करी जाणवो, पकडी प्रेमे सजीवंन मूळी.
जळहळ ज्योत उद्योत रवि कोटमां, हेमनी कोर ज्यां नीसरे तोले;

The bhakta of a personal Kṛshṇa merges in the philosophic saint, expressing the two-fold vision in one great word picture.

XII

Thus, lived and sang the noblest figure of vanished Gujarāta.

He dedicated thought, word, and deed to Śrī Kṛshṇa. He placed all his desires and hopes at his feet......As he carried on this alchemic process, he outgrew his sensuality. His bhakti turned spotless; the love as of a gopī, which he cherished, grew measureless; he saw his Lover in all men. 'Who sees Me everywhere, who sees all in Me' was not a mere phrase to Narsaiyā, nor an idea, but a plain, living fact......He realized Īsvara-praṇidhāna: forsaking all, he placed himself in His hands. And the stifling bonds of existence fell away from him......He came to be the embodiment of the Idea on which great souls from Vyās, Christ and Augustine to Caitanya and Mahatmā Gāndhī have built the fabric of life. Awake or asleep, his days were an eloquent commentary on the great truth perceived by Lord Vedavyāsa:

'Fix thy mind on Me alone; let thy will sink in Mine:
So shall thou abide in Me alone—for ever; there's no doubt.'[1]

The legacy of rich and varied vocabulary and language of great power and beauty which he left, exercised great influence on literature. His padas, cast into slow-moving and elastic prabhātiā metre generally reserved for early morning prayers, moulded the language and sentiments of succeeding generations. His taste is often loud and vulgar. He lacks the delicacy of Mirāṅ, the intensity of Suradāsa, the classic dignity of Tulsīdāsa. His language is too rhetorical to permit of that light, lingering touch which makes for great poetry. But he broke away from the lifeless literary tradition of his days. He changed Gujarātī poetry from an impersonal to a personal art. Poet, bhakta, apostle of Āryan culture—Narasiṅha was, and is, unique in Gujarāta.

सच्चिदानंद आनंदक्रीडा करे, सोनानां पारणां मांही झूले.
वत्ती विण, तेल विण, सूत्र विण, जो वळी, अचळ झळके सदा अनळ दीवो;
नेत्र विण नीरखवो, रूप विण परखवो, वण जिह्वाए रस सरस पीवो.
अकळ अविनाशी ए नवज जाये कळ्यो, अरध उरधनी मांहे महाले;
नरसैंया चो स्वामी सकळ व्यापी रह्यो, प्रेमना तंतमां संत झाले.

1 Op. cit., p. 92.

NOTE A. THE AGE OF NARASIṄHA MEHTĀ

When the knowledge of early Gujarātī literature first began to be acquired, some scholars conferred upon Narasiṁha the honour of being the first poet both in date and merit. As will appear from the text, the literature had its beginnings at least three centuries prior to the date, 1414-1480, tentatively fixed for Narasiṁha by these scholars. (1) This date was chiefly based upon the year 1512 (A. V.) given in *Hāramālā*, a poem attributed to Narasinha, as the date when Rā Māṇḍalika of Junāgaḍha (c. 1433-1473) put his sainthood to test. *Hāramālā*, however, is not composed by Narasiṁha himself, but is the work of some later poet; the legend of the garland apart from its intrinsic improbability has no historic basis; and the belief that Narasiṁha and Māṇḍalika were contemporaries has nothing in its support except the poem itself, the existence of which cannot be traced beyond c. 1650. (2) Further, the earliest authentic reference to Narasiṁha himself is in a work of the grandson of the Vaishṇava goswāmī Viṭhalnāthajī, composed about 1600. (3) The Gujarātī poets of the fifteenth and the sixteenth century, most of whom were bhaktas or purāṇikas, had no knowledge of him, and do not bear any trace of his influence. (4) The first reliable reference to him in Gujarāta itself is in 1652; and the available manuscript of none of his alleged works can be placed before that. (5) Govindadāsa's diary of his and Caitanya's visit in August 1511 to a temple of Raṇachodjī, at Junāgaḍha, is silent about this greatest bhakta of Kṛshṇa as Raṇachodjī, who made Junāgaḍha itself famous amongst the bhakti cults of India. (6) The bhakti of Narasiṁha bears traces of the Vṛndāvana school which spread over the country about 1500. The date of Narasiṇha, therefore, can reasonably be placed in the sixteenth century, somewhere between 1500 and 1580. Pursuing a doubt raised by Principal Ānandshankar Dhruva, I went into the question in *Gujarātī Sāhitya*, (1927), and more elaborately again in the Introduction to *Narasaiyo: Bhakta Harino* (1933). Narsinhrao Divatia in his Vassonji Lectures, *Gujarati Language and Literature*, while criticising some of my arguments, has admitted the validity of the doubt as to the orthodox date and the necessity of bringing it later.

CHAPTER V.

POPULAR FICTION.

(1360-1652).

Original sources—Guṇādhya—Folk stories common to Brāhmaṇa and Jaina works—Characteristics—Ethical motive—Love—Ākhyāna and Kathā—*Vetālapañcaviṅśatikā* (1360)—*Siṅhāsanadvātriṅśikā* (1463)—*Pañcatantra*—*Śukasaptati*—*Mādhavānala-dogdhaka-prabandha*—*Caurapancāśikā*—*Mārudholācupāi* (1541) —*Vidyāvilāsano Pavāḍo* (1429)—*Śilavatīno Rāsa*—*Sadayavatsa ane Sāvalingā*—Jain legendary literature—Lāvaṇyasamaya (1485)—*Vimalaprabandha*—Nayasundara (1560–1620)—*Rūpacandarāsa*—*Kusumaśrīrāsa* (1652).

From prehistoric times, India possessed a fascinating wealth of folk-lore. Literary men from Bhāsa downwards have drawn freely upon it; and all literatures, Saṁskṛta, Prākṛta, Apabhraṅśa, Old and Modern, glisten with its golden threads.

I

The *Jātakas* were a rich storehouse to draw upon. Guṇāḍhya, the author of the lost *Bṛhatkathā* in Paiśācī Prākṛta, was looked upon as the father of popular fiction; and *Kathāsaritsāgara*, (1063), an edition of the work abridged by Somadeva, true to its name, was the ocean where met the rivers of popular imagination. Kshemendra composed a similar collection of tales under the title *Bṛhatkathāmanjarī*. *Pañcatantra*, another such collection, was translated into Pehlvī in the sixth century, and into Italian and English early in the sixteenth century. Some of the stories in the Arabian Nights can be traced to early Indian sources. Other favourite sources drawn upon by Indian authors were *Vetālapañcaviṅśatikā*, *Siṅhāsanadvātriṅśikā* and *Sukasaptati*.

With classical influence on the wane, fiction came into popular favour in Gujarāta, and many authors diverted their attention from religious to secular literature. Even dharmakathās were presented as portraits of real life. In the hands of Bhālaṇa, as we saw, even the Purāṇic ākhyāyikās developed a tendency to become popular tales.

The stories composed in Gujarāta depicted life as it was before the Mussalman invasion of the country. They

were not, as it was once believed, the handiwork of any particular section of writers either Brāhmaṇa or Jaina. Long before the versions now available to us were composed, their originals had become indispensable to the masses as a source of culture and entertainment in the whole of India.

These stories, unlike dharmakathās, were not allegorical; nor did the didactic element in them subordinate the human. They were romances, pure and simple. A characteristic common to them was predominance of the miraculous. Witchcraft, incantation, transformation of the human body, revival of the dead, transition from one body into another were freely introduced. Fantastic adventures were no less common. Many of them had bourgeois setting, and described voyages and commercial enterprises. Robbery, seduction and kidnapping were by no means neglected.

They portrayed a free society, unknown to this period. They spoke of co-education; of women, free, educated and versed in the fine arts; of headstrong feminists; of hetairae, highly cultured and loyal; of a certain degree of general education. Love, intense and spontaneous, or betrayal of it, provided the principal motive; and ordinarily the miseries of lovers, parted by accident or intention, sustained the sentimental interest of the story. The outstanding shortcoming of this class of literature was failure to delineate human character. The hero of one story was like the hero of another; so, was the heroine; and so were the king and the hetairae—wooden and stereotyped.

Prahelikā, or a riddle, was a literary feature which they had inherited from their Saṃskṛta forbears. Daṇḍin mentions sixteen kinds of prahelikās[1], and even fifty years ago, solving riddles or koydas was a popular pastime in Gujarāta. Heroine after heroine goes about offering meaningless or even obvious riddles to men, after having solemnly resolved to marry only the happy suitor who is clever enough to solve them. Perhaps, in an age of ignorance, this was the only kind of cleverness which appealed to intelligent women.

1. *Kāvyādarśa*. III, 96-124.

II

The source largely drawn upon for these stories was the *Vetālapañcavinśatikā*. Candragupta II, the Gupta Emperor and the traditional Vikramāditya of Ujjayinī, is the hero of these miraculous tales. A yogī asked Vikrama to carry, without uttering a single word, a corpse hanging on a tree to a place where miraculous powers could be acquired by certain processes. The king took down the corpse, when the ghoul, Vetāla, residing in it, began to tell a story. At the end of the story, the ghoul put a question to the king. The king, forgetting the yogī's injunction, gave a reply, upon which the corpse disappeared, and was seen again hanging on the tree. This incident is repeated twenty five times, and every time Vetāla produces an interesting story.

Vikramāditya, styled paraduhkhabhanjana, the reliever of people in distress, is the king Arthur of India. At one time there was scarcely a house in Gujarāta, perhaps in many parts of India, where his exploits were not listened to with rapt attention. Sāmaḷa compares their recital with the *Rāmāyaṇa*. The first available work on these legends in old Gujarātī is by Madhusūdana Vyāsa (c. 1360) and is called *Vikramacarita cupāi*. Up to c. 1668 as many as five poets had composed works on these legends.

Another popular work is *Sinhāsana dvātrinśikā*, composed by the sādhu Kshemaṅkara from original sources in Māhārāshtrī Prākṛta. In these tales, King Bhoja of Ujjayinī discovers the throne of Vikrama, on which are carved thirty-two statuettes. Every time Bhoja desires to seat himself on the throne, one of the statuettes asks him not to do so till he has been as generous and helpful as Vikrama. Thus each statuette in succession tells a story relating the exploits of Vikrama. The first available version of these stories in Old Gujarātī is composed by Malayacandra in c. 1463. Many authors wrote about them till c. 1721, when Sāmaḷa Bhaṭa re-wrote them.

Pañcatantra was revised in the thirteenth century by Pūrṇabhadra, a Jaina sādhu of Jhālora. In the fifteenth century, this work was twice rendered into Old Gujarātī.

Śukasaptati was another fruitful source of popular tales. A man left for a foreign country, and, in his absence, his wife was tempted to break the marital vow. But her parrot was a clever bird. Every night, as the woman was tempted to leave the house in search of a love adventure, it started telling a story about a woman who extricated herself from difficulties. At a thrilling point in the story, the parrot would ask the woman how the heroine should act. When she confessed her inability to offer a way out, the parrot would tell her not to leave the house that night if she wanted to hear the solution. Thus, on every one of the seventy nights, the woman, attracted by a fresh story, gave up her intention of seeking a paramour. At the end of the period, the fortunate husband returned to find his wife as chaste as when he had left her. The first Gujarātī version (c. 1582) of these stories is by Ratnasundara, a Jaina sādhu. Tales of conjugal perfidy were always been heard with avidity, then as now.

Popular imagination, highly exercised over Vikrama, produced a number of other tales independently of Saṃskṛta sources. Maṅgalamāṇeka, a sādhu, composed about c. 1582 *Vikrama ane Khāprācorarāsa* based on such a tale. Similar tales were also told about Siddharāja who, to Gujarātīs, was a replica of Vikrama in valour and generosity. In c. 1549 Matisāra composed a work called *Karpūramanjarī,* in which a statuette on the famous Rudramāla temples at Siddhapura tells a story of her love. In c. 1577 Kanakamudrā, composed a *Karpūramanjarī rāsa.*

III

Another tale of wild, romantic love which fascinated Gujarāta was borrowed from *Kāmakuṇḍalā Nāṭaka* of Ānandadhara (c. 1300). It appears to have been popular both in North India and the Deccan, for we find it adapted both in Hindī and Marāṭhī. Gaṇapati, a son of Narasā Kāyastha, composed a *Mādhavānala-dogdhaka-prabandha* in Old Gujarātī at Āmod in c. 1528. It had evidently a wide appeal, for one of its copy was found in Bikaner[1]. Gaṇapati's work consists of 2500 dogdhaka verses, and is inspired by a

1. *Vide*, Mujumdar's Article in *Gujarātī Sāhitya*, p. 411 (Guj.).

Madana Purāṇa, a Purāṇa of Love. Kuśalalābha wrote a *Mādhava-kāmakuṇḍalā rāsa* in c. 1560; Sāmala gave his own version of it and called it *Mādhavānala*; and a play based on it evoked interest even in modern times.

In the city of Pushpāvatī, where Kāmasena rules, lives a Brāhmaṇa youth by name Mādhava, 'as handsome as Love'. The women of the town run after him, and the citizens beseech the king to get rid of so fruitful a source of trouble. The king, in a judicious mood, tries to test the intensity of the fascination exercised by the boy by bringing him before his queens. Finding him, however, a danger to his own domestic peace, the king promptly banishes him.

Mādhava, wandering from place to place, comes to Amarāvatī. His extraordinary intelligence immediately draws the attention of the local king, who gives him an honoured place in his court. A hetaira, Kāmakuṇḍalā, the favourite of the king, is at the moment dancing. Mādhava watches her performance. Admiring her skill in dancing, undisturbed even by a bee which alights on her dress, he presents to her the very betel leaf, biḍā, which the king had presented to him as a mark of honour. The king angry at the scant courtesy shown by Mādhava to the royal present, orders him to leave the town. The young man with the curse of beauty upon him, while on his way to leave the city, meets Kāmakuṇḍalā. She invites him to her house. The two meet; both fall in love with each other, exchange spicy riddles and their spicier solutions and are happy. In the morning, both part from each other with breaking hearts. Gaṇapati puts the following prayer in Kāmakuṇḍalā's mouth:

> The fair one whispers thus: "Mādhava, pray do not go. I will get a subterranean room made, and keep you there...If you like, I will lock you up in my heart. But do not move a step away from me. If you hide yourself in my eyes, I shall screen you with collyrium. I fall at your feet; I beg of you, do not go to a foreign land. Come to the mirror, and I will close you in with my arms around your neck (as a bee is enclosed in a lotus); the sun, when he rises, may open all other petals, but not the knot I will have tied you with. I will wear you inside the knot of my braid, as Lord Śiva wears Gaṅgā. I am a forlorn woman; I weep in distress. My Lord, do not leave me."[1]

[1] माधव तुम्हो म चालिसिउ गोरी झंपइ गूंझ ।
भलुं कराविशि भूइंरुं मांहि राखिशि तुझ ॥

He goes to Ujjayinī, and describes his distress in verses, which he writes on the wall of a temple. Wandering in disguise about the city at night, as was his wont, to discover the miseries of his subjects, king Vikrama reads the verses; and he employs a dancing girl to find their love-lorn author. Mādhava is found, and, is brought to Vikrama. Apprised of the hero's love for Kāmakuṇḍalā, the 'reliever of distress' forthwith calls upon Kāmasena to give her up; and, on his refusal to do so, marches upon his city with an army.

Vikrama, however, wants to test the strength of Kāmakuṇḍalā's love. He goes to her in disguise and tries in vain to win her for himself. As a further test, he informs her that Mādhava is dead. On hearing of the death of her lover, *Kāmakuṇḍalā* becomes unconscious, and is on the point of death. The king comes back to his camp, and informs Mādhava of her death. The poor lover also faints. Vikrama, horror-struck at having killed a Brāhmaṇa, wants to commit suicide. The spirit Vetāla, his friend from the other world, comes to his rescue, and revives the lovers. They are married by the king with great pomp; and the lovers live happily ever afterwards. The Gujarātī poets have worked into this tale a history of the previous births of the lovers after the style of *Taraṅgalolā*.

Caurapancāśikā is another love-story in Saṁskṛta which attracted the attention of Gujarātī authors. Bilhaṇa, a poet from Kashmir, so runs the story, fell in love with the daughter of Kshitipāla, a king of the Punjab. The father, discovering his daughter's infatuation for the poet, banished him from his kingdom. The heart-broken poet poured

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कहि तु कालिज माहां धरुं राखुं हृदय मझारि ।
मूझनिं मूकी माधवा पगलुं रखे पधारि ॥
आविस माधवउ आंखि मांहा आर्डि काजल देशि ।
पगी लागूं छउं पीउ तुझ म म जाइसि परदेशि ॥
आव आरीसामांहि तुं वंभण वांधुं कंठि ।
खितिपति खुलइ खप करी किम्हइं न छूटइ गंठि ॥
आज अमोडामांहि धरुं ईशतणइ जिम गंग ।
हुं विलपंती विरहिणि स्वामी स छंडिसि संग ॥

forth his feelings of sorrow and disappointment in the fifty verses of this work.[1] Some Gujarātī poet has prefixed another poem of seventy-four verses to this one, giving a local turn to this romantic incident. According to this poem, King Vīrasiṅha of Pātaṇa employs Bilhāṇa to teach his daughter Śaśikalā. The teacher and the pupil fall in love with each other and are secretly married. When the king discovers the marriage he sentences the poet to death. This story has been worked upon by Jñānācārya in his *Bhilhaṇākāvya* (c. 1500). Sāmala Bhaṭa has incorporated the story in his *Madanamohanā.*

IV

But Gujarātī poets also composed original stories. *Māru-ḍholācupāi* by Kuśalalābha (c. 1561) is the most attractive of such stories. Another version by an unknown poet was composed in c. 1601, and yet another was written in c. 1616 by Ānaṅdodaya. Dayabhai, a modern dramatist, has drawn upon the story for his play, *Umā-Devḍī.*

The language of Kuśalalābha's work, parts of which are in prose, presents the Rājasthānī aspect of Old Gujarātī. The plot is realistic; and the sentiments and imagery have an old-world flavour. It is a beautiful love-poem of old Gujarāta, fresh with local colour. The note of love sounds true and intense in its appeal as in no other poem of the age. The poet unequivocally admires the sentiment of Sṛṅgāra. 'It is the principal among the nine rasas. It pleases the gods; it is the friend of women. Respect for the plighted word, affection, humour, pathos, voluptuousness, laughter, love, and the joy of reunion, all are found in it.'

In the city of Puṅgala in Māravāḍa, lived king Piṅgala. He receives an offer to marry Umadevī, the beautiful daughter of Sāmaṅtasiṅha of Jhālora. Umā has already been twice betrothed, once to the king of Pāṭaṇa, and again to king of Junāgaḍha. But the mother of the princess dislikes Gujarāta. "Gujarāta is full of diseases and lunatics. Weak men and shameless women live there. How can we give the princess to such a country ?" Ultimately, recourse

1. Sir Edwin Arnold has rendered the work in English.

is had to a trick; the date of marriage is fixed, but the kings of Junāgaḍha and Pāṭaṇa are informed of it so late as not to permit of a journey from their capitals to Jhālora. On the appointed day, Piṅgala alone is present, and is married to Umā.

Umā gives birth to Māru, short for Māruvaṇī, 'whose body is as fragrant as kasturi'. When she is a year and a half old, a famine overtakes the land; and Piṅgala and his people seek a more favoured land near Pushkaratīrtha. Nala, the king of Nalavaragaḍha, comes there on a pilgrimage with his queen and a three-year-old boy, Salhakumāra whose pet name is Ḍholā.

The two kings become friends, and cement their friendship by marrying the baby Ḍholā with the infant princess. Nala then returns to his own country and, through time and distance, becomes indifferent to the marriage of his little son. Ḍholā grows up ignorant of his marriage, and is married to Mālavaṇī, a princess of Mālvā.

Ḍholā, who is fond of horses, makes friends with a horsedealer. The horse-dealer, when he goes to Piṅgala, learns to his surprise that the king's daughter has been married to his friend Ḍholā, and is awaiting an invitation from her husband. He informs Piṅgala's men about Ḍholā's marriage with the princess of Mālvā. The information reaches Māru. With an aching heart, she goes about sending messages to the husband whom she has loved from infancy. Piteously she addresses a sārasa bird in the lake:

> Bird! lend me your wings; I shall ever be grateful. Flying across the seas, I will go, meet my lover, and then give them back to you. This land of the North is oppressive; my heart lives in the South. [1]

But the bird does not listen to her. It flies away. 'Unfortunate indeed is she who has been deserted by her mate'.

In distant Nalavaragaḍha, Ḍholā's mother lets fall a reference to the marriage in the presence of her son, who thus comes to know of the wife he has married in infancy. But the jealousy of his wife, Mālavaṇi, is roused. She

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1. कुरजां आपो पंषडी थांको विनो वहेस;
सायर लंघे प्रीउ मिलां, प्रीउ मिल पाछी देस.
उतर दिस उपराठीयां, दिषण सांमुं हीयाह.

causes messengers from Puṅgala to be killed, so that no message of Māru is ever delivered to her husband.

King Piṅgala is surprised that none of his messengers ever return. Finally, Māru sends her message through wandering minstrels.

Wanderer! Give a message to Ḍhola...Come to me soon, beloved! Without you, your bride is heart-broken; a bow without the string... Love! If you do not come by the beginning of Śrāvaṇa, the lightning will fall, and I shall die in fear...... Day and night, I weep, for I am lonely without you. Daily I worship the direction in which you live; my eyes have not closed in sleep since you left. Love, Come soon. Else, be assured, the crows will fly over the dead body of Māru".[1]

The message reaches Ḍholā. He wants to leave for Puṅgala, but Mālavaṇī, anxious to keep him to herself, induces him to put off his visit on one excuse or another.

Now, my beloved, the rains have come; the roads are muddy; the creepers cling to the trees, women, to men.[2]

Ḍholā sends a bard with a message to Māru, and prepares to go, in spite of the protests and wails of Mālavaṇī. The latter even requests the riding camel to feign lameness, but all her efforts to put obstacles in the way of her impati-

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1. पंथी एक संदेसडो, ढोलानै समजाय;
. . . .
विहलो आवे वलहा . . . .
तो विण धण वीलषी फिरै, गूण विण लाल कबाण.
. . . .
जो तुं ढोला नावीयो, श्रावण पैहली तीज;
सैहरां षवेशी वीजली, मुंध मरेसी षीज.
. . . .
हुं रुनी निसदिन भरि, सुणि ढोला तुं जोय;
जिण दिस तुं सजन वसै, तिण दिस मोहि सलांम;
जबथी हम तुम वीछडे, तबथी नयणे नीद हराम.
. . . .
ढोला आज्यौ वेगसुं, न आया तो निमलेस;
मारु तणै करंकडै, वायस उडा वेस.

2. पावस आयो प्रीतम, पगे विलंबी गार,
वनां विलांवी वेलडी, नरां विलांवी नार.

ent husband are in vain. She is, however, successful in exacting a promise from him that he will not start on his journey as long as she is awake. Mālavaṇī then tries to give up sleep, but nature is too strong for her; and one day, as she falls asleep, Ḍholā takes the road to Puṅgala. Mālavaṇī wakes up to find her husband gone and bewails her lot.

Cursed is the land which has no mountain. If there had been one here, I would have thrown myself from it. Love, I go mad when I see a bed; like a black cobra, it poisons me.

She sends a parrot to bring her husband back. The parrot flies to Ḍholā, and tells him to return. "Mālavaṇī will die without you." Ḍholā replies heartlessly, "Go, collect wood and, when she dies, cremate her."

Approaching Puṅgala, Ḍholā sees Māru as she comes with her friends to fetch water from a well outside the town. The parted lovers meet, and, are received with joy by Māru's parents.

My lover whom I awaited has come. The pillars dance; the house smiles; the bed-steads reel with joy.[1]

After a few days spent in pleasure of all kinds, Ḍholā, with his bride, sets off for his native land. People warn him against the jealousy of one Umar Sumarā whose offer for Māru's hand has been rejected. On the way, a serpent bites Māru and she dies. Ḍholā prepares to die with her on the same pyre, removes his ornaments, and gives a message to his camel to be delivered to his parents.

But God Sañkara and his spouse hasten to the rescue of true love, and Māru is revived. Resuming their journey, Ḍholā and Māru meet Umarā's men. They induce Ḍholā to join them in a drinking bout, intending to kill him when drunk, and to capture Māru. She comes to know of the plan and warns him. Hotly pursued by Umarā's men, the galloping camel bears them in safety to Nalavaragaḍha. Every one is happy, and Māru and Mālavaṇī, both basking in their husband's love, live like two sisters.

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1. ते साजन पधारीया, ज्यारी जोती वाट,
थांभ कुदै घरि हसै, षेलण लागी षाट.

V

Another popular story, *Vidyāvilāsa*, is taken from Vinayacandra's *Mallināthamahākāvya* (c. 1229) in Saṁskṛta. The first Gujarātī version of the story, written by Hirānanda under the name *Vidyāvilāsano Pavāḍo*, is dated 1429. The most racy and popular version of it, undoubtedly, is that of Śāmala under the name *Vinecatanīvārtā*.

In the town of Kāñcanapura lives Śrīpāla, the nagara śetha. He calls his four sons and asks them the best way to make money. Three of them indicate the normal methods of business, but the fourth, Śrīvatsa, an idiot, talks sedition. "I will rule as our king does" says he; and his father drives him out of the house.

Śrīvatsa goes to Ratnapura and attends school, where his dullness earns for him the name mūrkhacaṭa, the fool. Among his fellow-pupils are Saubhāgyamañjarī, the king's daughter, and the son of the minister. The princess is in love with the minister's son, but he does not encourage her. The princess is insistent. The reluctant lover plays a trick upon her; he persuades the idiot to impersonate him as bridegroom, marry the princess, and run away with her during the night.

Before leaving the city, Śrīvatsa goes to offer his parting salutations to his teacher. Taking pity on the idiot, the teacher invokes Sarasvatī, the goddess of learning, and gives him some water endowed with the miraculous power of making a man learned. The idiot drinks the water, and, on the instant, he sheds his idiocy like a cast off skin. The princess, under the impression that she has married her lover, silently travels with him the whole night on a camel. When the dawn comes, she discovers to her horror that she has married the wrong man, and that too the idiot.

They come to Ujjayinī. Śrīvatsa, now poet and scholar, earns fame and the title of vidyā-vilāsa, one who delights in learning. Śrīvatsa's learning attracts the king's attention and he is appointed prime minister. Meanwhile, the unhappy princess, ignorant of the transformation her husband has undergone, lives in an upper storey of the house, bewailing the lot which has tied her

to a fool. The princess, having known her husband from his boyhood, declines to believe in his reputed learning.

King Ratnaketu learns that his minister, though able to win over every one, has failed to win the heart of his own wife, and, curious to see the woman who could not be won by so charming and learned a husband, invites himself to dinner at their house. To frustrate the king's curiosity, the princess wears, in turn, three different dresses, and the king fails to ascertain which of the three ladies serving him is his minister's wife.

The king's curiosity remains unabated. He gives orders that his minister's wife should come and sing at a festival held outside the town in honour of the guardian deity. The princess makes what she thinks an impossible condition. "I will sing only if my husband plays an instrument in accompaniment!" says she. To her surprise, the condition is accepted. The minister plays upon the instrument to perfection, and she has to sing. The people are transported with joy at the skill of both, and the king has them carried in a procession through the city.

During the procession, the princess loses her ring. And for the first time after their marriage Saubhāgyamañjarī speaks to her husband, when she asks him to find it. Śrīvatsa goes back in search of the ring, but is inadvertently locked out of the city at night. Being in a hurry to return to his wife, he tries to enter the city through a gutter, and, in doing so, is bitten by a snake.

A courtesan, who sees what has befallen him, takes him to her house and cures him of the snake-bite. Śrīvatsa, in return, promises to grant any favour she might ask. The hetaira demands that he should live with her as her paramour, and, as a man of honour, he has to keep his promise. Unwilling to take risks, the woman ties round his foot a charm which immediately turns him into a peacock.

Peacock by day and paramour by night, poor Śrīvatsa leads a miserable existence. One day, Śrīvatsa, the peacock, flies to his own terrace, and hears Saubhāgyamañjarī bewailing the loss of a husband whom she has come to love too late. On the following day, he again

visits his home. On this occasion, his wife's friend happens to untie the charm, and he resumes his own form. The husband recounts his tale of woe to the wife, but insists on being turned into a peacock, for a word plighted even to a *courtesan* must be kept. And once more a bird, he flies back.

But the princess reports all she has heard from her husband to the king, who retrieves him. Śrīvatsa, now restored to his usual form, is honoured by the king. Giving him his daughter in marriage, the king retires to a forest. Śrīvatsa succeeds to the throne, marches on the city where his father lives, and, defeats its king. The story ends with the reunion of the father and son.

VI

There are two other love-stories of a still more fantastic kind, in which romantic lovers pass through a succession of lives in order to attain a happy union. One is *Haṅsāvalī*, the available Gujarātī versions being of c. 1355, 1457, and 1617, the last by a poet of the name of Śivadāsa. This poet also wrote a tale called *Kāmāvatī*, which Vīrjī, the pupil of Premānanda, re-wrote in c. 1669. The heroines of these two stories are a class by themselves. They begin as man-hating feminists, become love-lorn damsels, and end as loving wives. There is yet another popular story called *Śīlavatīno rāsa*, in which the loyal wife of a merchant sojourning abroad is believed to be carrying an illegitimate child, and is driven out of the family. Tragic adventures befall her, but, in the end, she and her husband come together. Matters are explained; the child is proved to be legitimate; and the wife is taken back, her honour fully established. There are three versions of the story dated c. 1547, c. 1580 and c. 1644 respectively. Sāmala has adapted the story in *Bhadrābhāminī*.

One other tale, *Sadayavatsa-Sāvalingā*, has charmed Gujarāta for about five hundred years. Sadayavatsa and Sāvalingā, husband and wife, are banished from their native city, and are separated. Ultimately they meet after undergoing fearful experiences, in all of which the fantastic vies with the miraculous. The story is possibly taken

from some unknown Prākṛta source. Its first available Gujarātī verson is dated c. 1410, and many versions have followed. In the villages, its latest version still holds the field against modern stories.

VII

During the fifteenth century the literary activity of the Jaina sādhus was as brisk as before, though its direction underwent a change. They were at an advantage compared to the Brāhmaṇas in those troublous times. They were not burdened by family or social ties. Except during the monsoon, they were always on the move, immune from the political misfortunes which had overtaken Gujarāta. Their literary tradition was intact, for their clientele was rich enough to preserve the integrity of the upāśrayas which sheltered them, their pupils and their libraries. As they travelled from the Punjab to the Deccan, their outlook grew wide and varied, while their solitary life left them sufficient leisure to acquire a thorough knowledge of Saṁskṛta and Apabhraṁśa literature.

The sadhu composed caritas of the self-same tīrthaṅkaras, cakravartins and saints as the literary sādhus before him had done. Just as the Brāhmaṇical author was obsessed by certain Purāṇic heroes, he was by Bharata, Ṛshabhadeva, Nemināthа and Sthūlibhadra. He wrote about them in tedious, monotonous rhyme. Sometimes he varied his theme by writing about Kumārapāla and Vastupāla. He also tried his hand at philosophic discussions, sermons, sajjāyas or eulogies of places of pilgrimage, and other religious subjects. But, unfortunately, religious propaganda was the sole ostensible excuse for his resorting to literature; and, consequently, his work suffered from a surfeit of religious and moral bias. He lacked the emotion of bhakti to elevate his utterance to even comparatively artistic poetry. With lapse of time, even his stories lost in interest, for, every incident had to be moulded to a narrow, rigid code of life.

VIII

Some of the Jaina poets have hitherto suffered unmerited neglect. Their language for a time was treated as archaic;

the religious and moral precepts with which they sowed their compositions repelled both scholar and reader; and the unbalanced praise of Jaina scholars more often than not retarded a due recognition of their real worth.

The most notable author of the sixteenth century was Lāvaṇyasamaya, an author of considerable literary attainments. His original name was Laghurāja. He was born in c. 1485 in a Śrīmālī Vaṇika family of Ahmedābād, and was initiated as a Jaina sādhu at the age of eight. His autobiographical note in *Vimalaprabandha* runs:

> Through the favour of Sarasvatī, I became a poet in my sixteenth year and so I have composed excellent rāsas, with parts in prose and parts in poetry, using chanda, kavitā and cupāi. I have also composed songs and poems in different tunes, and also dialogues.

He composed over twenty nine works. Four of these are rāsas of tīrthankaras and saints. One is *Rāvaṇamandodarīsaṁvāda*, c. 1506, a work based on the *Rāmāyaṇa*, being a dialogue between Sita's abductor and his wife. The other is *Devarājavatsarājacupāi*, a story of the ordinary type. He also wrote the well-known *Vimalaprabandha*, c. 1512, and other religious and ethical poems.

Vimalaprabandha, or *Vimalarāsa*, purports to be a biography of Vimalaśā, the minister of Bhīma I, the Cālukya king of Pāṭaṇa; but it has scarcely any historical value. It is a story based purely on tradition. But, such as it is, it is better than the rāsas on historical persons of the centuries following, and represents an intermediate step between the historical prabandha of Merutuṅga and the popular legend of Ṛshabhadāsa. This prabandha was rendered into Saṁskṛta in c. 1522 by Saubhāgya.

The prabandha begins with a description of the Hemakūṭa mountain; of the foundation of Śrīmāla by the goddess Laxmī (canto i); of the origin of the castes known as Śrīmālas, Ośvālas and Poravāḍas; of good omens; of the eighty castes of the Vaiśyas; of their social customs (canto ii); and of the iniquities prevalent in the Kaliyuga. (canto iii). The birth of Vimala is then described. The auspicious signs on his body foreshadowing greatness are mentioned. The ceremony of putting him to school and the way he completes his studies are next described.

Afraid of their enemies, his mother takes him to her father's village, where he acquires knowledge of arts and skill in arms through the favour of the goddess Aṁbājī. He is betrothed, and also discovers a buried treasure (canto iv). The auspicious signs on the body of a bride, the virtues of a good woman—rather a formidable number—the marriage of Vimala and Śrīdevī, and the festivities accompanying it are then described (canto v). The poet depicts their joy with an unusual restraint :

Lovely flowers spread their fragrance in beautiful gardens. There, they sport in dalliance; make coronets of campā flowers and crown each other; they gambol in fountains.

Vimala then goes to live in Pāṭaṇa. King Bhīma is jealous of the rich and brave Vimala, and tries to have him killed by a tiger; but Vimala kills the tiger (canto vi). Tired of the persecutions of the king, Vimala leaves Pāṭaṇa, captures Caṅdrāvatī, near Mount Abu, and becomes its ruler. A traveller tells him of the twelve sultans in the city of Rome who have made it their business to destroy the Hindus. Vimala marches on them with his army, which is described in detail. A battle follows. Vimala is victorious, and returns to his city in triumph (canto vii). Then is described Vimala's war with the Brāhmaṇa king of Ṭhaṭhā in Sindha, (canto viii) and, finally, the reader is treated to an account of the greatness of Jaina religion and to an autobiographical note (canto ix).

Vimala was a heroic figure during the days preceding those of Siddharāja, but the story of the poet is entirely fictitious. For a study of contemporary manners the work is invaluable, but, as literature, of little worth.

IX

Half a century after Lāvaṇyasamaya, we encounter Nayasuṅdara. He lived between c. 1560 and 1620; resided for a long time in Gujarāta; and had a lady disciple, Hemaśrī, who composed *Kanakāvatī* (c. 1585). Nayasundara, like all Jaina sādhus, travelled far and wide, and was a student of the Saṁskṛta, Prākṛta, Hiṅdī and Urdu literatures. He left three social rāsas—*Rūpacandrakuṅvararāsa* (c. 1581),

Surasundarīrāsa (c. 1590), and *Prabhāvatīrāsa*, besides one Purāṇic rāsa, *Naladamayantī* and two religious works.

Rūpacandrarāsa is one of the best written social rāsas of the century. The miraculous elements are to some extent repressed, or relegated to interlude tales. The diction is inaccurate, but ornate, and largely influenced by Saṁskṛta. It contains a much larger element of local and foreign words, is more rhetorical than Bhālaṇa's, and, at places, develops a music and elegance of its own. The detailed descriptions of the conventional sort are often relieved by a freshness of outlook and humour.

After the inevitable description of lands, the prosperity of Mālvā is described, 'the happy land which has no thieves, where there is plenty of affection but no selfishness'. Then is given a detailed account of its capital, Ujjayinī, of its palaces, temples and marts 'with bejewelled merchants, fat and handsome, whose hands never leave off twisting their mustaches, their gaze fixed on customers'. In that city, resided a merchant Dhanadatta and his wife Dhanasundarī. The author points out at great length how a good woman is a blessing and a bad one a curse (canto i).

The merchant and his wife had a son, Rūpadeva. His infancy is described with a wealth of realistic detail. Rūpadeva is put to school and the ceremony connected with going to school is described, as also the subjects he learns there. The thirty-two qualities of a perfect man are then enumerated. Rūpacanda's marriage, and the ceremonies, dinner and festivities connected with it, are described with picturesque details, (canto ii). The description holds good in every respect in many parts of Gujarāta and Māravāḍa even to-day.

Guṇasena, a tributary of the king of Kanauja, comes to live in Ujjayinī with his beautiful daughter Sohāga, who has decided not to marry. She attains her seventeenth year. 'The flood of youth increases, and Kāmadeva, the god of love and youth, comes and lives in her body'. She wants to see a drama, but her friend restrains her. "How can song and dance be heard and seen by an unmarried girl?" The girl feels very miserable, for she has not yet found the man whom she could love. How is she to find him? The

friend asks her to have confidence in her womanly instincts. A woman always wins.

In a moment, she weeps, and, in a moment again, she smiles and puts the minds of helpless men on trial. She can speak one thing and do another. A woman has no peer in the world.

The friend then tells her the story of the clever wife of King Vikrama's son, and, in telling it, relates a few miraculous events (canto iii). But Sohāga longs for a husband fit to be her mate. The friend first brings her king Vikraṁa as a suitor; but he is unable to solve the riddles proposed by the girl, and is rejected. Sohāga then asks her to fetch Rūpacaṅda, she has seen him buying betel leaf at the shop opposite her house. The friend goes to the young merchant but finds him unresponsive. But she persists:

She saw you once with her eyes, but she has been mad after you since. Her every moment is endless as a hundred years. Dame Lotus lives in the lake and the Sun in the sky; but she blooms only when he appears.[1]

And the poet declares:

When you look at a man, and your body and mind rejoice and the eyes grow fond, do not desert him even if life departs.[2]

Rūpacaṅda comes to Sohāga and is struck by her perfect beauty. Then follows a conventional description of her limbs with stereotyped similes. He falls in love with her at once. 'Again and again he looks at her, for his eyes are insatiate'. The lovers then spend the night together. Sohāga is happy.

He is the very lover who visited her in her dreams; she decides to borrow the thousand eyes of Indra to be able to look at him again and again.

A passage at arms in solving riddles follows. Their sports are then described in the usual fulsome style (canto iv).

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१ एक वार तुं नयणथी, दीठो दूर रह्यांय;
तिहांथी लागो वेधडो, क्षण वर्षां सो थाय.
कमलिनी सरवरमां वसे, सूर्य वसे आकाश;
जव देखे पिउ आपणो, तव ते थाय विकास.

२ जे दीठे तन मन हसे, नयणां धरे सनेह,
ते माणस नवि मूकिये, प्राण त्यजे जो देह.

Spies inform the king that the girl who rejected him has accepted Rupacaṅda. In the morning, the offended king sends for Dhanadatta and his sons. The mahājana of the town, anticipating the king's wrath, accompanies the merchant. The description is very picturesque, and gives an excellent idea of the mahājanas in India who brought to bear the pressure of public opinion on irresponsible kings. The king lets go all except Rūpacaṅda. He takes him to his palace and inquires how he solved the riddles of Sohāga. The young man feigns stupidity:

I am a merchant and can only weigh spices. A Vaṇika is stupid. I only do business by telling nonsensical half-truths. How can I, who spend my life like this, know so much?[1]

The king has him whipped like a thief through the streets of the city. But Rūpacaṅda declines to disclose his secret. The unrelenting king gives orders for his execution. Hearing this, the town in is a ferment. Pressure of public opinion ultimately induces the king to rescind the order.

The king's curiosity to discover the solution of the riddles propounded by Sohāga is still irrepressible. He marries his daughter to Rūpacaṅda in order to warm them out of him. Sohāga writes a touching epistle, to which Rūpacaṅda forwards a suitable reply. Later, the princess, who by then has become a dutiful wife, asks Rūpacaṅda how he solved the riddles of Sohāga. The husband, bound by promise, tells the solution to his wife, the princess, who communicates them to her father. The king, in a fit of joy, celebrates the marriage of Rūpacaṅda and Sohāga. The rest of the poem, unconnected with the main story, relates the adventures of Siddhasena Divākara and the conversion of Vikrama to Jainism. In course of time, Rūpacaṅda becomes a sādhu.

Nayasuṅdara's *Naladamayaṅtīrāsa* is considered to be a rendering of a lost Saṁskṛta work called *Nalāyana*, com-

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१ अमो हिंगतोल वाणिया, ओछा वणिगतणा प्राणिया.
करीए विविधपरे व्यापार, जूठां साचां लवी अपार;
इण परे घरनो निर्वाह करे, तो तेहने ए किम सांभरे ?

posed by Māṇikyacandra in Divā in Gujarāta (c. 1220). It is not in the author's best style; but, with this work composed a hundred years earlier, one can easily understand how Premānanda came to write his masterpiece. *Surasundarīrāsa* is a comparatively inferior work. It is a rapid recital of the adventures which overtake a princess abandoned in a forest by her husband.

Nayasundara represents the authors in Old Gujarātī who adopted a style and manner exactly the reverse of Bhālaṇa's. Bhālaṇa introduced the essential features of rāsa, namely, popular sentiments and the forms in which they were expressed into what was primarily a rendering of a Saṁskṛta poem. His object was to create a literature for a fairly intelligent class which had lost touch with Saṁskṛta. Nayasundara enriched old rāsa stories with a wealth of literary and emotional reminiscences from Saṁskṛta works, and thereby produced a work which helped to raise the level of popular literature. Both these movements starting from a different point of view met in the next century, when literature took a well-defined shape suited to the taste of the people as a whole. Purāṇic ākhyāyikās became popular tales and popular tales became transformed into poems of literary workmanship; at the same time, long and stereotyped descriptions remained inartistic feature of both.

X

Kusumśrīrāsa by Gangāvijaya is an interesting piece of social rāsa composed in c. 1652. It is written in popular diction, approximating to Modern Gujarātī and unburdened by Saṁskṛta words and imagery. The story, which is mainly in duhā with conversations in deśī, is well-told. The author's technique is superior to that of many other well-known poets. His sly humour is unusual with old Gujarātī authors. One of the interlude tales, perhaps borrowed from an old source, is very interesting.

Dhanasundara, a merchant living in the town of Ratnapura, goes abroad on a trading enterprise, leaving his wife Dhanavatī in the care of his friend, Purohita, the priest of the king. Purohita comes to the merchant's and is well

received by the lady. Attracted by her beauty and intelligence, he declares his love to Dhanavatī. She tries to reason with him, but the priest is not to be put off. The helpless lady makes an appointment with him for the first quarter of the night; and, not knowing how to get rid of this disloyal friend of her husband, goes to Durgapāla, the commandant of the fort, with the complaint. Durgapāla, equally struck with the charms of the unfortunate lady, promises to get rid of the priest if he himself is received as a favoured lover. She is in a quandary and gives him an appointment for the second quarter of the night.

In her terrible plight, she turns to the minister who is very properly shocked at the conduct of the two officials, and promises to get rid of them if she will accept him as a lover. She makes an appointment with him for the third quarter of the night, and approaches the king, as the final court of appeal, for protection against the evil intentions of his officers. He promises protection promptly, but on the very same condition the others had imposed. The lady, now desperate, invites him to come to her in the fourth quarter of the night.

Dhanavatī, though in distress, has the ingenuity to discover a means of escape out of this four-fold calamity. She has a long box with four compartments opening separately, brought down to her room. She also takes an old neighbour into her confidence and gets her to help carry out her plan of action. She requests her to spread a rumour in the town early next morning that news had been received of her husband's death, to collect the ladies of the town, and to come to her house.

The fateful night arrives. The priest arrives smartly dressed and self-satisfied. Dhanavatī, sweet, affectionate and ready to yield, invites him to dinner. At the end of the first quarter, the commandant knocks at the door. The priest is frightened and is induced by the lady to conceal himself in one of the compartments of the trunk.

The commandant enters. He, too, is well received and is entertained with talk and food. Time flies; the minister knocks at the door; and Dhanavatī obligingly

accommodates the commandant in another compartment of the trunk. The minister, like the two that preceded him, seeks safety in the third compartment of the trunk when the king knocks at the door. The lady's fascinating talk diverts the king, but just as he feels that he is gaining ground, the women of the town arrive beating their breasts with lamentations at Dhanasundara's death. Frightened, the king finds security in the fourth compartment of the trunk.

News of Dhanasundara's death spreads in the town. As Dhanasundarī is a childless widow, the authorities, according to law, want to take possession of the merchant's wealth. But the king, the minister, the general and the priest are not to be found. Ultimately, the queen orders the officers to take possession of the dead man's wealth. When the officers arrive at her house, Dhanavatī, all tears, confesses her ignorance of the whereabouts of her husband's wealth, but points to the trunk as, perhaps, the only receptacle which may contain it. The officers find the trunk very heavy, and, anticipating a rich addition to the royal coffers, hastily carry it to the queen.

The queen, struck with the heaviness of the trunk, is anxious to acquaint herself with the exact amount of wealth it contains. Dismissing the servants, she opens the first compartment. Out walks the priest, and the queen, perplexed, asks him how he came to be there. The priest, without offering any explanation, requests her to open the second. The process is continued; the second, the third, and the fourth compartments are opened; and the general, the minister and the king all stand before the queen, dumbfounded in self-confessed guilt.

XI

Another sādhu of considerable literary powers was Samayasuṁdara, who flourished between c. 1580 and 1642. He was an indefatigable author, and composed about twenty long works, besides a large number of small poems. Many of his works are rāsas in the orthodox style and deal with tīrthaṅkaras and saints. He wrote *Naladamayaṁtīrāsa* (c. 1617), and *Sītārāmcupāi* (c. 1627). He used many

new ḍhālas or deśī melodies which, on his own testimony, became popular. The rhetorical flavour of his style and his humorous descriptions both closely approach Premānaṅda's. His vivid picture of Kṛshṇa as an astrologer in *Sāmbapradyumna*, but for its older language, might be mistaken to be from the pen of the latter.

Yet, another Jaina author, Ṛshabhadāsa, must be mentioned, if not for his literary merits, at least for the untiring energy with which he spun his thirty-two works. His literary activities were spread over a period from c. 1617 to 1632. About sixteen of his works are rāsās on tīrthaṅkaras and saints. There are two on Kumārapāla, and one on Hīravijaya, an eminent Jaina preceptor (c. 1517-1596) who induced Emperor Akbar to issue firmāns prohibiting violence to animals on certain days in the year, and who, in consequence, assumed mythological proportions for his pupils. The poet spun out his rāsas in a dull and uniform style. He lacked the art of telling a story; like many other so called poets of the period, he had nothing new to say.

CHAPTER VI

AKHO AND THE GOSPEL OF OTHER-WORLDLINESS.

The Moguls—Economic conditions of Gujarāta-Social life-Veṅkaṭadhvarin on Gujarāta—Other-worldliness—Akhā Bhakta (1615-1674)—Life—Works—Chappās—Philosophical works—His influence.

In the sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries, Gujarāta regained lost ground. As a province of the Mogul Empire, it enjoyed a sort of settled existence and grew prosperous once again. The people succeeded in confining political influences to limited spheres, and stiffened social barriers so as to secure contentment and happiness within narrow grooves. Restricted life drove restive minds to harp upon the worthlessness of the world, while the prevailing contentment led genial spirits of the age to create a new literary tradition.

I

When Akbar, in 1573, formed the province of Gujarāta, he sliced off some districts, annexing them to Khāndesha and Mālvā. Māravāḍa, also, was finally separated from Gujarāta. The province was largely immune from wars and land-taxes, though the great nobles to whom the Emperor entrusted government administered it by deputies, who never cared to carry out the constructive policy enjoined by the imperial edicts. Except for an invasion of South Gujarāta in 1600 by Malik Ambar, the governor of the Nizam at Daulatabad, this state of affairs continued till 1644. In that year Aurangzib, then the viceroy, gave the province a fore-taste of the intolerant policy which was to characterize his rule.

After Aurangzib came to the throne, Śivājī first invaded Surat in 1664, and the imperial authority grew weak. Soon the Marāṭhā raids became a normal feature of life. Bāglāṇa, the guardian fortress of the south, passed into their hands in 1672. They raided Broach in 1675, and again in 1685; Surat in 1699; and Broach, once again, in 1705. Two years later Aurangzib died, and the Mogul Empire began tottering to a fall.

II

Under the Moguls, Gujarāta regained its prosperity. Cambay was the most flourishing port in India. "It was impossible," wrote Varthema, a European traveller (1503-1508) "to describe its excellence". Surat was another port of international importance. Ghoghā as a port rose into prominence. Padre Ovington (1690) was in ecstasy at the matchless ingenuity and skill of Gujarātī bankers, weavers and ship-carpenters. "No other province in India" said Khafikhan (1719) "can equal this rich province." European travellers and Indian historians vie with one another in extolling the magnificence of Ahmedābād with its three hundred and eighty suburbs; each of them, according to *Mirat-i-Ahmedi*, (1756), was of 'considerable size, containing good buildings and markets filled with everything valuable and rare, so that each was almost a city.'

III

During this period men were being driven into progressively narrowing communities. Social barriers were stiffened; the individual was sacrificed to the group. Untouchability came into existence. *Vimalaprabandha* records the existence of numerous sub-castes. Every social group which acquired a new local habitation and name by migration remained a self-contained unit and exercised rigorous control over its members. Marriage between members of different castes was prohibited. Disintegration of the joint family which had commenced prior to the date of the law-text, *Mitākshara*, (XI century) was sternly resisted.

Wise men, poets and moralists were moved to righteous indignation at young wives who, desirous of having a good time with their husbands, drove them to disrupt the family, and, thereby, to destroy the protection which it afforded. No measures were too strong to restrain these centrifugal tendencies of women. They lost the high status which they once enjoyed in the family, and were generally treated as slaves. Co-education in village schools came to an end. Marriage of infants became almost universal. In *Mārudholācupāī*, the hero, when three years old, was married to the heroine who was younger. Bhīma (1485) bewails the degeneracy of the age in which girls were

mothers at eight, and widows at sixteen. Old men paid fancy price for infant wives. Marriage of a grown-up girl with an infant husband was by no means rare. An ill-assorted match was the rule. In *Rūpacandakuṅvara rāsa*, Sohāga says:

Better kill me, mother, with your own hands; place, if you like, a black, venomous cobra on my body; let me suffer the fearful misery of hell; but, do not give me in marriage to a stupid man.

"In this world you never find one thing," runs a garabī "you never find a well-matched pair." The position of a girl in the house of her husband was insufferable. In a popular garabī, styled *Kera Kāṇṭo*, the Thorn, a young wife enumerates her father-in-law, mother-in-law etc., as thorns in her side.

Men were, as a rule, much married. Many a story leaves an unpleasant impression on the modern mind because of the light-heartedness with which the hero marries and supersedes wives. Ḍholā, when in search of his first wife, is willing to see the second dead and burned, and only because she loved him too well. Even a married woman was helpless. When her husband decides to start for a foreign land, Surasundarī says, "If you leave me behind, people will spread scandals about me." Dhanavatī, under similar circumstances, is more emphatic.

No one will respect me even in my father's house. No one will ever pay me any attention. The world will call me a helpless woman. When her husband is with her, a woman can do what she likes. She can talk with dignity; she can treat every man with contempt. A woman, when her husband is away, is bereft of her senses; she is more dead than alive.

In the Gujarāta of the Cālukyas, remarriage of widows was not considered disreputable. But in the fifteenth century, Bhālaṇa bewailed their lot. 'Pious and charitable widows are treated like dirt. If they keep themselves tidy, they are suspected of immorality.' Early in the eighteenth century, Premānanda regards remarriage of widows as an abomination.

And society remained the same till the beginning of the twentieth century.

IV

But these social activities were not the result of decay, but of a purposive corporate effort to preserve life from

destruction. Within their castes the people were happy. Vallabha in his bombastic style thus describes Gujarāta in 1704:

I have seen many lands, wandered over the earth. I have gone beyond Attack to see wars. Some things are found in some places, and other things in others. But every sort of happiness is not to be found in these lands; you see something wanting. But, in virtuous Gujarāta, you see men and women equipped with food, drink, and wealth. One thing more. It has something unique: the great, the powerful among the fair, Love. Yet another one like her, nay a greater lady, Dayā (compassion) lives here.......In this Gujarāta live the merciful, the generous, the honourable, the wealthy, and the learned. Go to any place in India yourself: You will never find the qualities for which Gujarāta is famous.[1]

This description is too effusive, but the testimony of Veṅkaṭādhvarin of Telangaṇa, the author of a campū, *Viśvaguṇādarśa* (c. 1640) requires to be noted.

See this Gurjaradeśa, Viśvāvasu. Full of wealth and plenty, this land is another paradise. Its young men have their mouth full of fresh pāna, fragrant with camphor and sweet betel-nut. They put on fancy, bright-coloured dress, attracting admiration; they adorn themselves with shining ornaments of jewels. Their bodies are fragrant with sandal-scented paste. They seek pleasure in company with damsels beautiful as Rati.

The beauty of the young damsels of this land is incomparable. Their colour is molten gold; their lips are soft and red; their hands are delicate as sprouts; their speech is sweet as nectar; their face is lotus-like; their eyes

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1. सर्वस्व ए सुख का'वे, लह्युं कोक देशे कांक;
तोय एक वात्तुं नथी, भूमिमां भले भमो.
नर अने नारी जुओ, गुणियल गूजराते,
खाना पाना धाना सर्वे, वळी वधु एक छे.
स्त्रीलिंगमां जोराळी जे, महत्ववाळी छे माया,
अधिकी तेथी छे आ तो, साक्षीओ अनेक छे;
तेवी के तेथी वधारे, दया दयिता छे वर,
अन्य स्थळ अल्प दीसे, अत्र छकी छेक छे;

. . . . .

दयावान दानवान, मान पान धानवान,
विद्यावान हता गया, एवो गूजरात आ;
भाळोने भरतखंड, भमी भमी भले जाते,
गूजरातकेरा गुण, वारू तो विख्यात आ!

Mitradharmākhyāna.

have the lustre of dark lotus in them. What graces of these young Gujarātī damsels do not fascinate? [1]

The poet also refers to the wealth of Gujarāta.

The people visit different countries, observe their novelties, and also acquire measureless wealth. Then they return home, and meet their loyal wives, anxious to meet them, after a long period of separation. In this way, these blessed ones, rich with every possession, enjoy untold happiness.[2]

The works of Premānanda, Vallabha and Sāmala corroborate Veṅkaṭādhvarin. Political power, effectively segregated, was being undermined. The land was rich, men contented, and life even. The Purānic order of things was accepted as eternal. Society, though subdivided, was self-contained; a sense of interdependence and service permeated all its strata. Social structure had lost freedom, but gained power of resistance. Āryan culture had thus triumphed in the hour of its apparent defeat.

V.

The Mussalman rulers were accepted by the people as part of their normal existence. Many of them were Hindu converts; their proselytizing zeal had abated; and their

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1. स एष सर्वसंपदामास्पदतया त्रिदशालस्यादेश इव गुर्जरदेशश्चक्षुषोः सुखाकरोति। अत्रहि—

सकर्पूरस्वादुक्रमुकनववीटीरसलसन्
मुखाः सर्वश्लाघापदविविधदिव्यांबरधराः।
कनद्रत्नाकल्पा घुमघुमितदेहाश्चघुसृणैर्
युवानो मोदन्ते युवतिभिरमी तुल्यरतिभिः

अत्र वधूनामप्यन्यादृशं सौंदर्यम्।

तप्तस्वर्णसवर्णमंगकमिदं ताम्रो मृदुश्चाधरः
पाणीप्राप्तनवप्रवालसरणी वाणी सुधाधोरणी।
वक्रं वारिजमित्रमुत्पलदलश्रीसूचने लोचने
के वा गुर्जरसुभ्रुवामवयवा यूनां न मोहावहाः॥

. . . . .

2. देशे देशे किमपि कुतुकादद्भुतं लोकमानाः
संपाद्यैव द्रविणममितं सद्म भूयोप्यवाप्य।
संयुज्यन्ते सुचिरविरहोत्कंठिताभिः सतीभिः
सौख्यं धन्याः किमपि दधते सर्वसंपत्समृद्धाः॥

self-interest linked them to a people who could replenish their treasury when required. Bhakti lost its vigour as a new impulse. By its very nature, its intensity could only be the privilege of the select, and the new Vaishṇavism and its voluptuous high-priests had given it a new shape. The heroism of a Kāhnaḍade or a Narasiṅha Mehtā had become a thing of the past.

Wealth and contentment without heroism stunted the ideals of life and pfoduced resentment among the thoughtful. What was the use of this world, they asked, so stale, so unchanging, so sordid? Contemplation of the futility of life induced in them the morbid attitude of mind which characterized both the Jaina sādhu and the ascetic Vedāntin. In a classical poem, Śaṅkarācārya had expressed it centuries ago.

This life is fleeting, more transient than a drop of water on a lotus leaf...... To be born, to die, and, again, to live in a mother's womb...In such a world, difficult to be crossed, nothing can save one except the grace of Murāri.

And, therefore, pleasures had to be eschewed and liberty destroyed. Men and women had to be made other-worldly; for, a death-like existence in this life was a necessary precursor of a happy existence after death. Woman was the gate of hell, the curse of creation, an encumbrance in this life, a hindrance to the next. To be a good man was to be a man dead to the joys of life. Thus this age evolved its gospel of living death. And it was preached by its literary exponents with irrepressible rancour.

VI

Akho or Akhā bhagata (c. 1615–1674) voiced this gospel. He was a goldsmith of Ahmedābād, originally from the neighbouring village of Jetalpura. For sometime he worked as the head of the royal mint. He lost his wife early, and also a sister whom he dearly loved. Forgetting the traditional dishonesty of the goldsmith, he secretly added his own gold in preparing an ornament for a lady whom he cherished as a sister. The lady would not believe that a goldsmith could so flagrantly depart from the recognised maxims of his trade, and had the ornament tested to find out the truth. When she found that he had spoken the truth, she went to thank him for his kindness. Akho,

however, was shocked at the lady's suspicions, and came to hate a world so full of distrust and suspicion. In the meantime he was put into prison on a charge of committing defalcation. The charge, however, was not proved, and he was set free. Weary of life, he threw his implements into a well and went abroad seeking peace of mind.

He sought refuge in prayer, performed many rituals, but found no peace. He went to Gokula in the hope of obtaining spiritual assistance from the goswāmī, the head of the Vaishṇava sect.

> There, I accepted Gokulnātha as my teacher; he passed a string through my nose.[1]

He was feasted; he observed the festivities of the sect; but his spirit rose in revolt.

> He (the goswāmī) had, no doubt, become a guru. But with a stone round his own neck, how can he keep himself afloat? He did not know Hari at all; he was merely posing as a teacher.[2]

At war with himself and the world, he went to Kāśī, where, hiding himself behind a wall, he heard the principles of Vedāntic philosophy expounded by a sanyāsin. The philosophy of Śaṅkarācārya gave him the solace he needed.

Akhā, now a complete believer in vairagya, non-attachment, gave up his wealth. On his return journey to Ahmedābād he went to see the goswāmī, his teacher. But the poor beggar who now sought admittance to the palace was not the rich Akhā who had brought presents. He was turned out. The goswāmī himself refused to recognise him. The poet sang:

> He who can bring you to Rāma is the teacher. Others are like wolves; they rob you of your wealth, but cannot save you from the sins which cause rebirth.

He went home and studied the philosophic doctrines of Śaṅkara, and spent his life either in expounding them or lashing the world's hypocrisy in caustic verse. Late in life he was inspired to compose his works. He says, "I wept

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1. गुरु कर्या में गोकुळनाथ, गुरुए मुजने घाली नाथ.
2. गुरु थई बेठो होंशे करी, कंठे पहाण, शके क्यम तरी ?
पोते हरि नहीं जाणे लेश, काढी बेठो गुरुनो वेश.

for a long time; and once Hari appeared... Then the floodgates of my speech were opened."

And he decided not to wet his feet any more 'in the waters of the world.'

VII

His works, expounding the Advaita philosophy are: *Akhegītā*, *Cittavicārasaṁvāda*, *Pancīkaraṇa*, *Guruśishyasaṁvāda*, *Anubhavabindu*, *Kaivalyagītā* and *Paramapadaprāpti* in Gujarātī; and *Pancadaśītātparya* and *Brahmalīlā* in Hindī. He has also composed about seven hundred chappās, or epigrammatic stanzas, on different aspects of life, and about sixty padas. Akhā's place in literature depends upon his chhapas and padas in which, following a line of early writers like Māṅḍaṇa, he expressed the dominant note of the age in biting verse. In these small poems, he fights the accepted formulae of life, bitterly, brutally, making all kinds of ugly comparisons to bring his point home. But the fight is not for a vigorous and full life, but for an arid detachment. Akhā himself did not claim to be a poet but a jnānī, a student of philosophy. "If Akhā were to write poetry, he would stand disgraced."

Do not consider a jnāni a poet. How will you be able to describe the rays of the sun? [1]

He was, however, very poorly equipped for literary work. The words which he used were very often inappropriate. His knowledge of prosody, grammar and syntax was meagre. His meaning was often shrouded in obscurity. He treated Saṁskṛta with lofty contempt.

What is the use of speaking in Saṁskṛta? Nothing is lost by speaking in Prākṛta? [2]

His attitude towards other poets was equally contemptuous.

Poets only make an empty noise to make themselves heard, like the thunders of the sky when the constellation, Rohiṇī, is in the ascendant. They only want to be worshipped; they join couplet to couplet, full of empty words. One is a poet; he composes much and yet does not think of Brahma; he only

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1. ज्ञानीनी कविता न गणीश, किरण सूर्यनां केम वरणीश.
2. संस्कृत बोले ते शुं थयुं, कांइ प्राकृतमांथी नाशी गयुं.

collects wealth by transacting business in love and hatred. What does he gain by it?[1]

He has no faith in those who teach religious precepts.

They only bring up water from a deep well with a torn leather bucket.[2]...

A shallow man of learning is a quarrelsome woman whose conceit is pampered by the birth of a son; a vicious bull who has fattened himself by grazing in the rains; a mad dog attacked with rabies; a monkey drunk with wine.[3]...

Be your own teacher; worship the soul within.[4]

He hates religious forms.

He has spent fifty-three years in making religious marks on his body; his rosaries have been worn out; his feet are tired with wandering from one sacred place to another; yet he has not reached Hari. ... Hearing religious recitals again and again, I have grown deaf; but the knowledge of Brahma has not come to Akhā.[5]

He holds up to ridicule men whose 'gods are as numerous as the stones they worship'.[6]

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1. कविए शक्य जणावा काज, गाजे जेम रोहेणीनो गाज ;
   ....
   पूजावा मनमां वहु कोड, शद्वतणा जोडे छे जोड ;
   ... ...
   कवि थइने अधिकुं शुं कर्व्युं, जोतां नहीं ब्रह्म अणचव्युं ;
   रागद्वेषनी पूंजी करी, कवि व्यापार वेठो आदरी ;
   तेमां अखा शुं पामे लाभ.......................

2. उंडो कूवो ने फाटी वोख, शिखव्युं सांभळ्युं सघणुं फोक.

3. ओछुं पात्र ने अदकुं भण्यो, वढकणी वहुए दीकरो जण्यो.
   मारकणो सांढ चोमासुं महाल्यो, करडकणा कुतराने हडकवा हाल्यो ;
   मरकट ने वळी मदिरा पीए, अखा एथी सौ को वीहे.

4. गुरु था तारो तुंज......वाळ्य अंतरमां सेवा.

5. तिलक करतां त्रेपन वह्यां, जपमाळानां नाकां गयां;
   तीर्थ फरी फरी थाक्या चर्ण, तोय न पहोंता हरिने शर्ण ;
   कथा सुणी सुणी फूट्या कान, अखा तोय नाव्युं ब्रह्मज्ञान.

   . . . .

6. एक मूर्खने एवी टेव, पत्थर एटला पूजे देव.

They seek religious comfort after they have grown old and lost their vitality and wealth.[1]...

Religion is a fruitless, internecine quarrel; one says Rāma, the other, Allah.[2]

Do not pride yourself on your being a Vaishṇava; do not go about enjoying feasts from door to door. A king is he who performs kingly deeds, not he who merely calls himself a king.[3]

He hates the social system, which degrades the untouchables and makes Brāhmaṇas and Vaiśyas masters.

To the Nārāyaṇa, none is high, and none, low.... This world is made up of five elements but a fool takes pride in his caste. In order to maintain their caste, some are called the head, some the waist, and some the feet. But, really, the Brāhmaṇa, the Kshatriya, the Vaiśya and Śūdra all make up the bodies of Hari. Who is then a Śūdra?[4]

He is contemptuous towards the purāṇikas.

Some wish to obtain the favour of those who died in the past. How can they who read about corpses be happy? [5]

He sums up his gospel of other-worldliness succinctly:

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1. वृद्ध थयो वंठ्युं मन-तन, उपाय टळ्यो ने खूट्युं धन,
त्यारे धर्म साधवा जाय.....................

. . . . .

2. आपे आपमां उठी वला, एक कहे राम ने एक कहे अल्ला.

. . . .

3. फूलीश मां नाम वैष्णव धरे, शुं थयुं घेरे घेर खातो फरे;
कइं राजा नाम धर्ये नोय राज, नरपति थये नरपतिनुं काज...

4. आभडछेट अन्त्यजनी जणी, ब्राम्हण वैष्णव कीधा धणी...

. . . .

त्यम ऊंच नीच न गणे नारायण,....................

. . . .

भूतपंचनो आ संसार, मुरख ते वहे वर्ण अहंकार;
भात चालवा वर्णावर्ण, को मस्तक हस्त कटि चर्ण;
ब्राम्हण क्षत्रिय वैश्य ने शूद्र, हरिनो पिंड अखा कोण क्षूद्र.

. . . . .

5. भूत काळ्मां जे थइ गया, तेनी मनमां इच्छे मया;
अखा वेली केम टाळे व्यथा, जे नित्य वांचे मडदांनी कथा.

. . . . .

Opium and worldliness are alike to him who tastes them. The more he takes them, the more tasteful they appear. If he leaves them, he dies. If he takes to them, he is dead.[1]

VIII

The poet's longer works are philosophical rather than literary. In spite of his arrogant refusal to call himself a poet and his obscure and ungrammatical style, Akhā's poetic flashes lighten his philosophical works, producing images of great vividness and beauty. In *Anubhavabindu*, he thus illustrates philosophic doctrines:

The waters of the sea spread in all directions. They spread on the earth; the vegetation grows luxuriantly. What of it is left rushes down the hills; and it bears the name of a river. People hold it sacred and bathe in it. It rolls on proudly. Akhā! No one sees its beginning. But Śrī Hari is as the sea, while life is but the river-flow....

The hot season passes away; the monsoon spreads in lovely colours. The lightening flashes; the gentle winds exhilarate the mind; the moon shines everywhere; all distress is quieted. In the same way, the delusions of the senses disappear before the refulgence of the Supreme Consciousness.[2]

In *Akhegītā*, he describes the manifestation of the Supreme Soul thus:

The moon floods the world with light; her rays spread over the forests,

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1. एक अफीण बीजो संसारी रस, अधिक करे तेम आपे कस;
जेम जेम अधिकुं खातो जाय, अंगे अकले हीणो थाय;
जो मूके तो मुवे सरे, नहीं तो अखा ते खातो मरे.

2. वारिधिकेरूं वारि, चार दिश मध्ये चाले;
पृथ्वी पर पथराय, वनराजी फूले फाले.
ऊगरतूं रहे अंबु, सर्व ढली आवे ढाले;
ते नदी नाम धराय; न्हाय सहु, बहु महिमा ले्हे.
गर्वभरी गाजे अखा! शरू न जुए सरिता सही.
जेम सागर, तेम श्रीहरी; वच्चे जीवनदी वही.

. . . . . .

जेम जाय ऋतु जलद, शरद ऋतु रूडी दीसे
दामिनीदमक पलाय; वाय हलवे मन हीसे;
चहुदिश चमके चंद; धंद सहु मननूं भागे;
तेम भागे भवभ्रांति कांति द्वितीयानी आगे.

glades and temple tops; even so the Supreme Soul pervades the sense world, and penetrates into the recesses of the heart.[1]

Akhā did not possess Narasiṅha's subjectivity, nor his glorious wings of passion. But his bhakti was not devoid of personal touch, a world-hater though he was. He describes a bhakta in *Akhegītā*:

He sings with the throb of tears in his voice; his limbs are a-quiver. He sheds tears of joy. His heart is full; he is inspired by love. While eating, drinking, and speaking, he sees Rāma. His mind is pervaded by Him. He is indifferent to his worldly duties. His heart is soft as butter, full of affection. His eyes are filled with ambrosia. He is but a field for the bhakti of Hari to grow. The mind of a young woman, engrossed in her lover, lives in him; she sees him and none else all day and night. And so does the mind of a slave of Hari live with Him.[2]

He had philosophic insight; his study of Vedānta was deep. But the poetic value of his works often lies in the Vedāntic conceptions and images in which, from the days of the *Upanishads*, the great Indian philosophers have embodied thought; his real contribution has been to use them with great force and appropriateness in the language.

One more instance may be given of a felicitous use of Vedāntic images. He describes supreme bliss in *Akhegītā* thus:

What unknown bliss is mine to-day? I comprehend the Incomprehensible; I praise the Perfect Brahma, the Lord transcending the Lord of Māyā. He

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1. उदय उजाळो दे जेम चंद्रमा जी,
किरण तेहनां पसरे वनवीथी मंद्रमां जी,
तेम सरखो आतम भासे कीट इन्द्रमां जी,
एहवो प्रगट्यो हृदयाकन्द्रमां जी.

2. गद्गद कंठे गाते थके रोमांचित होये गात्र,
हर्ष आंसु वहु हेत हृदय प्रेम केरुं ते पात्र;
खातो पीतो बोलतो देखतो ते सगळे राम,
वेध्युं मन रहे तेहनुं शिथिल संसारी काम.
नवनीत सरखुं हृदे कोमल कहुं न जाए हेत,
आंख मांहे अमृत भरियुं हरि भक्ति केरुं क्षेत्र;
ज्यम जार वळुंधी युवती तेनुं मन रहे प्रीतमपास,
अहर्निश रहे आलोचती भाइ एहवुं मन हरिदास.

rules Vishnu, Śiva and Brahmā......The Living Essence shines from nothingness...He is indescribable, neither all-pervading nor atomic...when you know Him, all phenomena fade away. He stands revealed in reality; karma touches him not, nor time; He pervades all.[1]

IX

Up to the beginning of the modern period, most of the poets echoed the note of Akhā,—a note which came out of a bitter heart, weary of the stagnant social and political conditions in Gujarāta. Neither art nor insight characterised their outlook on life. This class of cheerless literature consisted of monotonous padas on śṛngāra; on jnāna, describing the vanity of life; on vairāgya, praising other-worldliness and despising joys of life.

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1. अभिनवो आनन्द आज अगोचर गोचर हवुं ए;
परपंचपार महाराज ते पूरण ब्रह्म स्तवुं ए.
हरिहर अज भुवनेश ते तणो ईश अजापति ए;

. . . . .

स्वे चैतन्यघनराय शून्यमां सोहामणो ए;
ते नावे वाणी मांह्य ते नहि विराट ने वामणो ए.

. . . . .

ए जाण्ये जाए जंजाल, यथारथ ज्यम त्यम थयुं ए;
जिहां कर्म न लागे काल, सभर भराइ ते रह्युं ए.
तिहां हवुं मन लेलीन, जइ चैतन्य सभर भर्युं ए;
नहि को दाता दीन, तन्मय सहजे सज थयुं ए.
प्रगट्यां कोटि कल्याण आपापर विणश्ये रह्युं ए;
सदा सदोदित भाण उदे अस्त कारण गयुं ए.
कहे अखो आनन्द अनुभवने लहेवा तणो ए;
एहवो पूरण परमानन्द नित्य सराहुं अति घणो ए.

CHAPTER VII

PREMĀNANDA

(1636-1734)

The literary consciousness of Gujarāta—Viśvanātha Jānī—Premānanda—His life—His works—His literary characteristics—His realistic art—His personal note—His philosophy of life—The ākhyāna in his hands—*Okhāharaṇa* (1667)-*Abhimanyuākhyāna* (1671)-*Huṇḍi* (1674)-*Śrādhha* (1681)-*Māmeruṅ*(1683)—*Nalākhyāna* (1685)—*Raṇayajna* (1685)—*Ashṭāvakrākhyāna* (1710)—*Sudāmācaritra* (1682)—*Daśamaskandha*—The plays attributed to him—Vallabha (1704) *Mitradharmākhyāna*—Ratneśvara—Sāmalabhatta (c. 1700)—His position in literature—His style and technique—His chappās.

By the beginning of the seventeenth century, Gujarāta, as a province of the Mogul Empire, had settled down to a sort of peaceful existence. A new literary tradition came into existence; and the form, the expression, and the technique for which the rāsa or ākhyāna stood, together with its frame work of Purāṇic episodes or popular fiction, were made a medium for a realistic treatment of life.

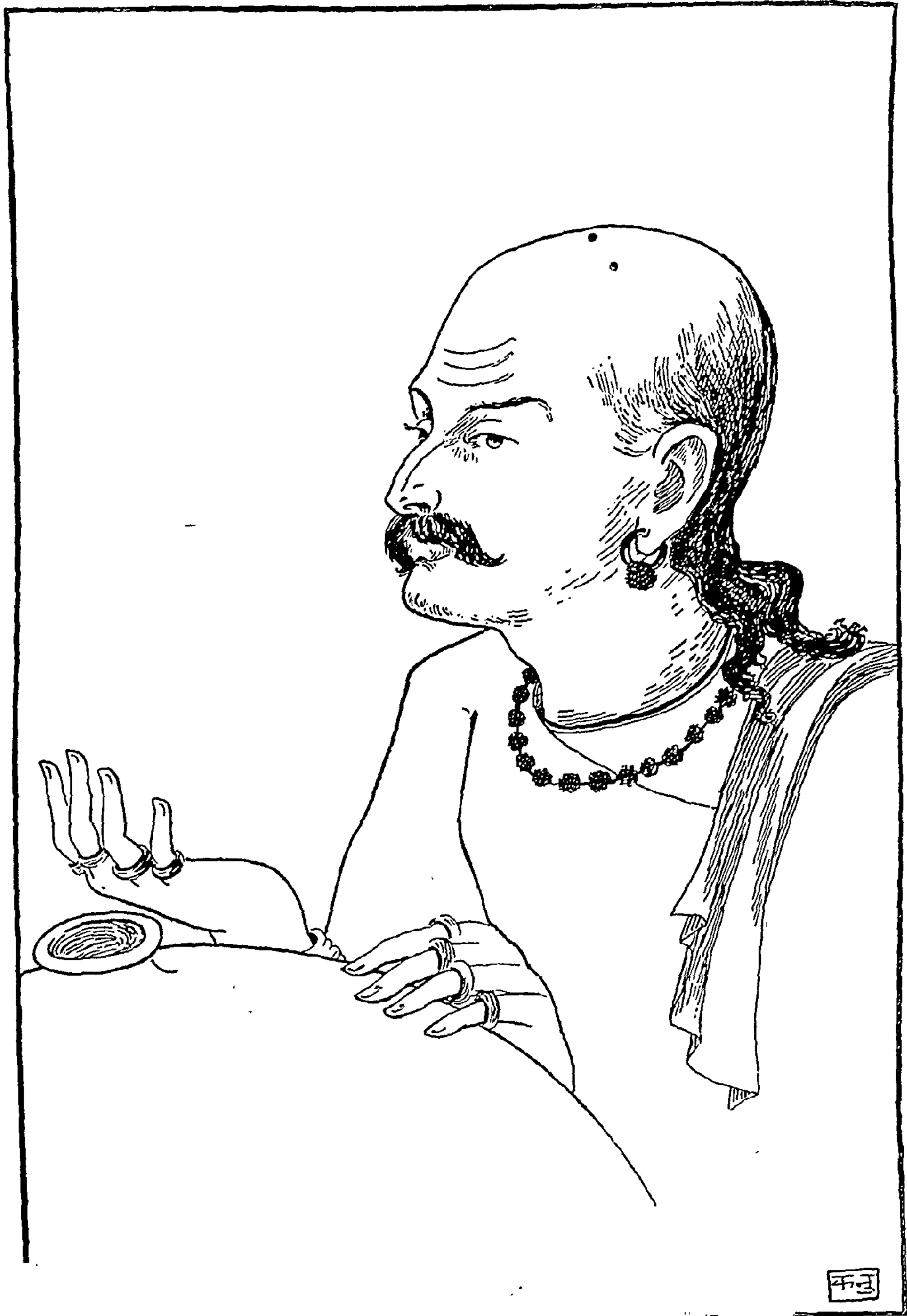
I

The exponents of this tradition found in the life of Narasiṅha Mehtā a new and fertile source of inspiration. Popular imagination had been busy surrounding him with miraculous achievements. About 1645 an unknown poet composed *Hāramālā*, celebrating the incident in which Kṛshṇa gave the saint a garland in the court of Rā Māṇḍalika. Viśvanātha Jānī (1625-1675) was the first well-known poet to compose *Mośālācaritra* (1652) about another incident. Soon after, Kṛshṇadāsa composed a *Hāracaritra* (1655) and *Huṇḍī* (1657). In 1678 Premānanda edited, and in part re-wrote, *Hāramālā*, and set about composing brilliant works on the well-known incidents in Narasiṅha's life.[1]

II

Premānanda, son of Kṛshṇa of Baroda, was the greatest literary figure of the age. A Brāhmaṇa by caste, he was

1. Ante p. 139; Munshi, *Narsaiyo: Bhakta Harino*, Introduction (Guj.) pp. 36, 47, 51,



PREMĀNANDA

left an orphan in his infancy, and taken for an idiot. In the company of a sanyāsin, Rāmacaraṇa, he toured North India, studying Saṁskṛta and Hindī then the language of culture. At first, Premānanda wrote in Hindi, but his guru disapproved of his efforts. "Why neglect your door-steps and go in search of a distant mountain?" Accepting the advice, he restricted his literary activities to his mother tongue.

He began his career as a gāgariā bhaṭa in Surat, then the richest port in the Mogul Empire. He at once gained popularity, and was in demand at Baroda, Nandurabāra, and Khāndeśa. The young poet was diffident. He says, "I beseech the poets not to find fault with my works." But, before long, he acquired courage and confidence.

> Purānikas were very costly; I felt anxious about it, So I decided to show to the people the difficult path to heaven, and made this ærial car of Prākṛta.

He made good money, and spent it generously in the orthodox style, feasting the Brāhmaṇas. His son says, "He caused a river of ghee to flow, and God himself built the banks of sugar."

Naturally, few details of his life have come down to us. His was a prosperous and uneventful life solely dedicated to literature. He died at the ripe old age of ninety-eight. He left fifty-two disciples, twelve of whom were women, devoted to the cause of literature. On his death-bed he is said to have given directions that, out of his disciples, his son, Vallabha, should write in the style of Hindī poets, Ratneśvara in the style of Marāṭhī poets, Vīrjī in that of Persian poets, and Sundara in the style of the Purāṇas.

III

The works of Premānanda were very popular, and kept alive the traditions and maintained the atmosphere of the Purāṇas in the province. Thirty years ago, there was scarcely a middle-aged lady of the higher class in Gujarāta who did not know at least one of them by heart.

Premānanda composed with incredible facility. As many as fifty-seven works are attributed to him, several of them being of considerable length. His work can be divided, according to their sources, into the following groups:

(1) Ākhyānas from the *Mahābhārata*: *Candrahāsākhyāna* (1671), *Ṛshyaśṛngākhyāna* (1673), *Draupadīsvayaṁvara*

(1680), *Māndhātākhyāna* (1681), *Bhagavadgītā* (1682), *Nalākhyāna* (1685), *Draupadīharaṇa* (1689), *Subhadrāharaṇa* (1702) and *Ashṭāvakrākhyāna* (1710).

(2) Ākhyānas from the *Bhāgavata Purāṇa*: *Lakshmaṇāharaṇa* (1664), *Okhāharaṇa* (1667), *Sudāmācaritra* (1682), *Vāmanacaritra* (c. 1729), *Dāṇa-līlā*, *Saptama-skandha*, *Rukmiṇīharaṇa* and *Dhruvākhyāna*.

(3) Ākhyānas from the *Mārkaṇḍeya Purāṇa*: *Madālasākhyāna* (1672), *Hariścandraākhyāna* (1692), and *Devīcaritra* (1695).

(4) Ākhyānas from the *Rāmāyaṇa*: e. g. *Raṇayajna* (1685).

(5) Complete versions of the *Mahābhārata*, the *Bhāgavata*, the *Mārkaṇḍeya Purāṇa* and the *Rāmāyaṇa*.

(6) Ākhyānas on the life of Narasiṁha Mehtā: *Huṇḍī* (c. 1674), *Hāramālā* (c. 1678), *Śrāddha* (1681) and *Māmeruṁ* (1683).

(7) Miscellaneous works, like *Svargaṇīsaraṇī*, *Vivekavaṇazāro* and *Bhramara-paciśī*.

Many parts of these works have been bodily taken from the works of Vishṇudāsa, Nākara, Viśvnātha Jānī and other less known of his predecessors. A prince of plagiarists, Premānanda allowed no law, either of morals or art, to prevent him from appropriating another man's work. By the very conditions of his profession, he was required to use his poetic skill upon the ākhyānas well-known to his audience. And his works, in consequence, exhibit widely differing standards of skill and language. For instance, the *Mārkaṇḍeya Purāṇa* follows the original closely; the rendering of the *Bhāgavata*, except in parts, has little literary value; while *Nalākhyāna*, though largely based on a predecessor's work, is an independent work of art, every line of which testifies to the touch of a skilled artist.

IV.

Premānanda was very proud of the Gujarātī language, and had pledged himself to make it as rich and beautiful as Saṁskṛta. He is said to have given up wearing a turban till he redeemed the pledge. In *Roshadarśikā-satyabhāmākhyāna*, a drama attributed to him, he says:

May the Gujarātī language be rich with implied meanings, lovely in its parts. May her feet be full of grace and ornament. May she excel all her comrades. May she reach the pedestal occupied by the language of gods (Saṁskṛta). May God fulfil my hope of seeing her the best among all her friends![1]

His command over the resources of the language was unequalled; and, so was his knowledge of contemporary life. He was a profound observer; no detail escaped him. He depicted passion, situation and character in a vivid style. He was a master of the art of gaining broad effects; and could play upon an emotion to the point of saturation. He excelled in making an old plot, however jejune, throb with new life. Among the literary artists of the period, he alone was truly a creative artist, and could give a glimpse of actual life.

A clever reader of the popular mind, he was always ready to cater to the prevailing taste. This was his strength and his weakness. In his hands, the dignity of the Purāṇic characters suffered lamentably. The mighty and astute Śrī Kṛshṇa was painted in the *Abhimaṇyu-ākhyāna* as a base trickster. The incident of King Yuvānaśva bearing a child was described in the *Māndhātākhyāna* with a wealth of intimate details revealing lack of good taste and artistic perception. His audience must have enjoyed a recital of those passages; but, to-day, they scarcely help to justify his literary reputation.

It is difficult to find even an isolated note of personal feeling in his works. He wore a literary mask, and identified himself with every situation.

The works dealing with bhakti show Premānanda only as an artist; he can describe the storm of love without betraying subjective intensity. His works, no doubt, display greater variety of treatment and a more comprehensive effort to enrich emotions than the work of Narasiṁha; but the great impulse of pure bhakti does not inspire them, nor does a high conception of beauty.[2]

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1. सांगोपांग सुरंग व्यंग अतिशे, धारो गिरा गुर्जरी,
पादे पाद रसाळ भूषणवती, थाओ सखी उपरी ।
जे गीर्वाण गिरा गणाय गणतां, ते स्थान ए ल्यो वरी,
थाये श्रेष्ठ सहु सखीजनथकी, ए आश पूरो हरि ॥

2, Munshi, *Thoḍāṅka Rasadarśano*, p. 216.

His horizon was limited by the narrow world in which the small castes of Gujarāta had their being. Satisfied with himself and his times, he considered everything to be for the best in this best of all possible worlds wherein men were ruled by the Purāṇic order of things. In S. Y. 1729 (A. C. 1673) famine swept over Gujarāta; and the poet composed *Ṛshyaśṛngākhyāna* with this note:

It was a terrible calamity; the only good fortune was that it was not the end of the world; even suckling babies tremble when they hear of the famine of twenty-nine. In that year, twenty-nine, I composed this work; I could not repress my nature. I am only happy when I compose a poem.

This sanity of outlook was in remarkable contrast to the other-worldly note of contemporary literature.

Premānanda took the old rāsa form of the ākhyāna as he found it—a long, poetic composition divided into kaḍavāṅs in deśī and rounded by two lines of valaṇa. But he used it with freedom and vigour. In his best works, the story was a rapid and interesting narrative; but he broke it up at frequent intervals to make room for long descriptions instinct with real life, or padas or garabīs infused with feeling, homely but rich. He used his art so skilfully that the ākhyāna became, like the modern novel, an elastic medium for all literary purposes.

V.

In *Okhāharaṇa*, the poet describes the feelings of a Gujarātī girl on seeing her husband's father. Okhā, daughter of the demon Bāṇāsura, is locked up in a tower with a companion, Citralekhā. She meets Aniruddha in a dream and falls in love with him. In the morning, she requests Citralekhā to draw portraits of well-known men that she might identify her lover. Citralekhā tries her hand at drawing various celebrities, but Okhā is unmoved. Citralekhā ultimately draws Kṛshṇa.

When she saw Śrī Kṛshṇa, Okhā stood up out of respect, covering her face with the fold of her sāri. She recognised her grand-father-in-law. She said, "My husband is surely descended from this man".

Then Citralekhā drew Pradyumna, and Okhā covered her face again. She said, "His limbs are those of my lord, not his age".

Citralekhā, then, drew Aniruddha on paper. He had a coronet on his brow; his face was like the moon; his eyes, like lotuses. Agitated, Okhā rushed to embrace the paper. "Come, My Lord, come," she cried, "You have accepted

not of the venerable Sukracarya of the Puraṇas.

He appeared an old man. He had a stick in his hand and yet he stumbled at every step. A torn piece of cloth was folded round his head. Shaking with palsy, with mouth and nose dribbling, he looked from side to side with watery eyes. His body was shrunken, weak as a twig; as he coughed, he was out of breath. He, the Eternal,—coughed loudly like a consumptive man. His feet shook under him; sometimes, he fell to the ground. Hunch-backed he was, and doubled at the waist. His feet were rheumatic; his hair white; his knees bent. He walked with a limp....When he spoke, his tongue came in the way. He had

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1. दीठा श्रीकृष्ण ने ओखा उठी, कीधी वडससरानी लाज;
अरे सहियर ! ए भियाना रे कुळमां, छे मारो भरथार.
तव प्रद्युम्नने लखी देखाडयो, लाज कीधी बीजी वार;
कन्या कहे अवयव प्रभुना, आ पुरुष कोई वृद्ध.
चित्रलेखाए लखी देखाडयो, कागळमां अनिरुद्ध,
मुगट भ्रमरपर वदन सुधाकर, नेत्र बे अंबूज;
घेली ओखा धाइने भेटी, कागळने भरी भूज.
धन्य धन्य नाथजी ! हाथ ग्रहीने, न मूकीए ते वीडी सारुं;
हृदय अवळानुं होय काचुं, कुण गजूं छे मारुं ?
ना, ना, बोलो मारा सम छे, लाजो छो शा माटे ?
चित्रलेहा कहे न होय स्वामी, वळग्यामां कागळ फाटे.

spasms. Dressed in a forester's garb, he had thrown a blanket over his shoulders.[1]

This description of a poor, old, diseased village priest is graphic, though a little too colourful.

On the pretext of measuring the trunk, Kṛshṇa induces Ahilocana to get into it, and shuts down the lid. The demon is suffocated to death. Kṛshṇa entrusts the box to his sister, Subhadrā. The wives of Kṛshṇa, burning with curiosity, prevail upon Subhadrā to open the box. Feminine curiosity is, then, picturesquely described by the poet. The box is opened, the spirit of Ahilocana enters Subhadrā, and Abhimanyu is born.

VI

In the contemporary setting of *Narasinha Mehtānī Huṇḍī* the poet is not put to the strain of having to devise situations congenial to his art as in the Purānic ākhyānas, and is more successful. The Mehtā drew a huṇḍī on Kṛshṇa at Dvārikā in favour of some pilgrims.

The Beloved met the pilgrims on the banks of the Gomatī. He had a fitting appearance. He walked as men do in the market. His turban was of twisted folds. Where did he learn to fold it so? With a pen behind his ear, he looked a vaṇika....Like a bania, the Lord spoke hurriedly and with a lisp. A necklace of gold was round his neck; a broad belt of gold round his waist. His palm had the lines of wealth. He had rings on his fingers, a scarf over his shoulders. The Lord was large of build.[2]

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1. वृद्ध वेश कर ग्रही लाकडी, वागे ठेस पडे आखडी.
जळजळां नेत्र जुवे अरुंपरुं, माथे बांध्युं फाटुं चीथरुं;
थरथर देहडी ध्रुजे जदुराय, कायामां प्रगट्यो कंप वाय.
मुख नासिकाये लाळो चूवे, कर कपाळे दई आडुं जूवे;
पेटे वळी छे करचली, दीनबंधु दुवळा जाणे पेपली.
उधरसनो ठोंसो ने चढे श्वास, खई रोगिया थया अविनाश;
खों खों खों खुंखारो करे, भोम पडे ने पग लडथडे.
नीसरी खुंध कटी वेवड वळी, पगे वायु ने माथे पळी;
खोडांगतो चाले कानुवो, वांकुं घुंटण पगे जानुवो.
वळगे जीभ बोलतां आवे शूळ, ओढयो कामळो पहेर्युं वनकूळ;
एवे रुपे परमेश्वर पळ्या, अहिलोचनने सामा मळ्या.

2. वहालो गोमतीजीना घाटमां रे, मळ्यो तीरथवासीने वाटमां रे;
वेश पुरो आण्यो मारे वहाले रे, नाथ चउटानी चाले चाले रे.

In *Śrāddha*, the Mehtā invites his caste-men to dinner on the anniversary of his father's death. His wife sends him to the market to buy ghee; but the saint, oblivious of his mission, joins some one in singing the praises of Kṛshṇa. The guests arrive, but dinner is not ready. Māṇekabāi, Narasiṁha's wife, is unhappy, and the guests disappointed and sarcastic. Śrī Kṛshṇa, however, assumes the Mehtā's form, brings ghee, and the feast is held.

In *Māmerum*, wherein the poet narrates how Kṛshṇa helped the Mehtā to celebrate the mośālā of Kuṁvarbāī, the journey of the saint to the village of her husband is described in detail. Too poor to hire a cart, the saint improvises a vehicle.

> The body of the cart was old; the yoke was bent, the poles broken. The wooden nails belonged to another; the bullocks were borrowed. A sack containing musical instruments, a bag of the sacred white clay, and another of tulsī wood were tied behind the cart. The scraggy bullocks would not move, and the Vaishṇavas had to push them forwards. When going uphill they did it, shouting, "Victory, Victory," all the time. Sometimes, one of the bullocks, too tired to move, would lie down on the road, and the other alone would drag the vehicle. They would then force the first one to rise by pulling its tail. A thousand such incidents would happen. . . Every joint of the cart was loose, the axle creaked, the wheels grated. They got in and out of the vehicle with the names of Rāma and Kṛshṇa on their lips. In this manner, Mehtāji came to Unā at midday, and the village turned out to see him.[1]

छे अवळा आंटानी पाघडी रे, वालाजीने केम वांधतां आवडी रे ?
दीसे वाणीओ भीने वान रे, एक लेखण खोसी छे कान रे.

. . . .

त्रिकमजी वणिकनी तोले रे, नाथ् उतावळुं ने बोबडुं बोले रे;
सोनानी सांकळी ने कंठे दोरो रे, केडे पाटीवाळो कंदोरो रे.
झळके धनरेखा हथेलीमां रे, आंगळीए वींटी ने वेढीआं रे;
एक ओढी पछेडी खांधे रे, नाथ दुंदाळो ने मोटी फांदे रे.

1. जुनी वेल ने धूंसरि वांकी, सांगी सोटा मागीजी;
कोना तळाया ने कोनी पिंजणियो, बळद आण्या वे मागीजी.
महेतोजी मामेरे चाल्या, समर्यां श्री जगदीशजी;
त्रण सखियो संघाते चाली, वेरागी दश वीशजी.
संपुट त्रांवानी डावलीनो, तेमां बाळमुकुंदजी;
कंठे हार करीने राख्या, दामोदर नंदननंदजी.
वलनी पूंठे कोथळो बांध्यो, मांही भर्यां वाजिंत्रजी.

VII

Nalākhyāna is perhaps the most popular of the poet's ākhyānas. This poem is characterized by ornate style, elaborate descriptions, and intensely expressed emotions. It is evidently an attempt to produce a masterpiece on the conventional model. The description of Damayantī is in the approved hyperbolic style of the period.

The serpent saw the lovely braid of Damayantī, and, humbled and ashamed, crawled into the nether regions. The moon saw the sweet face of Bhīmaka's daughter, waned, and hid behind a cloud. At creation, Brahmā collected light in a pot, and made the limbs of Damayantī out of it. Part of it lay unused; parts lay scattered about; Brahmā put them together and created the moon.[1]

King Nala wants to marry her; but not even the sage Nārada will carry his message to her, lest his ascetic mind should lose self-control in her presence.

When on a visit to a forest the king catches a beautiful swan with a golden body. The bird thus expresses its feelings towards the captor:

गांठडी एक गोपीचंदननी, तुळशी काष्ट पवित्रजी
मोसाळानी सामग्रीमां , तिलक ने तुळसीमाळजी;
नरसैंयाने निर्भय छे जे, भोगवशे गोपाळजी.
वळ हीण वळदो शुं हींडे, ठेले वैष्णव साथजी;
सोर पाडे ने ढाळ चढावे, जे जे वैकुंठ नाथजी.
एक वळद गळियो थई वेसे, आखलो ताणी जायजी;
पच्याने पुंछ ग्रही उठाडे, कौतुक कोटी थायजी.
साले साल जूजवां दीसे, रथतणां वहु चक्रजी;
सांगीनो वहु शब्दज उठे, चूचवे छे वहु चक्रजी.
चडे वेसे ने वळि उतरे, ले रामकृष्णनुं नामजी;
मध्याह्न महेताजी आव्या, जोवा मळ्युं उंना गामजी.

1 दमयंतीनो चोटलो, देखी अति सोहाग;
अभिमान मूकी लज्जा आणी, पाताळ पेठो नाग.
भीमक सुतानुं वदन सुधाकर, देखीने शोभाय;
चंद्रमा तो क्षीण पामी, आभमां संताय.
सृष्टि करतां ब्रह्माजीए, भर्युं तेजनुं पात्र;
ते तेजनुं प्रजापतिये घड्युं, दमयंतीनुं गात्र.
तेमांथी कांई शेप वाध्युं, घडतां खेरो पडियो;
ब्रह्माए एकठुं करीने, तेनो चंद्रमा घडियो.

Sinful man? For what sins of mine, do you visit me with this punishment? Alas, man is cruel. He will kill me forthwith; tear off my wings; roast me on fire. Who will save me from him? In order that he may eat, I must die, a jewel like me must be destroyed. My mate, disconsolate, must also die. On whom will she now rely? [1]

The king, moved by compassion, lets go the bird; and, in return, it flies to Damayantī and inspires her with a tender feeling for Nala. When Bhīmaka holds a svayaṁvara for his daughter, Nala and other kings, and even gods attend. Inspired by jealousy, the gods, including Indra, Varuṇa and Dharma, transform one another's face into that of a dog, a cat, a monkey or a bear. This touch of vulgarity scarcely meets the requirements of art, but, for the poet, Purānic personages were only pegs to hang contemporary pictures from. Damayantī selects Nala, is married to him, and returns with him to his capital.

On one occasion, Nala plays dice with his brother, and loses the stake; and, in consequence, he has to give up his throne and go to a forest for three years. Damayantī bids a touching farewell to her children when she loyally follows Nala to the forest. Misfortunes befall the pair as they wander through the forests. Kali, the spirit of the Iron Age, instigates Nala to desert Damayantī while she is lying asleep in the forest. She wanders in the forest, alone and terrified, calling upon Nala in piteous wails. She is partly swallowed by a python, and narrowly escapes death.

These parts of the poem, already worked upon by so many poets, bear testimony to the poet's mastery in dealing with tragic situations. But in case of Old Gujarātī works, estimates can be only comparative; though a masterpiece among the ākhyānas of the period, *Nalākhyāna* is but a crude vulgarisation of the noble original in the *Māhābhārata*.

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1 ओ काळा माथाना धणी, पापी माणसा रे, जेने निर्दयता होये घणी, पा. ॥
ए तो जीवने मारे ततखेव, पा. हवे हुं मुओ अवश्यमेव, पा. ॥
टुंपी नाखशे माहारी पंखाय, पा. मुने शेकशे अग्निमांय, पा. ॥
कोण मूकावे करी पक्ष, पा. माहारे मरवुं ने एने भक्ष, पा. ॥
आ मज सरखुं रतन, पा. ते एळे थाशे नीधन, पा. ॥
टळवळी मरशे माहारी नार, पा. ते जीवशे केने आधार, पा. ॥

Raṇayajna describes the battle between Rāma and Rāvaṇa, and incidentally shows the poet's skill in dealing with vīra rasa, the heroic sentiment. But it is extravagant and tawdry, and lacks the epic thrill of *Kāhnaḍadeprabandha.*

A crowd of demons rushed determined to fight. Noses and ears and feet were scattered on the ground. Rivers of blood met. Some cried out; others shouted encouragement. Some roared; others were beaten with fists; some were stifled; some were masticated to death. Here and there and everywhere, royal umbrellas were lying about and armour plates and chains lay broken.[1]

Queen Mandodarī, while remonstrating with Rāvaṇa, describes the ominous signs which prophesy disaster.

Oh, king, the day is dusty and overclouded. The sun is dim; my lord, the quarters are foggy. Evil omens meet us everywhere. Yester-night, I had a dream. King, how can I tell you how terrible it was? The sea was dried up; the river ran with blood; Lankā was in flames. Your queens were in tears; and so were your daughters and daughters-in-law. And I saw them tonsured, their hands without bracelets.[2]

But the king is adamant; he is determined to fight Rāma. Even Rāvaṇa's fierce brother, Kumbhakarṇa, makes a piteous but vain appeal to his brother to desist from fighting.

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1. राक्षस जुथ आवे त्यांहां अति अडिया;
नासाकर्ण ने चर्ण वहू धर्ण ढळियां,
महा रुधिरनी सरिता नीर मळियां.
हकारे वकारे कोई त्यां खोखारे,
पोकारे होकारे मारे खड्ग धारे;
पगे झीक पडे ढीक हैये हीक आवे,
आणे अंत वळवंत ग्रही दंत चावे.
यत्र तत्र सर्वत्र वहु छत्र पडियां,
पाखर वख्तर कवचनी त्रूटी कडियां.

2. आजनो दाहाडो लागे धुंधळो, दीसे झांखो दिनकर देव, हो राणाजी;
त्रिभुवननाथ ना दुभीए, जेनी ब्रह्मा शंकर करे सेव, हो राणाजी. आ.
दिशा चारे दीसे धुंधळी, कांई शुकन माठेरां थाय, हो राणाजी;
कांई फाळु वोले रे विहासणी, रुए वायस श्वान ने गाय, हो राणाजी. आ.
गई राते स्वप्न में पामियुं, दीठुं दारुण कह्युं क्यम जाय, हो राणाजी;
समुद्र सुका रुधिर सरिताभरी, लंकामां लागी छे लाय, हो राणाजी. आ.
लाख लाख राणी तमारडी, वीजो वहुवेटीनो साथ, हो राणाजी;
केश विना दीठां मस्तक वोडलां, चुडला विना दीठा हाथ, हो राणाजी. आ.

The poet, however, must make even the demon a little attractive. Rāvaṇa replies:

> Hear my sorry tale. When I see Jānakī, I see in her as it were our mother. My love for her will only be destroyed with my corpse.

At the end, Rāvaṇa develops a sanctimonious disposition, confessing that he is only seeking liberation through death at the hands of Rāma.

VIII

Ashṭāvakrākhyāna, written in somewhat polished style, contains excellent verses. The sage, stricken by love, wanders in a forest in the company of his wife.

> The breeze blew softly. A pair of peacocks uttered notes of delight. Inspired by love, they moved about like a sārasa pair. They did not part from each other, in talk, in food, or in enjoyment. . . Their love grew, as the lady sang to her lord. On the way, the wind blew, sweet and mild, cool and fragrant; the youthful bride looked at the full-blown lotus with an anxious heart.[1]

Sudāmācaritra exhibits great realism. Sent by his wives to seek help from Kṛshṇa, his friend when in school, Sudāmā, the poor Brāhmaṇa, arrives at the palace. Kṛshṇa rushes forward to welcome Sudāmā, and his wives bring gifts as a ceremonial welcome. The old friends meet, and touchingly exchange reminiscences of their boyhood. Sudāmā presents Kṛshṇa with a little rice; and the present is returned by Śrī Kṛshṇa a millionfold without his knowing it. When the poor Brāhmaṇa returns to his cottage, he finds in place of it a royal palace with elephants waiting at the door. Struck dumb with amazement, he does not

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1. त्यां वायु मंदगति करे अति, द्वंद्व बोले मोरनां,
सारस समां वे संचरे छे, कामदेवना जोरमां.
विखुटां पडे नहि वातमां ते, हारमां विहारमां,
विखुटां पडे नहि वातमां ते, सारमां असारमां.
विखुटां पडे नहि वातमां ते, पारमां अपारमां,
विखुटां पडे नहि वातमां ते, भारमां नभारमां.
रे विखुटांज पाडे काळ भूलवे, धार निराधारमां,
वितनु वाध्यो स्वर अलापे, भामिनी भरथारमां.
शो मधुर मंद सुगंधि शीतळ, वायु वाहे वाटमां,
खील्यां कमळ जोई रही जुवती, खरेखरा उचाटमां.

know what to do. Beauteous damsels accompany his wife, now transformed into a young, fascinating woman, as she comes out to welcome him. Then follows a humorous situation.

When worshiping him, she touched his hand, the sage ran away, frightened. He trembled in every limb; he could not see anything. He was bare-headed; his hair was flying about. When the beautiful lady tried to hold his hand, the sage shrieked, "I have got into a new house. Forgive me, I have no dishonest motive. I am old, and you are a young woman. My morals are very strict; I assure you, I have not come here lured by passion. Let me go. Why do you worry me? Be you happy." [1]

His wife explains how everything has been metamorphosed by the goodwill of Kṛshṇa; and, as he enters the house, Sudāmā himself is transformed into a radiant youth.

His *Daśamaskandha,* Xth canto of the *Bhāgavata,* is a comparatively inferior work. The well-known lament of Jasodā, when Kṛshṇa plunged into the Jumnā to recover a ball, is one of the finest poems of the author.

Why, my dark one, did you plunge into the river, leaving your poor mother behind?

The waters of the Jumnā are dark; the black Kāli lives in it. How can I hope to meet you again? How will you come back to me?

My child was my life, but fate has robbed me of it. I did not know how to preserve my jewel; and it is now lost to me. When well advanced in life, I had a son; I nursed him; I brought him up. But the sweetness which I had gathered is now gone. Bereaved, I am on fire.

When will I see you—a pearl in your nose, anklets on your feet, the peacock crown on your head,—coming back to me with the returning cattle? You have flung yourself into the deep waters; how will you live? Who will now play with your peacock, your parrot, and your doll?

You are gone, and I am alive; our love was destined to be short-lived. How shall I face the world? Yes, the ball was just an excuse; really, you must have been offended with me. When you were an infant, I once bound you to

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1. पूजा करीने पालव ग्रह्यो, तव ऋषिजी नाठा जाय.
थर थर ध्रुजे ने कांई न सूजे, छूटी जटा उघाडे शीश;
हस्त ग्रहेवा जाय सुंदरी, तव ऋषिजी पाडे चीश.
हुं तो सेजे जोउं छुं घर नवां, मने नथी कपट विचार;
हुं तो वृद्ध ने तमो जोवन नारी, छे कठण लोकाचार.
भोगासक्त हुं नथी आव्यो, मने परमेश्वरनी आण;
जावा द्यो मने कां दमो छो, तमने हजो कल्याण.

the mortar. Did you plunge into the river because you remembered the insult? [1]

IX

Premānanda has been credited with writing dramas, three of which were published ...... years ago. They are named *Roshadarśikā-satyabhāmākhyāna, Pāñcāli-prasannākhyāna* and *Tapatyākhyāna.* From a literary and artistic point of view, they are inferior to the poet's other works.

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1. मारूं माणकडुं रीसाव्युंरे, सामळीया,
तारा मनमां ए शुं आव्युंरे, सामळीया;
हुं अपराधण माताने मूकी, शा माटे झंपाव्युंरे, सामळीया–मा०
कालिंदीनुं काळुं पाणी, मांहे वसे काळो काळी;
हवे आशा ते शी मळवानी, केम आवे वनमाळीरे, सा०–मा०
संतान रूपीयुं मोटुं धन ते, करमे लीधुं लूंटी;
में नव जाण्युं जतन करीने, रतन पडयुं केम छूटीरे, सा०–मा०
पुत्र पामी हुं छेल्ले आश्रमे, उछेर्यो प्रतिपाळी;
नीपनो रस ढळी गयो हुं, वीजोग आगे बाळीरे, सा०–मा०
नाके मोती पाये घूघरी, मोर मुगट शिर धारी;
फरी रूप हुं क्यांथी देखुं, हरि आवे गौ चारीरे, सा०–मा०
काने कुंडळ मूखमां मोरली, सांजे गोकुळ आवो;
भूख्यो छौ कही पेट देखाडो, मा कही मने बोलावोरे, सा०–मा०
पीत पीछोडी काछ कछे, मुज कने नेतरूं मागे;
हुं घरडी माने थाकी जाणी, कोण वलोववा लागे रे, सा०–मा०
तुं प्राणेश्वर तुं गोपेश्वर, गोपी देह केम धरशे;
बाळ सखानी कोण वले आ, गायो हींसी हींसी मरशेरे, सा०–मा०
उंडा जळमां वासो कीधो, पाणीमां केम गमशे;
मोर पोपट पूतळी तारे, रमकडे कोण रमशेरे, सा०–मा०
कांइ तुं गयो ने हुं जीवुं छुं, ओछा सगपण माटे;
साचुं वहाल तो त्यां जणाये, सांभळतां हैडुं फाटेरे, सा०–मा०
काष्टपे पाषाण कठीण छे, तेपे कठीण छे लोढुं;
वज्र तुल्य छे काळजुं मारूं, लोकने शुं देखाडुं मोढुंरे, सा०–मा०
तें मखांतर दडानुं कीधुं, मनमां दुःख कांइ आव्युं;
उखळनुं बंधन आज सांभर्युं, ते माटे झंपाव्युंरे, सा०–मा०
नंद यसोदा गाय गोवाळा; व्याकुळ वृजनी नारी;
चार घडी पूठे सर्व पडजो, हळधर राखे वारीरे, सा०–मा०

The technique is by a different hand. Their genuineness has been rightly challenged by Narsinhrao Divatia in an ably written paper, *Premānandanā Nāṭako*.[1] His arguments, which have remained unanswered, are that both stage and dramatic literature were unknown to Gujarāta in the whole period of five centuries; that Vallabha in his boastful recital of his father's literary achievements does not refer to any drama; that the original manuscripts have not been forthcoming in spite of repeated demands; and, that many phrases are based on idioms and ideas formed by Western influence. Further, a lapse of over fifty years has not led to the discovery of any other manuscript of the poet's dramas, or, for that matter, of any drama composed in Old Gujarātī. Old Gujarātī had no drama; and to the literary men of Gujarāta, from Somasundara to Dayārāma, the dramatic presentation of character, incident and dialogue was an unknown art.

X

Premānanda left two sons Vallabha and Jivaṇarām. Vallabha is said to have composed, among other works, *Duhśāsana-rudhirapānākhyāna* (1724); *Yakshapraśnottara* (1725); *Kuntīprasannākhyāna* (1781); *Kṛshṇavishṭi*; *Premānandakathā*; *Yudhishṭhiravṛkodara-ākhyāna*; and a social story, *Mitradharmākhyāna* (1754). Some of these works are of more than doubtful authenticity.

Vallabha appears to have been engaged in defending his and his father's position as a poet against Sāmaḷa. He was impetuous and arrogant, a fanatical worshipper of his father and a jealous guardian of his reputation.

> The poetry of Premānanda is like the sun. The bards are but descended from the Brāhmaṇas; but a Brāhmaṇa is the descendant of Brahmā himself. Canda is inferior to the father of this lord of poets (meaning himself).[2]

Again,

> There is nothing on earth equal to the Gujarātī language. It has all good qualities including mellifluity.

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1. Sahitya Parishad Report, Vol. III.
2. प्रेमानंदनी कविता, सविताशी पेखिये.
   ब्राह्मणथी भाट थया, वंशज विधिना आ तो,
   कवीश्वरना पिताथी, चंद मंद देखीए.

Except some happy descriptions and passages depicting impetuous wrath, there is very little in the works of this poet which deserves any serious attention. His style is extravagant and bombastic, and lacks refinement.

The credit of writing, perhaps, the only original social kathā of the age, *Mitradharmākhyāna*, belongs to Vallabha. The subject of the poem is friendship and opens with a reference to persons whose friendship was known to the Purāṇas. Then follows one of the characteristic flourishes of the poet.

Duryodhana's friend was Karṇa, though he courted disaster. Premānanda is the friend of his foes; and Mādhava (the god?) is his friend. All men are friends of Vallabha; a friend is a soul of the body.

Then he describes Gujarāta, and has a hit at Sāmaḷa.

In the city of Ratnapura, dwelt great poets, some like Prema, some like us. Some poets who live there are of dark deeds (Śāma lakshaṇavantā)[1] who serve all and sundry; who disregard the vow of non-begging and take to the ways of mendicants; who try to become gods but without proper ceremonies; who forgetting the duties of a Brāhmaṇa disgrace Gujarāta by their residence.

Indu and Mindu are the sons of two Brāhmaṇa friends in Ratnapurī. For twelve years they live in the āśrama of a learned Brāhmaṇa at Bhṛgukaccha. Indu grows up to be a man of character, popular and learned; Bindu, an ignorant and insolent knave. On their way home, the jealous Bindu tries to kill Indu and leaves him as dead in a village on the banks of the Mahī. He returns to his city, and reports that Indu died on the way; later, he changes the story and informs Indu's father that his son is gone to Kāśī for further studies. Mindu, now, poses as a prodigy of learning. He is invited by the king to a debate with the Brāhma as of the court, and is worsted. Unable to live up to his boast, he leaves the town, promising to return in two months with the solution of the questions put to him.

Mindu, in his travels, comes to the village of kolīs, where he thought he had killed Indu, and is surprised to find that his friend was alive and had made it flourish. Indu welcomes Mindu; saves him from his kolī followers who, angry at the insolence of Mindu, want to kill him; and returns with Mindu to Ratnapurī as his disciple to help him secure a triumph over the Brāhmaṇas of the town.

When they attend court, Mindu refers all the problems put to him to his disciple. Indu solves all questions; and the king and the learned Brāhmaṇas are all pleased. But the jealous Mindu again tries to deprecate Indu. The king, suspecting the truth, has enquiries made. The headman of the kolīs tells the whole truth to the king, who turns out Mindu and installs Indu as the royal purohita. Mindu meets with an untimely end.

If this work is not a forgery, akhyāna for the first time drops its borrowed Saṁskṛtic framework and becomes a story of real life. But the life as it appears has neither greatness nor beauty.

XI

Of all the pupils of Premānanda, Ratneśvara (c. 1700) was the most notable. Among his works were *Śiśupāla-vadha; Bhāgavata; Mūrkhalakshaṇāvali* (1714); *Vairāgyalatā* and other padas; *Lankākāṇḍa* and *Rādhākṛshṇanā Mahinā*. Throughout life he was persecuted by rival purāṇikas; and, after his death, parts of his *Bhāgavata* were thrown into the Narmadā by his illiterate sons at the instance of his rivals. A great student of Saṁskṛta, he attained a purity, elegance and richness of style which were beyond the reach of his contemporaries. In his *Mahinā* he describes Rādhā in a conventional vein but with a charm of language approaching Modern Gujarātī poetry.

Madana let fly his arrows at her; and she fell pierced. Tied by the fetters of love, she cried "Hari! Hari!". She wept, disconsolate at the separation, wiping her tears with her cloth. As she looked into the mirror, she saw her eyes dawn-red.[1]

Again she addresses the cloud:

Oh cloud! Listen to my words. Stop the rain and pause for a while. Tell

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1. प्रकटी मदन व्याधि, मो'ह्यों बाण सांधी;
हरि हरि कहे राधा, प्रेमने पाश बांधी;
विरह विकळ रोती, चीरशुं नीर ल्हो'ती;
अरूण नयन दीसे, आश जोतां अरीसे.

. . . . .

me the news of Krshna. What message do you bring from Madhupūra. Did you see Krshnaji, sweet as his flute ? [1]

XII

Sāmaḷabhatta was a junior contemporary of Premānanda. He was born about the year 1700. The earlier date, 1640, is obviously incorrect, for he composed his *Angadavishti* in 1752. He was a Śrīgoḍa Mālvī Brāhmaṇa of Veṅgaṇapura (now Gomtīpura), a suburb of Ahmedābād, and knew Saṁskṛta, Vraja and Persian. He left behind him no followers, and no school of poetry. Throughout his life, he appears to have waged a literary warfare with the school of Premānanda led by the arrogant Vallabha.

His Purāṇic works are *Śiva Purāṇa* (1748) ; *Revākhaṇḍa ; Aṅgadavishṭi* (1752); *Rāvaṇamaṅdodarīsaṁvāda ; Kālīmahātmya ; Śukadevākhyāna ; Draupadīvastrāharaṇa.* His works of fiction are *Batrīśaputlī ; Suḍābohterī ; Padmāvatī* (1718); *Naṅda-batrīśī ; Vinecaṭanī Vārtā ; Barāsakasturīnī Vārtā ; Caṅdra-caṅdrāvatī ; Madanmohanā ; Vidhātānī Vārtā ; Suṅdara Kamadāra ;* and *Bhojakathā.* His miscellaneous works, including those of doubtful authorship, are *Raṇachodanā Śloka, Udyamakarmasaṁvāda, Śāmalaratnamāla, Abhrāmakulīna-śloko* or *Rustam-bahādurno Pavāḍo* (c. 1725), *Boḍhāṇo, Rakhīdāsa-caritra, Viśveśvarākhyāna,* and *Raṇastaṁbha.*

Sāmaḷa at one time was appraised as a great writer of original fiction and a peer of Premānanda ; but materials which are now available necessitate a re-estimate of his works. He attempted Purānic subjects, but could only produce ordinary ākhyānas. Though he twitted Premānanda for being merely a copyist of older purāṇikas in the well-known line 'कहेलुं कहे ते शानो कवि ?' he took all his stories from early Gujarātī fiction. The originals he copied were mostly Jaina compositions and not easily accessible twenty years ago. That he was not the independent man he pretended to be, is clear from the hyperbolic epithets which

1. सुण घन मुज वाणी, वर्षतां राख पाणी,
क्षण इक थिर रेनी, कृष्णनी वात केनी;
मधुपुरथकी आव्यो, शो समाचार लाव्यो,
मधुरी मुरली मीठो, कृष्णजी क्यांय दीठो ?

he showered upon his Pāṭidāra patron, Rakhīdāsa, whom he compared to Bhoja in generosity. His attack on the venerable Premānanda, who, throughout life, maintained the dignity of the noble profession of a purāṇika, scarcely reveals good taste or generous impulses.

I have not learnt any Purāṇa and I have not studied the *Vedas.* I know no figure of speech and I am not sorry. I do not wander from house to house, and I have no soṇ to sing my praises. I do not go from court to court to receive presents. Bards, Brāhmaṇas and buffoons shout loudly, and the audience well pleased says 'well done'. But I feel grieved at this.[1]

Grapes were, indeed, sour. Critics half a century ago went into ecstasies over him for having discovered in him a modern social reformer; but now we know that they were portraits of social conditions which generations of story-tellers had preserved from a past long gone by, and which Śāmaḷa bodily adopted from his predecessors. He could not impart local colour, nor give a contemporary touch so well as Premānanda. His observation was neither vast nor keen; his views were conflicting and trite; and he had no fresh outlook to present. His plots, mostly taken or rewoven from older works, show but slight improvement. He has been able to add to the old stock only a few characters or pictures of real life. The riddles are there; and so are the long, nerveless descriptions.

But his greatness lies in his matchless style and wonderful power of story-telling; in presenting didactic and worldly maxims in striking parallelisms; and in presenting the romantic atmosphere of early fiction, and thereby providing a valuable literature of escape from the morbid influences of his times. His chappās, made up of six-line verses, illustrating a point of view have acquired an abiding place in the literature.

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1. भण्यो नथी कोई पुराण हुं, भण्यो नथी कोई वेद,
रसालंकार न आवडे, मन न पामे खेद.
घर घर राग ताणुं नहि, पुत्र न मुज गुण गाय,
राज दरबारे रखळ्युं, मेळवी नथी पसाय.
भाट ब्राह्मण ने भांडवा, लांबी मूकी पोक,
रीझ्यां भला भला कहे, तेथी थाये शोक.

He who was highly respected, left his pride, and was seen begging. He who was highly respected, bowed low to the mean and the lowly. He who was highly respected, became poor and was punished. He who always saw good omens died, and left a widow. The man of large wealth and no learning is but poor indeed. God can make a mountain out of a blade of grass. What is then the use of harbouring pride?

The poet stigmatised women thus:

Some women have killed their husbands; some have left their high-placed husbands to marry menials; some have left their children and families and gone to live with others. Some have deserted a king, to give themselves up to pleasures. Some have killed their sisters and mothers-in-law; some their parents. A woman is a living witch. She robs the strongest of their strength.[1]

At another place, the poet recognised their worth after the fashion of his times.

When young, she gives pleasure and company. She looks after your bodily comforts; talks affectionately and ministers to pain and anguish. She shares happiness and misery; sings your virtues sweetly. She steals your heart and glories in it. In old age, she nurses you. When you see her, you forget your pain. Not even in death, does she forsake you; out of affection, she immolates herself on the funeral pyre with you.[2]

XIII.

And thus we see two authors—Premānanda, and Sāmaḷa—standing in bright contrast to the murky background of other-worldliness which spread over two centuries; each proud of Gujarāta and the Gujarātī language; each a law unto himself. And, of the two, Premā-

1. कैके मार्यां कंथ, कैके परण्या परहरिया;
कैके उंच अमीर, तजी किंकर वर करिया;
कैके कुटुंब परिवार, तजी चित बीजे चाली;
कैके महिपतिने मेलि, माननी गमते महाली;
कैके सासु नणंद संहारियां, मात पिता मर्दन कर्यां;
ए जुवति जात छे जक्षणी, जोर जोरावरनां हर्यां.

2. जोबनमां दे रंग, संग सुख टाढक तननी;
वालपणे करी वात, मटाडे पीडा मननी;
सुख दुःखमां सम भाग, राग रूडे गुण गाती;
चतुरा चित्त हरनार, सार उरमां मदमाती.
वळी वृद्धपणे सेवा करे, देख्याथी दिलदुःख टळे;
ए अंतकाळ अळगी नहि, वहु स्नेहे साथे वळे.

nanda stands out foremost. Before his sturdy faith in life and joy, the background recedes like the disappearing mist. With a humorous twinkle in his eye and a joyous note in his voice, he passes on to his world-weary generation the inspiration of Vyāsa.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE END OF OLD GUJARĀTA: DAYĀRĀMA (1767–1852).

Influence of Arabic, Persian and Urdu—*Mirat-i-Ahmadi.* Political conditions (1707–1852)—Persian literature by Gujarātīs—Converts to Islam and their literature—The literature of the Pārsis—The decadent literature—Dhīro (1753–1825)—Nirāṅta (1770–1846)—Bhojo (1785–1850)—Prītamadāsa (c. 1730) The Swāmīnārāyaṇa sect—Its poets—Dayārāma (1767–1852)—Personality and temperament—His Life—His Works—His garabīs—The close of Old Gujarāta.

The period between 1707 and 1818 was one of wretchedness, disorder and misery for unfortunate Gujarāta. Its wealth and weakness attracted the avarice of every ambitious raider in the vicinity. Its wealth was destroyed; its agriculture and commerce were crippled; its culture was arrested. Social life grew more stagnant and narrow. What better soil can Akhā's gospel require?

I

The sorry tale of feuds and intrigues between 1700 and 1852 may be shortly recounted. The policy of Aurangzib and the raids of the Marāṭhās marked the beginning of an era of disorder and misfortune. The great landlords refused to pay tribute; the imperial viceroys, unable to enforce payment or maintain order, only looked after themselves. Hindu zemindars extended a welcome to Marāṭhās in the hope of shaking off the Muslim rule. Petty Mussalman fauzdars took advantage of the prevailing disorder to declare their independence as nawabs. The chiefs of Junāgaḍha, Bālāsīnora, Pālaṇapura and Cambay raided one another's territory, plundering towns and destroying villages.

Śivājī and the great Peshvās, no doubt, dreamt of a well-governed empire in India. But their agents looked upon Gujarāta more as a treasure to be robbed than a country to be governed, and restricted themselves to exacting an annually growing tribute. Irresponsible agents of the Peshvās, the Gaekvāḍas and the Sindhiās extorted revenues and allowances from peasants by all possible means, with the result that fertile districts were left uncultivated. Military occupation of the Marāṭhās is aptly described as 'a system

without the breath of life, without elasticity, without the capacity of self-direction, imposed bodily upon a foreign people, without even the care of preparing a foundation.'[1]

The East India Company appeared on the scene; occupied the Surat castle in 1759; and soon set one Marāṭhā power fighting against another.

In 1761 Ahmedshāh Abdali dealt a decisive blow to Marāṭhā supremacy at Pānipat. Bālāji Bājirāo, the great Peshvā, died of a bróken heart. His brother, the perfidious Raghobā, disputed succession with his son, fled to Surat and allied himself with the East India Company. The British got their chance. Māhādji Sindhiā turned a traitor to the Peshvā. The Gaekvāḍa of Baroda was induced to throw off his allegiance to Poona, but, unable to withstand the combined force of Hindu and Mussalman chiefs of Gujarāta, threw himself in the arms of the Company. The Marāthā was followed.

Gujarāta was thus turned into one vast field of endless battle. "In this city," says Forbes in his *Oriental Memoirs* (1781) referring to Ahmedābād "commerce once met with every encouragement. It was the resort of merchants, artists and travellers of every description. It now exhibits solitude, poverty and desolation." The trade and commerce of Cambay and Ghoghā were equally ruined.

In 1803 the British wrested Broach from Daulatrāo Sindhiā. They protected the possession of the Gaekvāḍa or Sindhiā against the Peshvā, or acquired the Peshvā's rights over Gujarāta against them. And with the battle of Kirkee, in 1818, the Company finally stepped into the place of the Peshvā in Gujarāta. And till 1853, when they took the district of Panch Mahals on lease from Sindhia, the British continued to quell disroder, destroy hostile powers, and lay the foundation of settled government. In this process, they also dismembered Gujarāta. Jhālora and Sirohī, once centres of Gujarātī culture, were handed over to Rajputānā; and Dungarpūrā, Vānsavāḍā and Alirājpurā to Central India.

1. Bombay Gazetteer, Vol. I, p. 432.

II

Political influence directedly operated only upon a very narrow province of life. On the sultanate being established, Persian and, later, Urdu became the language of court, law and office. Mussalman authors attached to the Sultans or the viceroys wrote many works in Persian. *Mirat-i-Sikandari* (1536), written by a Gujarātī convert from Mehmadābād, is the first valuable Mussalman history of Gujarāta.

But Ali Mahamud Khan Bahadur was perhaps the most noteworthy Mussalman historian of Gujarāta. He suppressed riots in Ahmedābād in 1730; was a superintendent of customs in 1748; and was confirmed in the said office in 1753 by Raghunathrāo and Dāmājī Gāekvāḍa who finally overthrew the representatives of the shadowy imperial power in Gujarāta. His *Mirāt-i-Ahmadi* is a work of great importance.

The castes from which Hindu officials were drawn also took to the study of Arabic, Persian and Urdu. They claimed men who could teach these languages. A few literary men also composed poems in Persian and Urdu. But the influence of these languages on Gujarātī literature was neither deep nor lasting.

Thakordāsa Daru, a Kāyastha of Surat, sent a kasido, a poem, to the Mogul Emperor every year. Nandalāla Munshi of Broach (c. 1700) attracted the attention of Emperor Mahamūd Shāh Ālamgir by his poems. Kavi Bhagavāndāsa (1681-1746), a divan of the nawab of Surat, composed poetry in Arabic, Persian, Urdu, besides Saṁskṛta, Gujarātī and Marāṭhī. Śrīdāsa, a Nāgara Brāhmaṇa, composed *Fatuhat-i-Alamgiri* (1731), a history of the reign of Aurangzib, in Persian. Premānanda directed his pupil Vīrjī to compose poetry in the style of Persian and Urdu poets. Sāmaḷa Bhaṭa knew Persian and was the first poet who freely used Persian words. Manoharaswāmī (1788-1845), a poet, was a student of Persian. And Raṇachoḍajī Dīvān (1768-1841), a warrior and a literary man of Kāṭhiāvāḍa, was 'an acknowledged patron of poets, men of science and literary genius.'[1]

1. Mrs. Peston in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, quoted by D. B. Zaveri, *Milestones in Gujarati Literature.*

He wrote *Tarikha-e-Soraṭha*, The History of Soraṭha, and *Rukat-e-Gunagun*, Diverse Letters, in Persian, besides poems in Gujarātī and Vraja. Dayārāma composed poems in Punjābī and Urdu. But such literary work did not come natural to the Gujarātīs, and, when Persian and Urdu ceased to be official languages, their interest in them, for all practical purposes, came to an end.

The Mussalman rulers exerted a more enduring influence on dress, music, luxuries and pleasure-hunts of diverse kinds; and the upper classes in Gujarāta who adopted them enriched Gujarātī by contributing foreign words and idioms appertaining to these activities.

III

Under the Cālukya and the Vāghelā kings, Mussalman traders and mercenaries came and settled in Gujarāta. Their religious freedom was safeguarded. Siddharāja gave compensation to the traders of Cambay whose mosque had been destroyed by Hindus: a remarkable instance of the sense of justice which dominated Hindu kings. Mussalmans were often absorbed in the Hindu community. In 1178, when Bāla Mūlrāja defeated the army of Shāhābu-ud-din Ghori, the Turks, the Afghans and the Moguls were admitted as Rajputs, and many Mussalman women were converted to Hinduism and accepted as wives by Hindus. Since 1297, Turks, Habshis, Abyssinians, Manchukes, Arabs, Persians, Khorasanis dribbled into Gujarāta as part of some conquering army or as adventurers in search of employment, and constituted the unruly and irresponsible element in every army. The Sidis of Janjira, in 1670, accepted the vassalage of Emperor Aurangzib, and, as admirals of the imperial fleet, settled in Surat.

But the great bulk of Mussalmans, who form about 8 to 10 per cent. of the total strength of the Gujarātīs, was made up of Hindu converts. They never held themselves aloof from the social and cultural influences of their own land and lived on peaceful terms with the Hindus.

Even the proselytisers gave to Islam as local a colour as they possibly could. Nur-ud-din Satagar or Satguru came to Gujarāta about 1001 as a missionary of the Ismailia

sect of Islam; and the converts made by him and his disciples came to be called Khojas. According to their tenets, Ali was the tenth incarnation of Vishṇu, and Hinduism and Islam were one. The bhajanas of this sect, though without literary flavour, are turned out on the usual Gujarātī pattern. Other Mahomedan sects like the Mātāpantha, the Pirāṇāpantha and the Borahs who follow Pīr Chishti have their bhajanas in the same style. A well-known poetess, Ratanbai, of the last named sect has composed songs in honour of Kayam-din Pir distinctly under the inspiration of the padas of Mirāṅbāī.[1]

IV

A few Persians, flying before the iconoclastic zeal of the Arabs, left Persia and settled near Sanjāṇa in the Surat District about 758. The settlers and their descendants accepted girls from lower classes of Hindus as wives; and, except in religious matters, adopted the language and the social habits of their neighbours.

Some Parsi poets composed in Persian. Bahmana Kaikobad composed *Kissa-e-Sanjāṇa*, (1600), a poem on the landing of the Parsis, at Sanjāṇa. Mulla Ferose bin Kano (c. 1758-1830), a native of Broach, wrote an epic in Persian on the conquest of India by the English under the name of *George-nameh* at the instance of Jonathan Duncan, Governor of Bombay.

The Parsi poets composed poems in the inaccurate variety of Gujarātī prevailing in the villages of Surat, though they freely borrowed words from Persian, Pahelavi and Zend. Many of them studied Saṁskṛta, and translated Zend or Pehlavi poems into Saṁskṛta before rendering them in Gujarātī. One of the earliest of such translations is *Arda-viraf-nameh* by Behram Lakhmidhar (1451). Later poets, following Gujarātī poets, composed ākhyānas from their religious literature, or from the *Shāh-nameh* of Firdausi. Their technique, taste and style form the curiosities of Gujarātī literature. For instance Erwad Rustom Peshotan of Surat composed *Zarthosht-nameh* (1676), *Siyavaksha-nameh* (1680) and other poems. His works bear traces of

1. *Vide* D. B. Jhaveri's article, *Gujrāti Sāhitya*, p. 188.

the influence of Saṁskṛta, as also of Hindu manners and customs adopted by the Parsis. His description of the ladies of Iran runs:

The ornament on your head is like the full moon and the brilliant sun of amāvāsyā; it sheds a flood of light on this arid desert. The ornament on your fore-head is studded with the planets Mercury, Jupiter and Venus. Who set your nose-ring with the sabcerāga gem?[1] Your ear-rings are made of rubies and pearls; God himself has given you the ornaments of your neck. The bracelets and wristlets flash like lightning; the anklets tinkle on your feet.

V

Under conditions such as those described, literature could only echo Akho's weary gospel.[2] Quotations from a few poets will show the tendency of the times. The bhajanas of Dhīra (1753–1825) were in every one's mouth. A Brahmabhaṭa by caste, he came from Goṭhḍā in the district of Baroda. Dominated by a very hot-tempered wife, he led an unhappy life, composing padas, called kāfīs, and publishing them in a somewhat novel way. He wrote out his poems on paper, enclosed them in pieces of bambooes and set them afloat in the river Mahī for a chance reader to pick up. His works are didactic and philosophical. His best known work is *Svarupanī kāfī.* His kāfīs are written in a clear, homely and telling style, and have the sentiments of Akhā without his lashing bitterness. His outlook, for instance, is expressed in his *Jnāna Kakkā,* The Alphabet of Knowledge. When he comes to the letter 'Da' he says:

'Da' is for dahāpana, wisdom. Why do you adulterate your wisdom? To-day, you are wise, very wise, indeed. But how many wise men have sunk?

---

1. A gem which gives light at night.

तम सीश फुल पुनम चंद ने अमाशी सूर ।
ए वेरांन रांणमां एथी घणुं वरशे छे नूर ॥
तम नीडाळ टीक बुध बहरेस्पत शुकर जडी ।
तम नाशका नथ ते सबचेराग कोणे घडी ॥
तम कान कूंडल जडेआ जाणे मांणक ने मोते ।
कोट अभरण पेहेरावेआं आप धणीए पोते ॥
कर चूड पोहोंची जाणे वीज चमक चमकीने जाए ।
पाए पेजण ते नेवरनो जह्मकारज थाए ॥

2. See Note A at the end of the chapter.

Aren't you ashamed to see them sinking? The wise have sunk in worldliness. Wisdom was of no avail to them when Death got hold of them. He who knows the true wisdom about the body alone is happy.[1]

Nirānta Bhagata (1770–1846) of Dethāṇa, near Baroda, and a Pātīdāra by caste, was another popular poet. His outlook was philosophic, and his language, simple and charming. He uses Urdu words more freely than any other poet of his time.

Such an occasion will never come; let us worship Hari. A fool will give a diamond for a cowrie. Let us worship Hari with affection. What can we say?

The *flowing* water will continue to flow. Fathers and grandfathers have gone before us. How can we be left behind? Son, wealth and wife, family and descendants are yours; but, at the moment of death, who will save whom?

Remember, friends are only bound by self-interest. Know this for certain: no one is another's relative or casteman.

Death hovers over your head. It will do what it likes, and when. Death, the counsellor of evil, will not let any one go. The fear of Death is the greatest fear of all. Why are you trustful? Why do you live in enjoyment? You fish of shallow waters! When he comes no one will listen to you. Only those who worship Hari are like Hari. If you believe so, listen to the name of Hari.[2]

---

1. डड्डा ! डोळे शु डहापणरे डाह्योडाह्यो थई आजे ?
डाह्यां डूल्या केटलारे ते तुं जोइ नव लाजे.
डहापण दरियाव हता ते डूली गया दुनियानी मांय;
डहापण तेनुं कांई काम न आव्युं जमडाए झाल्या ज्यांय;
दिदार केरु डहापणरे जाणे ते तो राजे. डड्डा !

2. आवो अवसर फरी फरी नहीं आवे रे, हरि भजीए.
मूरख हीरो कोडी तुल्य गमावे, हेते हरि भजीए. १
वेहेतां जळ तो वही जशेरे शुं कहीए, हरि भजीए.
पितुपितामह सर्वे गया तो आपण कयांथी रहीए. हेते हरि भजीए. २
सुतवित्त दारा कुळ कुटुंब सहु तारे रे, हरि भजीए.
अंत वेळाए कोने कोण उगारे, हेते हरि भजीए. ३
सखे जाणजो स्वारथनुं छे साक्षीरे, हरि भजीए.
नथी जाणजे नेक सगुं ने न्याती, हेते हरि भजीए. ४
मृत्यु जाणजो माथा उपर भमतुं रे, हरि भजीए.
ज्यारे त्यारे करशे एनुं गमतुं, हेते हरि भजीए. ५
काळ कुबुद्धि केड न मेले कोनीरे, हरि भजीए.
वहु बीकछे मृत्यु मोटा मोनी, हेते हरि भजीए. ६

Bhojo Bhagata (1785-1850) a more aggressive poet of this class, a Pātidāra from Kāthiāvāḍa, did not know how to read and write. He learnt bhakti and yoga from some unknown ascetic wandering in the forests of Gīranāra and spent his life in singing padas. His *Salaiyākhyāna* is not an outstanding work; but his principal contribution to literature is his *Cābkhā*, lashes, in which he attacked social vice with effective bitterness. He died at Vīrapura and left a large number of followers.

His disgust for life is fearful.

I saw the miseries of the world, and sent away my wife to her parents. One child would ask for a top; another, a net; the third would say: "Get me raiment made"; and a fourth would like good food.

When I get anklets made, my wife wants a bodice; when I get a ring made, she wants a nose-ring. She does not let me rest in peace the whole day. Let the cage she had made for me be broken. She will go to sleep scolding; and scolding, she will rise. She is an expert in quarrels; I have never seen her with a bright face; the whole day long she does not leave me.

When guests come, she conceals herself in the house. When the children become naughty, she pinches them cruelly. Now I have sent her away to her parents with all her clothes. And my worries have gone with her. Bhojo Bhagata says, thanks to my teacher, I will never have such a wife.[1]

शे भरोंसे शा सुखमां तुं माहालेरे, हरि भजीए.
थोडा जळना जीव तारुं नहीं चाले, हेते हरि भजीए. ७
हरि भजे ते हरि सरखा जन जाणोरे, हरि भजीए.
एकं ईच्छो तो हरिनुं नाम परमाणो, हेते हरि भजीए. ८
मन मानेतो तारा काजनुं कहीएरे, हरि भजीए.
नीरांत नामे जमने हाथ न जईए, हेते हरि भजीए. ९

1. रे में दुःख दुनियानां भाळी, परणी नारी पियेर मेली वाळी रे.
एकज मागे भमरडो ने बीजो ते मागे जाळी रे;
त्रीजो रे कहे मने डगली शीवडावो ने चोथो ले छे पेट पाळी रे में.
कडलां घडावुं त्यारे कांबीओ रे मागे, ने वींटी घडावुं त्यारे वाळी रे;
आठ ज पहोर मने जंपवा न दे, एनां पांजरियां मेल परजाळी रे. रे में.
वढती रे सूए ने वढती रे ऊठे, कजीआमां छे कारी रे;
ऊजळं मुख एनां कदिये न दीठां, ए तो आठे पहोर ओशियाळी रे. रे में.
घारणे रे आव्या पांच परुणा ने धाइने ते घरमां पेठीरे;
छोकरांने तो धमर्चा मचावे त्यारे चूंटला ले छे ताणी ताणी रे. रे में;

The hymn of death is the best known lash of the poet.

Oh soul! Worship the Creator. The world is but a dream; surely you will leave your wealth and riches, property and treasures, sons and grandsons; and you will only bear the lashes of death.

The wealthy have left behind them their houses, high with storeys, beautiful with terraces and endless windows.

Flowers will be thrown over him; four cocoanuts will be tied under him; he will be anointed and bound to the bamboo bier; and people will bewail his death.

In life, he never slept without a bed and bedstead; he did a thousand other things. But, all the same, he will be stoked on the funeral pyre as if a blacksmith is melting iron, and burnt to ashes.

They will go to the burning place, set up a pyre, and lay on him a load of wood. They will then set him on fire and leave him. His body will be in flames. They will, then, take their bath, and abandon him. Bhojo Bhagata says, men and women will shed tears for ten days and then forget him.[1]

Prītamdāsa (c. 1730), a bhāṭa by caste, has composed *Sārasagīta* (1764) and the usual kind of padas on sṛngāra, vairāgya and jnāna. Some of his padas bear the impress of originality. His well-known pada runs:

The ways of Hari are for the brave; the coward knows them not.

Who offers his head first, he alone can utter His name. He only enjoys eternal bliss who dedicates his son, his wealth, his wife, his head.

Who are alive and yet dead to the world, they only can dive into the sea for pearls. Who ever defies death, ceases to suffer. But the spectator on the shore never gains a cowrie.

पटोळां लईने में तो पियर वळावी ने दुःखडां मेल्यां टाळी रे;
भोजो भगत कहे गुरुप्रतापे कदीए न परणुं आवी नारी रे. रे में०

1. प्राणीआ भजी लेने किरतार, आ तो स्वपनुं छे संसार,
धन दोलत ने माल खजीना, पुत्र अने परिवार;
एमांथी जाईश तुं एकलो, पछे खाशे जमना मार रे. प्रा०
उंची मेडी अजब झरुखा, गोखतणो नहि पार;
क्रोडी ध्वज ने लक्षपति, तेनां बांध्यां रह्यां घरबाररे. प्रा०
उपर फुलडां फरफरे ने, हेठे श्रीफळ चार;
ठीक करीने एने ठाठडीमां घाल्यो, पछे वांसे पडे पोकाररे. प्रा०
सेज तळायुं विना सुतो नहि, जीव हुन्नर करतो हजार;
खोरी खोरीने खूब जळायो, जेम लोढुं गाळे लुवाररे. प्रा०
स्मशान जई चेहे खडकीने, माथे छे काष्टनो भार;
अग्नि मेलीने उभां रह्यां, अने निश्चय झरे अंगाररे. प्रा०
स्नान करीने चाली नीकळ्यां, नर ने वळी नार;
भोजो भगत कहे दस दी रोईने, पछे मेल्यो विसाररे. प्रा०

The ways of love burn with the flames of fire. Many look at them and run away; those that jump into them are happy; those who look on are miserable.

To barter the head for rich prize is not easy; the pure, who welcome death in life itself, attain greatness.

Those who love Him are happy. When the kingdom of Rāma comes, they alone see the glory of the Lord of Pritama.[1]

VI.

The sect of Swāminārāyaṇa greatly influenced the literature of the period. Its great leader, Sahajānanda, born at Chapaiyā near Ayodhyā about 1781, was a disciple of Rāmānanda, the founder of the sect. The sect drew its inspiration partly from the Vaishṇavite doctrines of Vallabhācārya, but developed special features owing to Sahajānanda's influence. Its speciality lay in its antagonism to the gross epicurianism of the Vallabha sect. Purity of conduct was above all virtues. Twenty-six vows were enjoined in relation to women; even seeing a woman, or her portrait, or pronouncing her name was prohibited. The sect did very good work among the poorer classes and the turbulent tribes of Kāṭhiāvāda. The lot of even untouchables was somewhat relieved by its philanthropic activities. But Sahajānanda went the way of the successors of Vallabhācarya in surrounding himself with semi-regal pomp and in having Kṛshṇa worshipped in his own person. The principal seat of the sect at Vaḍatāla is one of the wealthiest

1. हरिनो मारग छे शूरानो, नहि कायरनुं काम जो ने;
परथम पहेलुं मस्तक मूकी, वळती लेवुं नाम जो ने.
सुत वित दारा शिश समरपे, ते पामे रस पीवा जो ने;
सिंधु मध्ये मोती लेवा, मांहि पड्या मरजीवा जो ने.
मरण आगमे ते भरे मूठी, दिलनी दुग्धा वामे जो ने;
तीरे उभो जुवे तमासो, ते कोडी नव पामे जो ने.
प्रेम पंथ पावकनी ज्वाला, भाळी पाछा भागे जो ने;
मांही पड्या ते महा सुख माणे, देखनारा दाझे जो ने.
माथा साटे मोंघी वस्तु, सांपडवी नहीं सहेल जो ने;
महापद पाम्या ते मरजीवा, मूकी मननो मेल जो ने.
राम अमलमां राता माता, पूरा प्रेमी परखे जो ने;
प्रीतमना स्वामीनी लीला, ते रजनी दन नरखे जो ने.

in Gujarāta. The sect, however, retained its purity, and its sādhus are still found in villages bringing religious and moral succour to the simple and the illiterate.

Many poets who composed poetry in the early decades of the nineteenth century were sādhus of this sect. Prominent among them were Muktānanda (1761-1824), a friend of Sahajānanda ; Brahmānanda, originally a bhāṭa by caste ; and Premānanda Sakhī (1779-1845). All these poets sang about Kṛishṇa's amours, rhymed moral teachings, and bewailed the futility of life in the best style of the age. Their principal works were either padas or garabīs. In beauty of language, Brahmānanda surpasses all his contemporaries except Dayārāma ; but, of these three, Premānanda was a poet of a high order ; perhaps, the only one between Narasiṅha and Dayārāma who sang with a passionate intensity of feeling, rich with the impulse of bhakti. Like Narasiṅha, he felt himself a gopī of Kṛṣhṇa, but as embodied in Sahajānanda. Hence it was that he received the nickname of Sakhī, a female friend. Despite the monotony largely inherent in the subject, there is some artistic and imaginative beauty in his verse.

VII

To this weary, lifeless age, came a genuine poet, his wings unclipped by convention, soaring on high in search of real art and emotion. In 1767 Dayārāma, a Saṭhodarā Nāgara Brāhmaṇa, was born in picturesque Cāndoda—the charming village which, like Narcissus, looks at its own beauty reflected in the slow-moving, crystal waters of the Narmadā. Left an orphan when an infant, he was brought up by an aunt. As a boy, he was attractive, naughty and mischievous. He sang, played on musical instruments, and loved, like Kṛshṇa, to play pranks on the young women of Cāṅdoda, who in those days had a proverbial reputation for flippancy. More than one antic is recorded of how he took liberties with them, broke their pots, and provoked the ire of respectable townsmen. Once he had to flee to an adjoining village, where he met Keśavānanda, a sanyāsin, and became his disciple.

At twenty, he moved to Dabhoi, an adjoining town. He travelled far and wide, and visited Gokula, Mathurā, Vṛndāvana, Kāśī and other famous places of pilgrimage. He carried the waters of the Ganges on his shoulders, and bathed at Rāmeśvara in the extreme south. Wherever he went, he sought the company of the learned and the devout. He studied Hindī, Vraja, and Saṁskṛta literature and mastered the works of Old Gujarātī poets. Vaishṇavism soon attracted him; and he changed his name from Dayāśaṅkara to Dayārāma. He visited Śrī Nāthaji, the principal shrine of the Vaishṇava sect. In the temples of goswāmīs, where the great paṇḍitas and poets of the time met, he acquired both inspiration and technique.

He had the personality of a born lover. Handsome, graceful and fastidious, he was a beau, and though he had little means of his own, the generosity of friends and admirers enabled him to live in the fashion of his times. He wore his hair long like the goswāmīs, and greased it with perfumed oils. His lips were red with betel-leaf; and he often partook of the mild and dreamy intoxicant, bhānga. His angarakhā was of thin, Dacca muslin, tight-fitting and embroidered. His dhoti came from Nagpur, and had the broad red silk border which even the rich coveted; and he wore it with finical grace. He never went out of doors without first donning newly dyed and fresh-folded, deep-red turban from Nadiad.

He sang with masterly skill, his melodious voice quivering with passion. His conversation was fascinating and he could hold forth with great learning on the religious topics of the day. His temperament was free, loving, careless, defiant of conventions and restive of all control. He was too proud to serve or to earn. His worship of Vishṇu soon led him to play the role of a bhakta: it was the only way in which he could lead a life congenial to his temperament.

He was proud, passionate and irascible. "My head will not bow," he proudly said, "to any one except Śrī Kṛshṇa." Gopāladāsa, who was a power in Baroda, invited him to compose poems in honour of Gaṇapati. He replied, "I am

wedded to the Lord of gopīs. I have no other Lord; and I do not care whether you are pleased or wroth with me."[1]

His patron goswāmī once treated him with discourtesy. The irate poet declined to go to him, shut the door in his face, and broke the rosary which he wore as a mark of discipleship. On another occasion, he insisted on having a seat as high as the goswāmī's. Once he abused the goswāmī of Kāṅkrolī who used his spiritual role to cover a multitude of sins.

Dayārāma had not the making of a helpless gopī in him, nor the humility and self-surrender of a bhakta. The efforts of a prudish generation to conceal his foibles have failed. Dayārāma was human, all too human. His sex instinct was powerful; he loved women for what they were and for what they could give him; and he could not relinquish himself to the pure bhakti which while it abhorred women in life lingered long and fondly over the imaginary amours of Rādhā and Kṛshṇa. He could not be the bride of an imaginary Kṛshṇa; he sought delight in admiring women as they sang the garbā or bathed in the river. Some of his fair admirers were drawn from the highest society.

He loved Ratanabāī, the widow of a goldsmith, and openly lived with her for thirty years. He did not look upon her as a curse, for he loved life well. He wondered how Ratana, a goldsmith's widow, and he, a Brāhmaṇa, came to be bound by such an indissoluble bond; and he attributed the relation to their being husband and wife in their past life—a *Taraṅgalolā* feeling in actual life. He flung respectability and conventions away, and besought a goswāmī's blessing on them both, eliciting the promise that they would meet again as husband and wife in a subsequent life a hundred years later. He loved Ratana passionately, and, for a man of his temperament, steadfastly. Once he drove her out of his house, but Ratana's devotion knew no bounds and she came back and served him loyally. Dayārāma, the orthodox Brāhmaṇa, cooked for both, and both took their meals together.

1. एक वर्यो गोपीजनवल्लभ, नहीं स्वामी बीजो;
नहीं स्वामी बीजोरे, मारे नहीं स्वामी बीजो. एक वर्यो०

On his death, he left her provided for, but his relatives robbed her of what had been settled on her. The poet died on the 9th of February 1852. He left a large number of followers and admirers all over Gujarāta. Till the last, he retained his sanity of outlook. A disciple wanted his permission to worship his sandals after his death—an honour generally reserved for the semi-divine; but the poet with humility would not grant it. "Who am I," he said, "that you should ask this of me?"

VIII

Dayārāma's works may be classified as follows:

(i) Compositions relating to the Vaishṇava sect of Vallabha e. g. *Vallabhano Parivāra, Corāśi Vaishṇavanuṁ Dhola, Bhaktiposhaṇa.* They are of very little literary value.

(ii) Religious or philosophical works containing the doctrines of this sect, e.g. *Rasikavallabha* and *Satasaiyā* in Hindī.

(iii) Purānic ākhyānas, e.g. *Ajāmilākhyāna, Vaktrāsurākhyāna, Satyabhāmākhyāna, Okhāharaṇa, Daśamalīlā* and *Rāsapancādhyāyi.*

(iv) Miscellaneous works like *Narasiṅha Mehtānī Huṇḍi, Shadṛtuvarṇana* and *Nitibhaktinā pado.*

(v) *Garabīsaṅgraha.* The collection of Garabīs.

Rasikavallabha is a poem expounding the Vaishṇava doctrine as against the Vedānta of Śaṅkara. The style is elegant, rich with the influence of Saṁskṛta and Vraja, and full of conventional imagery. The ākhyānas have nothing extraordinary about them. The poet lacked the art both of story-telling and portrait-painting which the eminent authors of the previous century possessed. His padas, ethical and devotional, do not rise above the level of the age which could claim the elegance of Brahmānanda. Dayārāma also wrote many poems in Hindī, Vraja, Marāṭhī, Punjabi, Saṁskṛta and Urdu.

IX

It is his *Garabīsaṅgraha* which makes Dayārāma so great a poet. In an age predominated by Akhā's note of otherworldliness, he dares to be human. He adopts, no doubt,

the cloak acceptable to his world. He sings, "I have wedded the Lord of the gopīs, and know no other master," ..." The relation of the gopī and Govinda is unique, and could not be understood by the worldly". He also, at places, echoes the cheap sneers flung at life by contemporary poets. But these lines do not ring true. Bhakti, to him, was an emotion intensely human and vividly passionate. He weaves exquisite conceits around this primitive theme, and he invests even the stereotyped Rādhā-Kṛshṇa amours with fresh voluptuousness.

Dayārāma's genius was lyrical and found a suitable vehicle in the garabī. Though used for the main purpose of providing popular songs for the garabā dance, it was a great vehicle for lyrical expression. The first two or three lines of a garabī were generally lyrical; the rest were thrown into couplets, illustrating the dominant idea. Dayārāma could not eliminate the couplets; popular taste and the exigencies of the garabā would not permit such a departure. But he invested the form, as a whole, with a charm and rhythm of his own. He made use of popular melodies. His language was the most perfect used so far by any poet of Gujarāta; and his words were so arranged that sense and sound and meaning blended in harmony to express one brief experience with perfect art. Some of his best garabīs were addressed by the gopīs to Kṛshṇa.

Don't look at me like that, My love! My heart is a-flutter with your side-long glances; and it's pierced by your sharp pointed eyes. Yet to look at you is its only joy.

In you lives all beauty, all joy. To look at you is sheer bliss. As the pearl pendant from your nose, sways to and fro, so sways my heart.[1]

No translation can express the bewitching charm of the original. The following address to Kṛshṇa's flute is the most exquisite lyric in the languge.

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1. वांकुं मा जोशो वरणागीआ, जोतां काळजामां कांई थाय छे जी रे.
अणियाळी आंखे वालम प्राण मारो प्रोयो छे
मोहन मुखडुं जोइ मनडुं मोहाय छे जीरे; वांकुं०
नखशीख लगी रूप रसिक मधुर मनोहर,
ज्यां जोइए त्यां आंख ठरी जाय छे जीरेः वांकुं०

Thou art his pet, his darling, Oh flute! Thy enthralling voice hath captured his heart, but mine is pierced by every note. You drain off the nectar from his lips. What matter if I die?

Thy voice drives me mad. Like a lingering torment, your shafts pierce my aching heart.

Swords and spears are merciful to thine venom-tipped shafts, Oh flute! For, they kill at a stroke, but thou delightest in slow torture.

Wives have thrown their honour to the winds; saints, their saintliness orgetting, have sinned; distracted, they have wandered through forests wishing but to hear thy voice.

Though thy dizzy pride might make you forget, remember what thou art. Remember, thou art but a wretched reed, renderd divine by his touch.

Thousands, thou hast maddened; wedding my Lord, Oh flute, what wonder if thou hast in his company learnt to steal? For, he steals butter, but thou hast stolen his heart.

My pride has crumbled into dust, wherein lie the thousand, humbled. But though all might answer to thy call, it is not to thee they answer; but, to the slave of our Lord.[1]

मानीती तुं छे मोहनतणी, हो वांसलडीरे !
तुंने वालम करे छे घणुं वहालरे, हो वांसलडी !
मीठो आवडो शो सोहोर, मोह्यो नंदनो किशोर,
तारुं आवडुं शुं जोर, भुंडी ! कालजडुं मा कोर रे, हो वांसलडी !
पीए अधरामृत पीयु तणुं तुं, हो वांसलडी रे !
अमारे शोक्य सरीखुं तुं साल रे, हो वांसलडी ! मीठो०
वाजी वाजीने विह्वल कर्यां हो वांसलडी !
तुं तो पीडे अमारा प्राण रे हो वांसलडी !
सुणतां पडे छे हृदे सांसरां हो वांसलडी !
ताहारा टहुकाराथी मोहबाण रे हो वांसलडी ! मीठो०
झेर घणुं छे तारी झपटमां हो वांसलडी !
भलां तुंथी भालातरवार रे हो वांसलडी !
एकी वारे तुं हणी नाखनी हो वांसलडी !
ओ भुंडी थोडे थोडे मा मार रे, हो वांसलडी ! मीठो०
पतिव्रतानां पण मुकाव्या हो वांसलडी !
तें तो छोडावीयां सतीओनां सत्य रे, हो वांसलडी !
वनवन कुंज कुंज फेरव्यां तें हो वांसलडी !
तें तो सहुनी करी छे एवी गत्य रे, हो वांसलडी ! मीठो०
गरजे गुमानभरी आवडी, हो वांसलडी !
तुं तो जोनी विचारी ताहारी जातरे, हो वांसलडी !

Here is another little lyric of beauty.

Listen to me, my friend! Nanda's son is so charming and his words are so dear. Gokula is mad after him, for witchery lives in his eyes. Hear me, my friend! He is so handsome and so dark. The charmer is so fascinating! I love him so that I feel like pressing him in a warm embrace.[1]

In another garabī, the gopī invites her lover.

Come to my house, my King, Lover mine! Come to my house and love me. For days, I have treasured in my heart many sweet things. They are on my lips: I will tell them if my king meets me. I am only your bond-slave; you held my hand, and I pledged myself to you. My youth is fleeing: come, my king! You have many like me; to me, you are but one. I cannot live without my king. To whom shall I confide my misery? I have made my bed with flowers; my heart is astir with joy. My soul! Will you come and rest there? I shall shampoo your feet. My love, Lord of Dayā! Prince of Vraja! I yearn for you for days. Come and satisfy me, my soul![2]

जोतां तुं काष्ठ केरो करकडो हो वांसलडी !
तुंने आज मळी छे ठकरात रे, हो वांसलडी ! मीठो०
गतविहीणां तें घेहेलां कर्यां, हो वांसलडी;
तें तो लगाड्यु लालशुं लगन रे, हो वांसलडी;
चोरनी संगे शीखी चोरवा, हो वांसलडी;
वहाले माखण चोरयुं ने तें तो मंनरे, हो वांसलडी—मीठो.०
मान न राख्युं मानीतणुं, हो वांसलडी;
तें तो सहुने कर्यां पाएमाल रे, हो वांसलडी;
दयाना प्रीतमनी दासी तुं खरी, हो वांसलडी;
तेडे सहुने वेठी तुं तो ठामरे, हो वांसलडी.—मीठो०

1. नंदनंदन अलवेलडो रे, एनां वहालां लागे छे वेण;
सांभळ सही मारी.
घेलुं कीधुं गोकुळियुं रे, एनां कामणगारां नेण;
सांभळ सही मारी.
नटवर सुंदर शामळो रे, मनगमतो मोहनलाल;
हृदया सरसो लेइ लपटावुं, मुने एवुं लागे छे वहाल;
सांभळ सही मारी.

2. मोहोले पधारो मारा राज, माणीगर ! मोहोले पधारो;
वहाल वधारो व्रजराज, माणीगर मोहोले पधारो.
करी राखी छे एकठी, घणा दिवसनी छे गोठ;
राज मळे तो कीजीए आवी रही छे मारे होठ. माणीगर०

Another popular lyric runs thus:

What he finds in me I do not know. Again and again he stares at me, and he finds my face sweet.

When I go to fetch water he follows me. Unasked, he helps me with the pot; scolding or spurning does not affect him, and flimsy pretexts bring him to my house.

When he sees me, he comes running and puts his necklace round my neck. Finding me alone he falls at my feet, begging humbly for a trivial favour.

Oh sister mine, I find him wherever I go. The Lord of Dayā will not leave me in peace.[1]

And in an age when Dhiro and Bhojo sang of death, the poet utters the gospel of love. "Love will only flow out of the heart of him who is born of the esssence of love.'[2]

X

At the time when the aged Dayarāma was singing his garabīs at Dabhoi, a new spirit was abroad and a new age had already been ushered in.[3]

हुं सरखी वहु आपने, मारे तो एक आप;
रहेवातुं नथी राजवण, कोने कहुं परिताप ? माणीगर०
सेज समारी फूलडे, आनंद उर न समाय;
प्राणजीवन ! त्यां पोढशो, हुं तो तळांसीश पाय. माणीगर०
प्रीतमदास दया तणा श्रीव्रजराजकुमार !
घणा दिवसनी होंस छे पूरो प्राणाधार ! माणीगर०

1. हुं शु जाणुं जे वहाले मुजमां शुं दीठुं ?
वारे वारे सामुं भाळे मुख लागे मीठुं हुं शुं जाणुं०
हुं जाउं जळ भरवा त्यां पुंठे पुंठे आवे,
वगर बोलाव्यो वालो व्हेलडुं चडावे. हुं शुं जाणुं०
वढुं ने तरछोडुं तोये रीस न लावे;
कांइकांइ मिषे मारे घेर आवी बोलावे. हुं शुं जाणुं०
दूर थकी देखी वालो मुने दोड्यो आवी दोटे;
पोतानी माळा काढी पहेरावे मारी कोटे. हुं शुं जाणुं०
मने एकलडी देखी त्यां मारे पालवे लागे;
रंक थइ कांइ कांइ मारी पासे मागे. हुं शुं जाणुं०
मुने ज्यां जाती जाणे त्यां ए आवी ढूंके;
बेनी ! दयानो प्रीतम मारी केड नव मूके. हुं शुं जाणुं०

2. जे कोट प्रेमअंश अवतरे, प्रेमरस तेना उरमां ठरे.

3. Vide Munshi, *Thodaika Rasadarśano*, p. 236 *et. seq.*

Old Gujarāta died with Dayārāma; from its ashes, new Gujarāta, phoenix-like, was born with Narmadāshankar.

NOTE A. MINOR POETS.

The principal among the minor authors and their notable works may be mentioned: Devidāsa, (1604) the author of *Rukmiṇiharaṇa*; Śivadāsa Vīrjī, the author of *Surekhāharaṇa* and Haridāsa, the author of *Sītāviraha* (1666), both pupils of Premānanda; Mukunda, the author of *Bhaktamālā* (1665); Vallabhabhāṭa (1700), the author of well-known garabīs; Kālidāsa (c. 1725), the author of *Prahlādākhāyana*; Bapu Saheb Gaekvāḍa (1779–1843), a member of the ruling family of Baroda, the author of many well-known bhajanas; Giradhara, (1787–1852), the author of a well-known Gujarātī rendering of *Ramāyaṇa*; Muktānanda (1761–1824), the author of *Uddhavagīta*; Nishkulananda (1821) and Manjukeśānanda, the followers of Swaminārāyaṇa. Among poetesses may be mentioned Divālibāī (1791), Rādhābaī (1834), Krshṇābāi, and Gaurībaī (1759) who was a Vedāntin and an adept in Yoga.

PART III

MODERN GUJARĀTĪ

1852 to 1934

CHAPTER I

A NEW AGE AND ITS LITERATURE[1]

(A. D. 1852–1885)

British occupation of Gujarāta (1818)—The possessions of the Gāekvāḍa of Baroda—The states of Kaṭhiavāḍa—Bombay and its influence—Education—The Native Education Society (1825)—Ranchodbhai Girdharbhai (1803-1873)—The Elphinstone Institution (1827)—The Gujarātī Jnāna Prasāraka Maṇḍalī—Buddhīvardhaka Sabhā (1851)—*Mumbāi Samācara* (1822)—Mehtaji Durgaram (1809–1878)—Tuljaram Sukharam—A. Kinloch Forbes —*Rāsamālā*—The Gujarata Vernacular Society (1848)—*Buddhiprakāśa* (1850)—Dalpatram Dayabhai (1820–1898)—*Dalpatkāvya*—*Hunnarnkhānni Cadāī* (1851)—*Mithyā-abhimāna* (1867)—English literature and its influence —Narmadashankar Lalashankar (1833-1886)—His life and temperament—*Narmakośa* (A. C. 1873)—*Narmagadya* (1865)—*Narmakavitā* (1866)—Father of Modern Gujarātī prose—*Rājyaranga*—His poetry—*Ṛtuvarṇana* (1861)—*Hinduo-nī Padatī* (1864)—Narmad's Romanticism—The Spirit of Revolt—Resurgence of the Āryan culture—*Dharmavicāra* (1885)—Heroism and love—Navalram Laxmiram (1836-1888)—*Navalagranthāvali* (1891)—*Viramatī* (1869)—*Kavijīvana* (1887)—The drama—Ranchhodbhai Udayaram (1838-1923)—*Jayakumari* (1861)—*Lalitāduhkhadarśaka* (1866)—Fiction—Mahipatram Ruparam (1829-1891)—Nandshankar Tuljaram (1835-1905)—*Karaṇa Ghelo* (1868)—Bholanath Sarabhai (1823-1886)—Parsi Gujarātī.

The eighty years which follow the death of Dayārāma in 1852 fall naturally into three periods: (i) 1852 to 1885, (ii) 1885 to 1914, and (iii) 1914 to 1934.

In the period dealt with in this chapter, contact with the West created new forces in all spheres of life. It saw the high water-mark of fascination for all things Western and of contempt for many things Indian. It gave birth to renaissance in literature: to a new language, and a literary technique and tradition based on the Romanticism which dominated English literature in the first half of the nineteenth century.

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1. In the following chapters all names of individuals and towns are spelt as they are written by educated Gujarātīs, and not as they should be, having regard to the way they are pronounced.

II

With the battle of Kirkee, in 1818, a great age dawned upon Gujarāta. The people of Gujarāta entered upon a long period of peace; they also acquired as their capital Bombay, a port of growing international importance which established a living contact with Western culture. For Gujarāta, the history of this period is only a story of how these prehistoric Āryan colonies re-acted to these new conditions; how new impulses quickened life; and how the soul of the people, awakened to a fresh outlook, expressed itself through life and literature.

The Government of Bombay has directly governed only five districts in Gujarāta: Surat, Broach, Pancha Mahals, Kaira and Ahmedabad, rich in soil and resources. Surat still carries on a large trade, fosters diverse industries, and possesses a large class of wealthy and enterprizing merchants. Broach, as a port, has not completely lost its importance; Narmadā is the largest waterway in the province and the fertility of the district is proverbial. Ahmedabād, with its vast banking resources, has controlled trade and commerce in North Gujarāta, Kathiāvāḍa and parts of Rajputānā. With the district of Thāṇā possessing an element of Gujarātī speaking people, British Gujarāta stretches from the eastern boundary of Kaccha to Bombay.

The possessions of the Gaekvāḍa of Baroda run contiguous to the British districts and include the districts round Amreli and Dvārikā in Kaṭhiāvāḍa. In the early decades of the nineteenth century, the rulers of Baroda had not adapted themselves to a settled state of things, but the reckless misrule of Malhār Rao brought upon him the wrath of the British Government. He was deposed (1875) and the present Gaekvāḍa was selected to succeed him. During the early years of H. H. Sir Sayajirao's rule, distinguished diwans, like Sir T. Madhava Rao and Manibhai Jasbhai, gave to the state an efficient and advanced form of government. And, except in civic and political consciousness, the Gujarātīs of the Baroda State have not since been allowed to lag behind the residents of the British districts.

The states of Kāṭhiāvāḍa and Kaccha, though not contiguous to the British districts, were governed for a long time by a brilliant race of Gujarātī administrators, of which Sir Prabhashaṇkar Pattani is the eminent representative to-day. It inherited old traditions of Indian statesmanship, combining power of organisation with an outlook easily adjustible to modern exigencies. In spite of frequent wrangles and perpetual mutual distrust, these administrators maintained a sense of unity among themselves, introduced a progressive system of government, and built up a great tradition which serves as the only constitutional bulwark against the irresponsibility of rulers. They did not allow the political dissection of Gujarāta to interfere with its cultural unity. Many princes, too, have co-operated in this noble work.

III

In 1687 the East India Company transferred its seat from Surat to Fort Bombay; and the shipping industry and the trade for which Surat had been pre-eminent in the Mahomedan period, began to drift towards the new capital. To Bombay, flocked adventurous spirits from all parts: shippers, merchants, middlemen from Surat, Broach and Cambay; bankers and commission agents from Ahmedabad; enterprising traders from Kāthiāvāḍa and Kaccha. The opening of the Suez Canal and the discovery of engine-driven shipping immensely enlarged the scope of their commercial activities; and, in course of time, they built up the greatness of Bombay as an entrepôt and the principal market of the East. In the fifties, Premchand Roychand, originally from Surat, figured as a Colossus in the important cotton markets of the world; and his failure in 1863 had its repercussions in more than one country. The diwans of Kāthiāvāḍa and Kachha came there to settle their policy and to deal with the Government of Bombay. Aspiring students from all parts of the province came to study in its schools, its colleges, its University. The lawyer, the doctor and the literary man found in it a land of promise. And the modern Gujarātī culture which they evolved spread throughout the province, reshaping and unifying all aspects of life.

In Bombay, the West met the East. In those days the West, as represented by officials and businessmen, did not entrench itself behind racial exclusiveness. It was represented also by the British clergymen and teachers whose high-souled humanity hoped to set Indians on the path of progress. They had little racial arrogance, or, perhaps, less occasion to show it to those who sought inspiration from them.

With unwonted generosity, the Court of Directors of the East India Company, in 1752, recommended to the Government of Bombay that charity schools, principally for the children of soldiers, should be established. But little was done till 1814, when Archdeacon Barnes, with the support of Government and the public, founded 'The Society of Promoting the education of the Poor within the Government of Bombay'.

Under the Moguls, education was widespread in India. In many parts of the country, there was scarcely a village without at least a pāṭhasāla, a tol, or a madressa. The children of the well-to-do were generally taught at home. The purāṇika and the gāgariā bhaṭas also represented a system which imparted education to the public orally. The Brāhmaṇas and other classes from which the officials came were highly educated. Men and women of the upper classes had a general knowledge of business, ethics, mythology, and hygiene. But during the two centuries which followed the reign of Aurangzib, the combatants who ceaselessly scrambled for power in the country had no respect for culture. In consequence, the indigenous system of education was neglected. But, between 1820 and 1840, the Court of Directors ordered a survey of the condition of education in different provinces with a view to its improvement. This policy was intended solely to disarm the hostility of the higher classes of Indians to foreign rule by associating them in lower grades of administration. It ultimately took shape in the famous minute of Lord Macaulay on education.

In 1820, the society founded by Barnes, generally known as 'The Bombay Education Society', began active work. It opened four schools in Bombay, one in Surat, and one in

Broach. In 1825, a branch of the society was formed for work in Gujarāta under the name of 'The Native Education Society'; and Bishop Carr, when on a visit to Broach, acquired for it the services of Ranchhodbhai Girdharbhai, (1803–1873), a young man who had picked up a little English. On behalf of the Society, Ranchhodbhai soon produced the first set of text books in Gujarātī and undertook the training of teachers in Bombay. The educational movement in Gujarāta for the succeeding thirty years was the life-work of Ranchhodbhai.

IV

In 1827, The Bombay Education Society commemorated the retirement of Mountstuart Elphinstone, the governor of Bombay, by raising a fund and founding the Elphinstone Institution in Bombay 'for teaching the English language and the Arts, Sciences and Literature of Europe'. In 1856 it was divided into the High School and College which have since been associated with his name. Many pioneers, including Dadabhai Naoroji, to whom we owe the birth of progressive movements in the country, received their education in this institution. Its students, bursting with fresh knowledge and enthusiasm, banded themselves into 'The Students' Society'; its Gujarātī section, styled 'Gujarātī Jnāna Prasāraka Maṇḍalī,' started a monthly magazine, *Ganeana Pārasāraka*, the Disseminator of Knowledge, in 1849. In 1851 Gujarātī young men started yet another association, styled 'Buddhivardhaka Sabhā,' with Ranchhodbhai as president, and a monthly organ called *Buddhivardhaka*, the Augmenter of Knowledge. Associated with him were Mehtaji Durgaram Manchharam, Tuljaram Sukharam, Mohanlal Ranchhoddas, Mahipatram Ruparam. Sorabji Bengali, Ardeshir Moos and Nanabhai Ranina, the pioneers of education among the Gujarātīs, both Hindu and Parsi, were also members of this group. Karsondas Mulji, the social reformer, who exposed the immoral practices of the goswāmīs of the Vaishṇavas, also belonged to it. The adventurous Fardunji Marzbanji, (1787–1874) had as far back as 1822 started journalism on a prosperous career by his daily *Mumbāi Samācāra*, now *The Bombay Samachar*;

and the increasing number of weekly and monthly journals afforded ample scope for the literary enthusiasm of this set. The ideas which actuated these young men cannot be better described than by the names of their magazines.

V

These enthusiasts wrote books, mostly elementary, on science and mathematics, history and biography. Ranchhodbhai, for instance, wrote the history of the Medes, the Persians and the Egyptians; Mahipatram and Nanabhai Haridas, later a judge of the High Court, a collection of biographies; Mohanlal Ranchoddas, a history of the Marāṭhās. Mehtaji Durgaram (1809–1878) had left Bombay in 1826 to settle in his native Surat. Though a Nāgara Brāhmaṇa by caste, he renounced orthodoxy and started a vigorous campaign against custom and superstition, social and moral evils, ghosts and miracles. He also wrote on science; started a tract publishing society, the 'Pustaka Prasāraka Mandalī'; and organized a small band of co-workers. But the litho press which he wanted to instal in Surat met with a curious fate. The English Collector of Surat was an arrogant representative of the ruling race. When requested by the head master of the English school to examine the students in geography and grammar he exclaimed, "What? Geography and grammar to the Blackies!" This man would not allow Mehtaji to set up the press within the limits of the town. A mission press, no doubt, had worked in the town since 1817, but a press in the hands of a 'blackie' might, he thought, provide a weapon to attack the officials. Mehtaji however remained undaunted and set it up outside the town. In 1844 he organized 'Mānava Dharma Sabhā' for discussing problems of social reform.

In 1826 Tuljaram Sukharam, inspired by the new spirit, opened a school in Ahmedabad which was being awakened to modern conditions. In 1846 an English civilian, A. Kinloch Forbes, came there as assistant Judge. He studied Gujarātī, established contact with cultured men of the province, and, in 1848, acquired a friend and associate in Kavi Dalpatram Dahyabhai. Between them they collected old manuscripts, gathered tales of heroism from cāraṇas,

and searched for archaeological and historical materials. Forbes wrote his *Rāsamālā* (1856), describing the vanished glories of Gujarāta with glowing sympathy. In 1848 he founded 'The Gujarata Vernacular Society' at Ahmedabad, and laid the foundation of its library with his manuscripts. The society acquired a fortnightly organ, *Buddhiprakāśa*, in 1850, and its own press in 1851. He was transferred to Surat, where he also founded a similar society and promoted a journal, *Surat Samācāra*, both of them, short-lived. On his retirement in 1854, his Gujarātī friends founded 'The Forbes Sabha' in Bombay to carry on the research work so dear to him. In his journal, *Dāṇḍio*, Narmadashankar described him as 'a tulsī plant in a bed of opium'. He is, perhaps, the only British official who will always be remembered by Gujarātīs with affection and gratitude.

VI

Kavi Dalpatram Dahyabhai (1820-1898), a Śrīmālī Brāhmaṇa of Wadhawan, was the only great literary man of the time who did not owe his inspiration to 'The Buddhi Vardhaka Sabhā'. He was influenced by the poetic traditions of the Swāmīnārāyaṇa sect. In 1855 he left government service to join 'The Gujarāta Vernacular Society' as an assistant secretary. Till he retired on pension in 1878, he raised funds and secured a permanent home for the society; collected manuscripts for it and edited *Buddhiprakāśa*; and composed numerous works in prose and verse. When he retired after 23 years of devoted service, the society gave him a pension of Rs. 20/- per month for himself and Rs. 4/- for each of his two wives!

For the character and work of 'Dalpat'—for so he has been styled by posterity—one can only speak with profound respect. He had very little English education. He never moved in the atmosphere of new ideas which surrounded the young reformers in Bombay. His contact with the West was limited to his personal observation and his relations with Forbes. And yet, throughout life, he remained a devoted and a broad-minded worker in the field of literature, reform and education.

His poetic works are collected in *Dalpatkāvya.* He wrote poems on ghosts and on the tyranny of the caste; on inter-marriage and widow re-marriage; against infant marriage and against evils of Hindu Society in general; against the share mania of 1865; on diverse moral, educational and social subjects; on the duties of students and on the future of Saurāshṭra; on bugs, on tobacco, and on the cobbler's stone. Every middle aged Gujarātī remembers his verses on going to school, on an obstinate fly, and on a little wayward buffalow as his earliest stock of rhymes. He was the first to perceive the destructive effects of modern industry on Indian crafts and wrote his poem *Hunnarakhānanī cadāi*, The Invasion by Industry (1851), perhaps the first exposition of Swadeshism.

He wrote two plays. One was an adaptation of an English translation of *Plutus* by Aristophanes, the other was a farce, *Mithyā-abhimāna*, Vain-glory, (1867) satirizing the conceit ot Jivaram Bhat, a night-blind village Brāhamaṇa. He also wrote, *Forbes-vilāsa* on the greatness of his patron, and *Forbes-viraha*, on his retirement. In *Vijayavinoda* he celebrated a poets' gathering held by Vijayasinh, the ruler of Bhavanagar. All the three are in a bardic vein,

He was a school-master who wrote nursery rhymes; a preacher who gave sermons on morality in verse; a journalist with the gift of writing off a leader on any topic in jingling couplets. His descriptions, at times, were full of crude humour. But he was not a poet; he had been brought up in an age which believed that whatever was set in rhyme was poetry. The technique and style of his poetry was of a by-gone age; and so was his prose, though fluid and simple. Except for a few homely garabīs, his works have little permanent value. He left behind a small band of admiring verse-writers, who, for some years, kept alive his literary tradition.

Dalpatram made the first attempt to place Gujarātī prosody on a scientific basis. Similar attempts with regard to the language were also made by Rev. Dr. J. V. S. Taylor, a fine Gujarāti stylist of the period, the author of *Gujarāti Grammar* (1867) and *Dhātukosha*, Etymological dictionary;

and by Vrijlal Kalidas Shastri, the author of *Utsargamālā*, Etymology (1870) and *Gujarāti Bhāshāno Itihāsa*, the History of the Gujarātī Language, (1865).

VII

In 1885 the Government of Bombay reorganised the department of education and appointed a director at its head; in 1856 the Elphinstone Institution was subdivided into a college and a high school; in 1857 the University of Bombay was established. The transfer of India to the British Crown, after the Mutiny, thrilled the educated classes in the country with delight. Queen Victoria's generously worded proclamation had opened before them a vision of a free, great and glorious India. It was a decade of great events. The educated young Indians saw in England a saviour; and those who could, crossed the forbidden seas to visit Englishmen in their island home and learn in their schools and universities the secret of personal advancement and national welfare.

English literature proved an inspiration to countless young men in India. They turned to Scott, Byron, Macaulay, and John Stuart Mill, and to the histories of Greece, Rome and England, with hope and enthusiasm. They were encouraged in their efforts by their English professors, who saw in the spread of their culture a new hope for mankind. Such men formed 'The Buddhi Vardhaka Sabhā' in the forties and fifties; they were no longer schoolmasters in embryo but pioneers of revolutionary ideas.

Young Narmadashankar Lalshankar (1833-1886), who founded the Sabha, in 1851, was the most ardent of them. He was a Nāgara Brāhmaṇa of Surat. But an infant wife was fast attaining puberty, and custom peremptorily demanded that the seventeen-year old husband should leave his studies at the Elphinstone Institute and go to Surat to discharge his marital duties. The little wife died in October of 1853, and he returned to Bombay to resume his studies at the Institution, and was soon absorbed in the study of history and English literature.

Narmad, as he is called, was soon the hero of the Buddhivardhaka group. He was impressionable, full of tempestuous moods, egotistic, courageous and eloquent, and soon

found the programme of his friends to usher in an era of enlightenment by education and propaganda, too tepid for him. He acquired a faith in revolutionary conduct and dedicated himself to it. He gave up his employment, and, on 23rd November 1858, in a melodramatic mood resolved to live a free man in the service of the goddess of learning.

> On this day I came here, and looking at my pen with tears in my eyes, I said "From now, I place my head in your lap".[1]

Since that fateful day, a bitter struggle with want began for him, made more grim by a generous disposition and a fastidious temper. His father, till his death in 1864, gave him some assistance. Numerous friends and admirers often provided allowance for him. He made, for those days, a good income out of his literary activities and tuitions. Yet he was in chronic want: and the story of his meal of parched rice and milk became a heroic tradition. For about two years (1882-1885) he was driven to accept service, but with a heavy heart. He left it to die in poverty the next year.

He defied restraint of every kind. From early life, he sought the temporary inspiration which conquest over women brings. He married again in 1856. A little later, he took to himself a widow of his own caste, and was ex-communicated for so doing. But the ban was somehow removed. But, again, he gave shelter to another widow, married her in 1869, and was once for all excommunicated. He spent his days between hope and disappointment, born of his egotism and uncontrollable sex instinct. His love affairs threw a fascination around him, and contributed the sensual element to his poems. He wore social persecutions proudly, even ostentatiously, like the robe of a martyr's office. His romantic temperament and his great literary services drew around him many friends and admirers.

Narmad was not merely a literary man; he was an apostle of revolt. His romanticism was but an aspect of his faith in human dignity and freedom. The supreme moment of his life came in August 1860 when, on the question of widow remarriage, he entered the lists against

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1 *Māri Hakīkata.*



NARMAD

Goswāmī Jadunāthji, who, as god Kṛshṇa on earth, wielded absolute power over the lives and minds of men. Accompanied by an athlete friend, he attended a meeting of paṇḍitas and bigots, presided over by Jadunathji, and at the risk of his life, challenged the divine authorship of the scriptures.

For a moment, the world trembles; the firmament crashes. This Nagara Brāhmaṇa has spoken what none has heard of, none ever imagined.

An age is at an end: the chains fastened by the ancients are broken. Human beings acquire an empire over their own hearts.

The debate comes to an end. As he came, so he stalks out of the meeting, a lion amongst men, proud, unconquerable. Friends and enemies look upon him as if he was a demon who had set fire to the dome of the world in a fury of destruction.

Even *Satyaprakāśa*[1] does not approve of this step, holds it to be thoughtless. A mistake it was, it said, to admit the reformers to be atheists. In the most glorious moment of his life, the hero of Gujarāta stood alone, forsaken by all. And only when he died, his castemen disregarded the fiat of ostracism so far as to carry his corpse to the burning ground.[2]

VIII

Narmad tried to consolidate and conserve the literary wealth of Old Gujarātī. He collected manuscripts and edited the works of some old poets then known to few, gathering valuable information about them. He composed *Pingalaprakāśa*, Gujarātī prosody (1857); *Alaṁkāra-praveśa* (1858), *Rasapraveśa* and *Nāyikā-vishaya-praveśa*, favourite subjects with Saṁskṛta and Vraja poets. Single handed, he prepared and published the first Gujarātī dictionary, *Narmakośa* (1873), a work which for sixty years has retained its authority and value. He also compiled *Narmakathākośa*, a dictionary of mythology. His miscellaneous prose works were first collected in *Narmagadya* (1865), and his poetical works in *Narmakavitā* (1866), and subsequent writings were added from time to time their later editions. *Dharma-vicāra* (1885) was published as a separate work. He also wrote *Draupadīdarśana*, and an autobiographical fragment *Mārī Hakikata*.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century, the Parsis, the first to take to journalism, had used the Gujarātī

1. The organ of social reform edited by his friend Karsondas Mulji.
2. Munshi, *Narmad, Aravācinomāṅ Ādya*, (Guj.)

adopted by them from the lower classes of the Surat district. Ranchodbhai had considerably improved it. But the active influence of English, which had been the medium of higher education and official intercourse, soon vitalised it. The members of 'The Buddhivardhaka Sabhā' felt the impulse of a new life through the study of English literature. More often than not, they maintained their intercourse with friends in English. And when they resorted to their own language for propaganda or literary effect, they made an unconscious use of the modes of expression, the figures of speech, the words and idioms, and even the structural peculiarities of English. These pioneers recoiled at first from a use of Saṁskṛta expressions which, in their preference for English, they considered pedantic.

They were, however, bitterly opposed by the other schools of authors, who, rooted in the ancient Brāhmanical learning, were not disposed to disregard their beloved Saṁskṛta. They studied the West only to be re-confirmed in their faith in ancient India. They strove to make Gujarātī a rich and plastic vehicle by a free resort to Saṁskṛta. Manasukhram Suryaram Tripathi (1840-1907), the author of *Astodaya*, Fall and Rise, was a great exponent of this view. His attempt to weed out every non-Saṁskṛtic word and idiom and Saṁskṛtize Gujarātī was as impossible as to run the Ganges up the Himalayas. But his was the voice of the genius of the language.

When Ranchodbhai began to use Gujarātī prose the elements in the vocabulary ranked as follows: (1) old tadbhava, or words formed from Saṁskṛta; (2) deśya, words of non-Saṃskṛtic origin; (3) old tatsama, or Saṁskṛta words used in their original form; (4) and Arabic, Persian or Urdu words. The adjustment of the rival tendencies which can be traced in Narmad's works from 1852 to 1885 followed different lines. (a) The old tadbhava and deśya elements were displaced by their Saṃskṛta equivalents; (b) elements of Persian and Urdu origin were progressively eliminated; (c) English words were used for things which came into vogue with the British rule; (d) Saṃskṛta equivalents were used for English words representing feelings, concepts and thoughts;

(e) new tadbhavas were formed; (f) and the meaning of English sentences was reproduced by Saṁskṛta expressions rather than a literal rendering or a roundabout paraphrase. In this process words assumed new meaning, and grammar and syntax were considerably affected. If the prose of *Dharmavicāra* (1885) is analysed the elements appear in a different order altogether: (1) tatsama, (2) tadbhava, old and new, (3) English, (4) deśya, Arabic, etc., Narmad, thus, was the father of modern Gujarātī prose. He found it a feeble vehicle of expression and left it a language of great promise.

The essay, borrowed by Nārmad from the early Victorian essayists of England, was his favourite form of expression. His essays, inspired by a vivid imagination and written in a rhetorical style, laid the foundation of modern prose literature. Following the lead of Mehtaji Durgaram and Dalpatram, he at first dealt with social reform. But he was a miniature encyclopædist, and ranged over literary criticism, biography, politics, history and mythology. He planned a panoramic history of the world under the heading *Rājyaranga*, The Epic of States, but could only execute a few fragments. They form the first attempt to write romantic history and contributed to the growth of historic sense in the literature.

IX

Poetry, in the hands of Nārmad, broke all its old fetters; it became ego-centric, declamatory, and melodramatic. It spent itself in attempting a change of form, texture and diction, but without achieving artistic results. His two poems on the condition of widows, *Vaidhavyacitra*, Widowhood–A Picture (1859–63) and *Vidhavā-vreha*, A Widow's Bereavement, shocked many, and provoked not a few to interest themselves in this vexing problem which defied solution in spite of growing sympathy for its unfortunate victims,

His *Vanavarṇana* (1862) and *Pravāsavārṇana* (1862) are highly descriptive poems by an ardent lover of nature. In *Ṛtu Varṇana*, The Description of Seasons (1861), the poet tries to express a passionate, young lady's feelings with

modern vehemence and mediæval imagery. Shorn of its obscene passages, it possesses some poetic value.

His love poems lack refinement. He wrote stirring poems on the historic greatness of Gujarāta and on the departed glory of Surat. In a poem full of passion, *Hinduo-nī-Paḍati*, The Down-fall of Hindus (1864), he passionately declaimed against the causes which led to degeneracy in his community.

Low, indeed, has she fallen, this Motherland of Hindus. She has lost all power. In shame, she hangs down her head.[1]

And he impetuously asks:

Where has gone the love we bore it? And where, the pride we felt in it?... A country will never rise without patriotism; without it, it is but a wilderness, frightful and devouring. People have no political unity; the bonds of the caste divide them; they are in the very jaws of the tiger.[2]

This feeling drove him to study the rise and fall of nations and, in their light, to contemplate its past and future. Hope came to him.

Once the day was there: now is the night: again the sun will rise.

And he sees the mists unrolling:

Hail, Hail, glorious Gujarāta! Hail! Hail, glorious Gujarāta! The rosy dawn shines again. The saffron-coloured banner will fly again, inscribed with love and valour. For, your soul is lofty.

The glory that was Aṇahilvāḍa, and the greatness that Sidhharāja Jayasiṁha achieved will return soon, Mother, in still more glorious hue. I see the omens: the night is gone: mid-day is nigh: men rush forward along with Narmad.[3]

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1. हिंदु देशना हाल, थया छे भुंडा आजे
सत्ता मोटी खोइ, नीचुं ते जोए लाजे.

2. देश प्रीत हंकार, छुपां सूतां कहां आजे ?

* * *

विना देश अभिमान देश उत्कर्ष न थाये ;
देश रान समशान, जेहवो खावा धाये.
राज समंधी ऐक्य, नथी अहिना लोकोमां ;
जाति बंधनो खुब, जनो वाघोना मोमां.

3. जय जय गरवी गुजरात !
जय जय गरवी गुजरात !
दीपे अरुणुं परभात,
ध्वज प्रकाशशे झळळळ कुसुंबी, प्रेमशौर्य अंकीत;

He began an epic in a new metre, but left it incomplete. The political freedom of India captured his imagination, and, in addition to stirring poems on patriotism, he composed a lament, *Riponviraha,* on Lord Ripon's retirement from the viceroyalty.

He had the romantic temperament: free movements of the imagination, a deep-seated horror of conventions, an inveterate tendency to exaggeration. He believed in the dignity of man; in the right of man to fight and struggle and love as he wished; in the divine right of the literary artist to be a law unto himself, to sally forth in quest of beauty on untrodden paths. He asserted the poet's right to be subjective in expression, if and when he chose. He made frantic efforts to sing of things and situations which he thought beautiful. But artistic beauty always eluded the embrace of the poet whose egotistic temperament incessantly drove him to adopt mock heroic attitudes. The homilies in verse which his predecessors called poetry, gave place to wild declamation, to battle-cries, to verbal onslaughts in rhyme; only, they were characterized by a spirit of adventure, a desire to unravel mystery, and an audacity to do heroic deeds.

> Come on, every one of you, and win the battle. The bugles are sounding. Onwards, Onwards! Fling yourselves in the fray; victory awaits you. Boldly, Columbus fared forth to find a new world; boldly, Napoleon warred with the whole world. Boldly, break the fetters of the caste; boldly, go to foreign lands. Fear not.[1]

तुं भणव भणव निज संतति सउने, प्रेमभक्तिनी रीत—
उंची तुज सुंदर जात.
* * *
ते अणहिलवाडना रंग,
ते सिद्धराज जयसिंग;
ते रंग थकी पण अधिक सरस रंग, थशे सत्वरे मात,
शुभ शकुन दीसे मध्याह्न शोभशे, वीती गइ छे रात—
जन घूमे नर्मदा साथ,
जय जय गरवी गुजरात.

1. सहु चलो जीतवा जंग, ब्युगलो वागे,
या होम करीने पडो, फत्तेह छे आगे.

He sought unexplored forms and subjects. He tried every form of literature. He ransacked the Purāṇas, old literature and old history for new themes.

Through his journal, *Dāṇḍio,* The town-crier, Narmad poured a stream of lava, burning or scorching all things rooted in convention. The audacious challenge, which he flung at the old society, aroused his younger contemporaries. Defiance of religious and social forms followed. But the old order, entrenched behind custom and caste, answered the challenge with less defiance but greater effect. The reformers were held up to horror as lost souls; were scoffed at in gossip and scandal, in song and play. The trousered fop with the unfamiliar growth of hair on his head and cigar in his mouth and the educated woman with the shameless effrontary of shoes on her feet, formed the butt of universal ridicule. The elders also wielded social ostracism, the formidable weapon of Hindu society, with frequency. The consequences were terrible. The condemned could not secure a house in any decent locality. His family disowned him. Even his wife left his leprous company. In life, he had no one to turn to; and, in death, he was denied even the solace of having his mortal remains carried to the holy burning-ground and set fire to by his relatives.

When his comrades made compromises with orthodoxy and deserted him, he alone remained the butt of social fury—a tragic, lonely figure; and his faith in reform was shaken. As he toiled strenuously at his self-appointed task, he turned to the study of history, of Hindu institutions, and of Āryan culture; and the West in him was assimilated to the East. *Dharmavicāra,* Reflections on Religion, represents this stage in his evolution. His revolutionary zeal to destroy the old order first gave place to an honest doubt. Was he right in seeking to destroy a world which he had omitted to study, and which had stood the test of time? And his

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साहसे कोलंबस गयो, नवी डुनियामां,
साहसे नेपोल्यन भीड्यो, युरप आखामां.

× × ×

साहसे ज्ञातिना बंध, कापि झट नांखो ;
साहसे जाओ परदेश, ब्हीक नव राखो.

impetuous temperament soon carried him to the opposite extreme. ' He was a hero, and he attempted a social revolution. He was a seer, and he saw the secret which underlay his national culture. And he became a link in the endless chain of Gujarātīs who have, from times immemorial, assisted Gujarāta in absorbing foreign culture and evolving its own'.[1]

With Narmad's recantation of the revolutionary gospel, the school which favoured an immediate and wholesale destruction of the old order came to an end.

Narmad came to destroy what he thought was a phantom of the past, but remained to worship the beauty which was ever-living. Mansukhram, who believed that the fetters

liness no longer exercised the weird fascination over men which once it did.

Dalpat was the last to echo Akhā's world-weariness: "The world is a boundless ocean, full of misery." He admonished man thus: "You were born, no doubt, but you never searched for the truth. Bewildered, you wandered in the maze and gathered your load of sin". But Narmad's motto was 'Love and Valour', and he loved life. He dubbed a man who had no desire to see new things and live in new ways 'a living corpse'. He called upon everyone to assert his right 'as a man in the very thick of the fight.' He was determined 'to go forward with victory', indifferent even 'if the heavens fell, and the earth broke into pieces'. He preferred 'death to dishonour', and was full of 'the wine of courage'. Life was to him full of adventure, victory and joy. Death had no terrors for him. 'Death and birth are but the laws of life. Never loose heart and be firm'. And this note came to dominate not only literature but life. The spell which five hundred years of self-protective instinct had woven round Gujarāta was broken.[1]

And with hope thus regained, woman as the source of life and love re-acquired her rightful place in the world. Dalpat and Narmad and Ranchhodbhai all rushed to accord her recognition, to fight for her, to invest her with human dignity and charm. *Ṛtuvarṇana* presented her for the first time as a human being with a right to love. He sang: "The root of all reform is woman. Her rights are equal to man's, no more, no less." Woman was no longer the chattel, the curse of life,' the gateway of hell. Polygamy, in consequence, disappeared from the higher castes. Pure bhakti, the emotion which sprang from sublimated sex-instinct, as in a Narasiṅha Mehtā, was decomposed into its components, love and reverence. And as love sought its natural object —a member of the other sex,—reverence, undefiled, came to be offered to the divine.

For the first time in Gujarāta Narmad boldly confessed his love for his beloved.

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1 Vide, Munshi, *Arvācīna Sāhityno Pradhāna Svara* in *Ādivacano* p. 75.

Maiden dear, by your love, you drove me mad. I gave up study and money, too. All I left, only to repeat your name. I forgot the world; I was overpowered with love. As I looked at your face I danced with joy.[1]

X

In Navalram Laxmiram (1836-1888), Narmad had a friend and associate who carried on his traditions on more judicious lines. His works are collected in two volumes styled *Navalgranthāvali* (1891), Vols. I and II. His *England-no Itihāsa*, published posthumously, is the first independent history in the language. He adopted Moliere's comedy, from Feilding's version, under the name *Bhaṭa-nu Bhopalu* (1867), The Bhaṭa's Exposure. *Viramati* (1869) is a historical play typical of the period. His *Kavi Jivana*, the Life of the Poet, is a biographical sketch of Narmad. It exhibited a soundness of judgment difficult to preserve in assessing the life and work of a man like Narmad. From about 1867 he began to publish his literary and critical essays, and created a tradition of literary criticism In the language. For a first attempt, his method was characterized by sobriety and sympathy. He made every work he criticised a basis to indicate lines of further progress. Neither snobbery nor one-sidedness ever marred his criticism. He was a school-master turned literary critic, always encouraging, conscientious and enlightening. He could be severe when he chose, but he never had the heart to scotch a rising author for an attempt however poor. His prose was pure and dignified; an advance on Narmad's. In spite of his trenchant attack on Mansukhram's attempt at Saṁskṛtization of the language, he used Saṁskṛta words with effect, and, what is more, without effort.

1. वाहाली तें घेलो कीधो रे, प्रीत जुवंती.
भणतुं, गणवुं, रळवुं सीधुं, छोडी में तो सहु दीधुं
तारुंज नाम लीधुं रे.
संसारने हुं भुल्यो, प्रीतडी रसे फुल्यो
नीहाळी मुखडुं झुल्यो रे.

XI

After the fourteenth century, Gujarāta had no stage and no dramatic literature worth the name. Episodes mostly from Kṛshṇa's life were crudely staged at religious fairs or in Vaishṇava temples, under the name of rāsalīla, by strolling players. The bhavāis, performed in the villages, were rudimentary comic theatricals, hideous with gross acting and reeking with ribaldry. And Dalpatram's attempts in this direction were little influenced by the dramas of the West.

But admiration for Shakespeare brought a Shakespeare Kāthā Samāja in existence; and one of its leaders, Ranchhodbhai Udayaram, (1838-1923) ventured into this field. He published his *Jayakumāri* in 1861. It was the first modern love-story in the language with an educated girl as a heroine, and caught the fancy of Gujarāta. Subsequently, he wrote many plays on Purānic and social subjects, some of which were staged by the Parsi theatrical companies which had then begun to attract public attention in Bombay. But his best play was *Lalitāduḥkhadarśaka* (1864). The heroine, a cultured girl, married to an illiterate rake, after passing through terrible social and emotional trials, was driven to seek relief in death. It literally took Gujarāta by storm. Men and women shed tears at the tragedy; the husband's name, Nandan, passed into the language as a synonym for a heartless rake. But Ranchhodbhai's plays were didactic stories with long nerveless dialogues, interspersed with song, the only merit of which was their novelty.

Other forms of literature were also attempted by the pioneers of the new movement. The study of Scott's novels had its effect on the new authors. Mahipatram Rupram, (1829-1891) the first to write biography, wrote *Vanarāja Cāvaḍo* (1881) and *Sadhrā-Jesang* round two striking historic figures. Nandashankar Tuljashankar's (1835-1905) *Karaṇa Ghelo* (1868) dealt with the betrayal of Gujarāta by Karaṇa Vāghela's minister Mādhava. For so early an attempt at historical fiction, it was a notable performance. Its style and plot made it for long the only outstanding performance in this branch of literature. An excellent attempt to ex-

plore the resources of folklore was made by Framji Bamanji in his *Gujarāta and Kāṭhiāvāḍa Deśa-nī vato* (1875).

Hargovandas Kantavala's (1844-1931) poem, *Pāṇipata* (1867) has some stirring passages. His novel *Andheri Nagari-no Gardhavasena*, the Donkey of Darktown, (1881) is noteworthy for two reasons. By a predominant use of deśya and old tadbhava words, the author registered a revolt against the new tendencies in the language. He also tried to give a realistic picture of misrule in Indian states. Both efforts were original but unsuccessful. Deśya elements in the language had no enriching properties; and Realism, without a leaven of Romanticism, sank into vulgarity.

The most artistic attempt at writing fiction during the period, however, was made by Jehangir Ardeshir Talyarkhan. His *Ratnalaxmī* (1881) and *Kulina ane Mudrā* (1884) were written in the choice Gujarātī of the period. The latter written under the influence of Meadows Taylor is the first novel in the language which throbs with life, and is a great advance on *Karaṇa Ghelo*. The characters are human beings; the plot develops naturally; and the historical background, the wars of Tipu Sultan with the Company, are well-drawn. The author is out to tell a story, and tells it well. But Govardhanram's *Sarasvatichandra*, an incomparably greater work in all respects except in the art of story-telling, obscured the superior technique of Talyarkhan.

XII

In Ahmedabad, Bholanath Sarabhai (1822-1886), was breaking yet one more chain which bound Old Gujarāta. He was rich and cultured, had studied law and been a sub-judge. And when the influence of the Brahmo Samāja reached Ahmedabad, the conscience of this devout worshipper of the goddess Ambā awoke to a purer worship of the Formless Absolute. He joined the Prārthana Samāja, founded in 1871 by Mahipatram Ruparam, and burst out into psalms, rich in prayerfulness, which struck a note different to the bhakti, laden with sensuality, which was in vogue so long. In a sense his *Īśvara Prārthanā Mālā* (1872) is a landmark in the cultural history of Gujarāta. Prayer, for the first

time in centuries, lost its sex-coloured tinge, lifting its voice in true humility.[1]

XIII

Hindus and Parsis had combined to give birth to the early Gujarātī of 'The Jñana-Prasāraka Maṇḍalī,' though the early Parsi authors wrote on the Persian model. Furdoonji Marzbanji (1787-1874), the father of Gujarātī journalism, was a voluminous writer in prose and verse; so was Mancherji Kavasji Shapurji, known as Mansukh. But the Parsi authors, except for some notable exceptions, soon parted company, and engrafted on the literary Gujarātī of the fifties with which they were familiar, English words and derivatives of Gujarātī words which only their ignorance of the language could devise. In about three decades, they evolved the variety of the language known as Parsi Gujarātī.

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1 Munshi, *Thoḍānka Rasadarśano* (Guj.), pp. 246-249.

CHAPTER II

THE SAṀSKṚTIC REVIVAL AND ITS PIONEERS.

(1885-1914).

Political awakening—Nationalism—The University of Bombay—New Social adjustments—Govardhanram Madhavram Tripathi (1855-1907)—*Sarasvatichandra* Part I (1887)—A literary landmark—Part II (1892)—Part III (1898)—Part IV (1901)—Manilal Nabhubhai Dvivedi (1858-1898)—*Sudarśana Gadyāvali*—Philosophic exponent of orthodoxy—Narsinhrao Bholanath Divatia (Born 1859)—Birth of new poetry—*Kusumamālā* (1887)—*Smaraṇasaṁhitā* (1915)—*Manomukura* (1924)—*Smaraṇamukura* (1922-23)—Sahitya-parishad.

The next literary period began about the year 1884 when the Indian National Congress first met, and ended about 1914 with the great war commenced. The dominant feature of the period was a revival of the influence of Āryan culture and Saṁskṛta. Old and new forces blended with each other, yielding fresh vigour and fertility. Romanticism drawn from English and Saṁskṛta sources combined to vitalise literary outlook and technique.

I

This period saw the growth of a progressive urge for united political action in India. Local self-government, introduced in 1882, was hailed by the country as the coming of triumphant democracy. In 1884 Lord Ripon, the most beloved of British Viceroys, retired from office and left India. In 1885 the first sessions of the Indian National Congress was held at Bombay, the first formal expression of Indian national consciousness in modern history. Later, Dadabhai Naoroji's entry into the House of Commons and the first conviction of Lokamanya Tilak influenced the political outlook of Gujarāta. For a long time, Bombay, as the stronghold of Sir Pherozshaw Mehta and his group of politicians, controlled active political life in the province. But the Congress held at Ahmedabad in 1901 roused popular enthusiasm. In 1905 when Japan vanquished Russia with the weapons of the West, the victory was hailed by Indians as a triumphant challenge to the White domination of Asia. The agitation which followed the partition of

Bengal fired Indian youth with the prospects of a struggle for freedom; and in the year 1906 Dadabhai Naoroji first placed the objective of Swaraj before the country.

A new force of tremendous potency had entered life. Swami Dayanand Sarasvati, a Gujarātī by birth, preached protestant Hinduism with a nationalistic bias under the name of Ārya Samāja. In Bengal, under Ramkrishna Paramhansa's influence, Swami Vivekanand expounded a Neo-Hinduism which laid emphasis on Karma Yoga as the only means of saving India. In Mahārāshṭra, Lokmanya Tilak leavened Hindu orthodoxy with an aggressive national programme. Thus, Hinduism began progressively to shed its religiosity to become Indian Nationalism. And Aravinda Ghose, who carried forward Vivekanand's traditions, preached to young India the fiery gospel of a militant nationalism with its political karma yoga, its cult of the *Bhagavadgītā*, and its programme of Swadeshism and the boycott of British goods. In 1907 the older politicians under Pherozshaw Mehta and Surendranath Bannerjee, and the younger under Tilak, Lajpatrai, the leader of the Arya Samaj, and Aravinda Ghose, came into conflict at Surat. The Congress was broken up. A wave of nationalism accompanied by an urge for political action, swept over Gujarāta as over other provinces of India, bringing into prominence the cult of Swadeshism (to use a popular catchword of the day) 'in words and deeds, thoughts and aspirations.'

II

The most effective agency of intellectual and cultural progress was the University of Bombay. Colleges sprang up at Bombay, Baroda, Ahmedabad, Bhavnagar and Junagadh. The Arts course was the most attractive in the curriculum of studies, and the English language combined with Saṁskṛta to exert a joint influence on the graduate. Saṁskṛta, the very embodiment of Āryan culture and tradition became a modern force of renewed vigour, at once a corrective of the old order and an inspiration for the new. It tempered Western influence and led the educated to a balanced attitude of mind.

In every town, university men as pleaders, doctors, teachers, or officials became active agents for distributing progressive ideas, and set the tone of social and moral life. Western culture came to be recognised as the necessary equipment for securing progress. A party of reformers sprang up in every caste. Railways, newspapers, and civic and political life began to destroy old barriers and prejudices. The uplift of woman became an accepted fundamental of the new outlook. The education of girls, though resisted by a few, was favoured by many among the educated. In advanced castes monogamy came to be the rule, polygamy the exception. Remarriage of widows was yet a dreaded heresy; but the public voice unanimously clamoured for alleviating their lot. Students returning from England began to be absorbed into the ancestral fold; and though mercilessly derided, lived to stimulate liberalising activities. Castes came to be looked upon as social institutions rather than eternal human compartments. Inter-dining between castes came into vogue imperceptibly. It was an age of peaceful adjustment; not school-masterly, nor revolutionary, as were the ages which preceded it, but wise in the way of compromise.

III

The three authors, Govardhanram Madhavram Tripathi, Manilal Nabhubhai Dvivedi and Narsinhrao Bholanath Divatia with which the new period began, were Nāgara Brāhmaṇas. The first two were brought up in an atmosphere of rigid orthodoxy, and were protagonists of Saṁskṛtic revival in literature.

Govardhanram was a practising lawyer and a nephew of the formidable Mansukharam. His works are: *Sarasvatīchandra*, a novel, Part I (1887), Part II (1892), Part III (1898), Part IV (1901); *Sāksharajīvana* (1899–1903); *Līlāvatī Jīvānakalā* (1905), a biographical sketch of his daughter; *Dayārāmano Aksharadeha* (1905), an appreciation of the poet of Dayārāma; *Navalajīvana* (1891), a biographical essay on Navalram; and *Snehamudrā*, a poem (1889). He also wrote an essay in English, *The Classical Poets of Gujarat* (1892).

Part I of *Sarasvatichandra* is styled *Budhidhan-no Kārabhāra*, The Administration of Buddhidhan. Sarasvatichandra, son of a rich merchant in Bombay and himself a young lawyer, is lost between sentimentality and intellectual restlessness. He is inspired by love for his fiancée, Kumud, but is afraid to fight for it. Instigated by his step-mother, his father reprimands him for his fondness for Kumud; and the hyper-sensitive young man leaves home and bride to embark on an aimless journey under an assumed name. On his disappearance, the sweet and accomplished Kumud is married to the stupid and dissolute son of Buddhidhan, a high official in Suvarṇapura. Curiosity to see how Kumud reacts to her new situation drives the hero to visit Suvarṇapura under the name of Navinchandra. Once he is there, accident brings him into contact with Buddhidhan, whose hospitality he accepts. His identity, however, remains undetected.

Buddhidhan is a statesman of the old school, highly practical, but not devoid of idealism. He has raised his friend Bhupsinh to the gādī of Suvarṇapura and is carrying on extensive intrigues to remove the old minister, Shathray, from office. Ultimately, he succeeds in tricking Shathray out of office after the approved fashion of old Kāṭhiāvāḍa. The intrigues are narrated hurriedly and in disregard of their dramatic possibility. The easy going proclivities of Shathray's womenfolk provide some spicy situations entirely unrelieved by romance or humour.

The central theme is simple but elaborately worked out. The lovers meet under the roof of Buddhidhan. Sarasvatichandra's presence in the house makes Kumud, whom he has forced into an unhappy marriage, doubly wretched. Tragic in her dignity and self restraint, she seeks him at midnight to make a last appeal not to waste his life in aimless wandering. Her pathetic struggle with herself is the great feature of the book. Her appeal in verse runs thus:

The water which once rose to the sky has returned to the earth: the happiness of the unlucky is foredoomed to an early end. For a moment, it looked glorious, just when it shone with the reflected hues of the flying eagle. No wonder that the glory was short-lived. But, lordly eagle, yours is to soar in high heavens. Fly away from the earth to which you have come: This is

the land of the unwinged. Flutter your golden pinions: Rise to the clouds in wheeling grace; Fly across the heavenly expanse: Plunge into the glistening waters of the sunshine. Flying high on mountain-tops, among clouds, in the sky, the splendour of your golden wings will mingle with the flaming rays of the sun. Then we will look at it from the earth, worship it joyfully. I cannot fly myself. Leave me, I pray, my one solace to see you soar on high. If you don't, alas, nought but tears will be left for me.[1]

But when she comes into the room, Sarasvatichandra pretends to be asleep. However, he permits her to take some verses out of his hands. They indicate his attitude.

Shall I let her weep? Friend, I, a stanger, dare not wipe the tears of my beloved, and cannot see them shed. My noble love! You have lived through untold sufferings. But forget the unforgettable. Submit to the decrees of fate . . . . . , I am now irresponsible, moving about in changing guise. I am like the roving butterfly; I will wing myself at will as the birds do; I will live as do the waves of the sea. Neither high nor low, will I move; my flight will be like the clouds, unsupported and aimless.[2]

She begs of him to go back to life. He replies by leaving Buddhidhan's house to resume his journey.

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1. अवनिपरथी नभ च्हड्युं वारि पडे ज पाछुं त्यां ने त्यां :
टुंकुं कर्म टुंकुं रहेवाने सरजेलुं आ धरतीमां.
नभवच्चोवच्च रंगीन थातां गरुडराजनी पांख थकी
सुभग घडिक ए बन्युं; नवाई न, ए दशा जो ना ज टकी.
पण उंचा नभना संचारी पक्षिराज, तुं आव्यो आ
धरतीपर त्यांथी उड पाछो; पक्षहीननो देश ज आ.
फफडावी पांखो सोनेरी, रच रसयंत्र तुं रसधरमां !
विशाळ व्योम मापी ले, ने न्हा सूर्यकिरणना सरवरमां !
गिरिशिखरे, वनमां, ने नभमां उंचो तुं उडशे ज्यारे,
सूर्यबिम्बथी सळगी उतरता कर-अंबार विशे त्यारे.
सुवर्णपक्षनी जशे भमक भळी, ते समय तुज कीत्तिये
जोई जोई पृथ्वीपरथी पूजीशुं–उरमर्मथी अनुमोदीने.
नही उडाये पोताथी–पण प्रियनी विमानगति जोई
राचवुं एटलुं रह्युं भाग्य ते राख ! नीकर रहीशुं रोई.

2. रुवे ते देवी रोवा रे ! अधिकारी न ल्होवाने
प्रियानां आंसु हुं, भाई;–न ए रहेवाय जोवाई.
अहो उदार व्हाली रे ! टकावी देह राखी रे
न भुलातुं तुं भुली दे ! विधिनुं धार्युं वेठी ले !

. . . . .

हवे स्वच्छंदचारी हुं ! यदृच्छावेशधारी हुं !

The book was hailed by Gujarāta with great enthusiasm. Young men in college imbibed Sarasvatichandra's waywardness and sentimentality, and sighed over the loss of imaginary Kumuds. Families of culture named new-born girls after Kumud. Quotations were freely used in literature, speeches and private correspondence. Adverse comments of prudish critics were drowned in a chorus of praise. It was a landmark in the literature, the first great novel of real life in the language. Its prose, though a product of the Saṁskṛtic tendency advocated by Mansukhram, was a rich medium for the new thoughts and feelings. Love, romance and adventure were artistically presented in a Gujarātī form to the growing reading public for the first time, and so also full drawn portraits of real men and women. And Gujarāta, which was swinging back to an appreciation of the old social order, saw it interpreted with great sympathy as a venerable structure to be viewed with reverence and altered with caution.

By this book the author desired, to use his words, 'to give an objective existence to all that was so sketched out in his minds's book.' The work sprang from experience. Its richness and flavour was drawn from Saṁskṛtic influences, from Bāṇa and Māgha ; but its form, intensity and beauty, and its appeal were the result of the subjective attitude of the author moulded by the Romanticism of English authors, notably Shelley and Wordsworth, Scott and Lytton. It was essentially Gujarāti and truly modern; a sign of the dawning renaissance. What is true of the first part of *Saraswatichandra* is true of the whole modern Gujarātī literature.[1]

पतंगो उडती जेवी—हवे म्हारी गति तेवी.
उडे पक्षिगणो जेम, हवे म्हारे जवुं तेम;
समुद्रे मोजुं रहे तेवुं म्हारे य छे रहेवुं.
नही उंचे—नही नीचे मळे आधार, घन हींचे
निराधार—निराकार;—हवे म्हारीय ए चाल.

1. 'The Sanskrit literature furnishes the soil and English literature the manure which have brought forth the plant of Moderan Gujarati Literature.' Narsinhrao Divatia, *Gujarati Language and Literature*, p. 6.

Though the style, the technique and the sentiments of this work wove a spell round young Gujarāta for twenty-five years, it lacked humour, and displayed creative power limited both in scope and intensity. The language was stilted, pedantic, full of conceits after the fashion of Bāṇa. Quotations from English, Saṁskṛta and Old Gujarātī authors bristled throughout the book; verbose soliloquies, life-less dialogues and moral reflections marred the beauty of finely conceived situations. He was inspired by Romanticism, and yet shuddered at its exuberance and colour. His ideas of adventure rarely went beyond the confines of convention. He admitted love as a beautiful fatality, not a living law.

IV

But the moralist and the apologist out-grew the artist in Govardhanram when he wrote Part II of the work under the sub-title, *Guṇasundarīnuṅ Kuṭumbajāla*, The Family-world of Guṇasuṅdarī. This volume gives only two more incidents of the main story. Outlaws attack the party with which Sarasvatichandra had left Suvarṇapura. He is wounded, and is picked up by a travelling party of bāvās, ascetics, from the adjoining monastery of Suṅdaragiri. About the same time, Kumud, escorted by armed men, also leaves Suvarṇapur to see her mother. Her grandfather, Manchatur, with another escort, comes to meet her on the way. The outlaws attack Kumud's party, but are surrounded by the escort, and disarmed. But Kumud, as she stands on the brink of the river, falls into it, and is carried away by the current.

In this volume the author found his style. It maintained a sustained richness throughout the book, and at places became lively. But the romantic element was submerged; the subjective intensity disappeared altogether; all effort was concentrated in detailed and often lifeless descriptions. The bulk of the volume was taken up with a full length portrait of Guṇasundari, the mother of Kumud, drawn in elaborate and charming details. She is the typical Hindu mother, noble beyond description, who has presided over the joint family in India from the earliest times; the link which binds its shapeless crowd; the source

of its joy and the only solace in its endless sorrows. The relations between man and wife, mother and daughter-in-law and other members in a joint family *inter se* have been brought out with rare skill. This part registered a stronger reaction against the movement for reform than even the first. Many Gujarātīs received it with enthusiasm; for, they saw in the art with which the picture of a Hindu joint family was drawn a fresh justification for a conservative outlook. But it was the swan-song of the old social order; in the very hour of its literary vindication, it was passing away.

V

Part III of *Sarasvatichandra*, styled *Ratnanagarī no Rājyakārabhāra*, the Political Administration of Ratnanagari, also contains very little of the main story. Sarasvatichandra is taken by the bāvās to their maṭha on Sundaragiri, and is well received on account of his deep insight into Indian philosophy. In Bombay, his father, pines away for him and dismisses from his service Dhurtlal, his brother-in-law, whose evil influence had brought about the quarrel between father and son. His mother also regrets her folly, and wants him back.

In Suvarṇapur, the dissolute character of Pramaddhan, Buddhidhan's son, comes to light, and the family sympathises with the cruel lot of his wife, Kumud. After she leaves Suvarṇapur to go and meet her mother, Pramaddhan, in order to win sympathy, spreads a rumour that she has run away with Navinchandra. But he is found out; and out of shame, he suddenly disappears and is not heard of any more. Incidentally, Kusum, Kumud's younger sister, is introduced; and everyone about her begins to think how wonderfully she will suit Sarasvatichandra, only if he were found and could be induced to accept her as a wife.

The substantial part of the book is taken up with the early history of Ratnanagari, of which Vidyachatur, Kumud's father, is the minister. In the days of the East India Company, its ruler Nagraj, a lion-hearted Rajput, had fought the Company's forces bravely, but had ultimately accepted its proffered friendship. His son Mallaraj, brave and wise like the royal sages of the purāṇās, sighs:

To-day our kingdom has accepted fetters; its heroism is gone; we have put on cuḍis–wooden wristlets–like women; our wars have disappeared. As we protect women, so will the British protect us in the future.

He comes to the throne; sees the spread of the Company's power over the land; and during the Mutiny, acting on the advice of his wise Minister, Jarashankar, declines to side with Nana Saheb. The Mutiny is quashed; the Crown succeeds the Company; and the friend becomes the master. First, a political agent is appointed to keep peace between the states; then, intrigues are fostered; later, the doctrine of Paramountcy comes into existence; and the fate of erstwhile kings is handed over to the whims of British military officers. At every stage, Mallaraj struggles against the tightening bond, mortified at the loss of his independence. But the astute Jarashankar advises submission to the inevitable.

Samant, the brother of Mallaraj, ultimately approves of the advice. But Samant's son, Mulraj, breaks with the chief Mallaraj and conspires with Rana Khachar of Virapura. He turns an outlaw, attempts to kill Maniraj, the prince, but is captured by the brave prince. Instead of being executed, as his loyal father would have it, he is only banished from the State.

Maniraj, while pursuing Mulraj, the outlaw, sees a shot fired by an unknown hand and goes in pursuit of the hunter. He discovers the hunter in Kamala, the fair daughter of Rana Khachar, and incidentally, saves her from an alligator. Both fall in love with each other. Kamala, after the traditional fashion of Rajputāṇīs, gives herself away to him. Her father protests; he is the old enemy of Mallaraj, and has no opinion of Maniraj either as a warrior or a statesman. But Mallaraj comes to the rescue. The two old enemies, dressed as pathans, repair to Maniraj's palace, and Khachar tests for himself the valour and astuteness of Maniraj. He is satisfied, and blesses the marriage of his daughter with the son of his old enemy.

Mallaraj dies. Maniraj at first declines to take the gādī. But the phantom of his father appears to him, and assures him that the British are the monkeys which form-

ed the army of Rāma; and that, with the blessings of Sītā, they are reborn in this age.

A new bridge of dharma is being built in our land. It will be formed of floating stones brought by the monkeys from across the seas . . . . . If you run with the monkeys you will win; if you do not, you will be left behind; and, while running with them, if you fail, they will carry you on their shoulders.

And Maniraj thereupon decides to take the advice of the political agent to accept the gādī, murmuring Tennyson's lines:

And from the ruin arose
The shriek and curse of trampled millions, even
As in the time before; but while I groaned,
From out the sunset poured an alien race
Who fitted stone to stone again, and Truth,
Peace, and Justice, came and dwelt therein.[1]

The style shows little change. A considerable part of the book is taken up by long discourses and reflections, rarely rising above platitudes; by learned quotations in three languages; by poems improvised by many of the characters; by a philosophic disquisition on the philosophy of the Defined and the Undefined, at one place almost a whole chapter being in Saṁskṛta.

In this book, we are wafted into an unreal atmosphere of a Utopia. Every one, except Dhurtlal, the blackguard, and Pramadhhan, the rake—who are also unreal—is inhumanly perfect; mere abstractions. Ordinary sādhus on a hill in Kāṭhiāvāḍa discuss abstruse philosophic doctrines. Mallaraj, an old chief, and Jarashankar, his minister, are perfections, wise and saintly. Maniraj, a petty Indian chief of twenty-two, 'handsome, soft-featured and yet awe-inspiring', 'stalwart and strong as a Russian', is a saint in morals, a Vikrama in his dealings with his people, a savant who can quote Saṁskṛta classics and English masters. Kusum, the thirteen-year-old girl, is beautiful, bold and naughty; is accomplished and can compose poetry; can sing, dance and swim; can be wise beyond her years and compliment Maniraj with a courtier's grace, and discuss with him the duties of kings, throwing in a quotation from the Mahābhārata into the bargain.

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1. *Akbar's Dream.*

Sarasvatichandra is an elusive phantom living in day-dreams. In one such, he sees his friend Chandrakant and Kumud. He tells the dream-friend, " Chandrakant! Sweet philosophy buoys me up into the Heavens: I fly, effortless, like Dante in his Paradise." Kumud—the dream-girl—falls at his feet and says, " Thou hast no right to rise without me. Am I not the Beatrice whose visions fill thy soul and fly as thou fliest?" " Sweet Angel of purity, " answers the hero " thou art, thou art. Fair etherial spirit, Guide us into the higher regions. Thou shalt raise us all."

The nineteenth century is gilded with the golden hues of Purānic idealism. The effort was the outcome of discontent with the sordid present and a longing to see the ideals of the past become a reality in the future. Mallaraja is a Rājarshi; Jarashankar is a walking Shāstra; Maniraj is a prince from *Daśakumāracarita*; Sarasvatichandra is a product of the Bombay University, no doubt, but removed from modern surroundings. He is 'transmigrated back into the body of some quiet and retired Ṛshi of antiquity'.[1] The living Romanticism of modern European literature is replaced by the emanciated variety of mediaeval kathās.

VI.

Part IV of the work, styled '*Sarasvatī-nuṅ Manorājya*;' The Thought-land of the Goddess of Learning, brings the series to a close. Sarasvatichandra temporarily accepts the discipleship of the head of the monastery at Sundargiri. A little away from the hill, where the river meets the sea, is a parallel settlement of bāvīs, female ascetics, of the same sect. The bāvīs recover Kumud from the river and revive her. The lovers meet each other, and cannot conceal their mutual attachment. The shrewd bāvās and bāvīs come to know of their love and they obligingly arrange a meeting for the lovers. For three days and nights they live in two neighbouring caves, meet every night, talk love of the spiritual, or, rather, ultra-sentimental variety. And, thanks to the yogic powers of the head of the bāvās, they wander in their sleep into the land of siddhas, where they hold endless conversation on diverse topics with the dead, and with birds and beasts possessing allegorical signifi-

1. The Preface in English.

cance. The lovers swear eternal love and companionship, but decide not to marry, evidently for no better reason than that Kumud is a widow.

Chandrakant, Sarasvatichandra's friend, finds out his whereabouts. Kumud's family is in distress at the lovers living with each other, and at the consequential possibility of their committing the terrible social sin of widow-remarriage. Kumud runs to their rescue. She goes to her sister Kusum, the prodigy, who has sworn eternal celibacy to the despair of her mother; and solicits her hand for her own lover, to whom, a few days ago, she has sworn to be a companion for life 'like unto a shadow; like unto Cūḍabodhini, the wife in duty; like unto the earth which revolves round the sun!' Kusum consents and is promptly accepted by Sarasvatichandra as his wife.

Even compared with Part III, this part is a failure as a piece of literary art. It has no plot worth the name. Its characters—even Kumud and Gunasundari—become unreal, floating in intellectualised verbosity. The lovers are mere mouth-pieces for uttering morbid sentimentality, which is made more unattractive by oft-repeated mutual encomiums and pious resolutions. The end is inartistic in the extreme. The only relieving feature is a short, living picture of Chandrakant's domestic life.

VII

Govardhanram dedicated his later life to Parts III and IV of this work. These twelve-hundred-odd pages were intended by the author to evolve a harmony out of 'the varied conflicts of life and thought at present visible all over India'; to bring about a fusion not only of the two civilizations of the East and West, but of 'far different ancient Indian civilization...the third element of the fusion'; and to point the way to the educated Indians, who constitute 'a median organism in this way between various other sets of complicated and contradictory organisms.'[1] This was the ambitious purpose of this prolix effort. He sought to achieve this purpose by presenting the results of life-long study and a deliberate attempt at maintaining intellectual

1. The Preface in English to Pt. IV.

balance on a background of thinly sketched romance. He failed to perceive that experience, presented as inter-related unity through the medium of creative imagination, is the only basis of the art of literature. And by this failure, he himself undermined the influence of the great tradition which Part I of his work had built up. But, being the only gifted novelist of his age, his failures became invested with prestige; were copied as models by smaller men; and continued to hamper the growth and appreciation of higher art.

Extricated from a forest of conflicting views, from lengthy quotations, soliloquies, dialogues, and allegories, and from dissertations by mythical beings, his gospel of harmony is a disappointing one. Its social and religious aspect was already preached by Narmad in *Dharmavicāra*; only it was applied to diverse problems of life with a learning and logic which the earlier author did not command. In a soliloquy, in English, it is thus formulated.

> We have never as much as attempted to find out the wisdom of our ancestors....I think there is more common sense and sounder patriotism in the stubborn and wholesale refusal, by our masses, to consider, or even hear and endure, the latest fantasies of their seduced boys (by the West).

Suffer, says the author, that the old may not be destroyed. Sacrifice a career to placate a father's temporary prejudice even if it costs love, prospects, and the life and happiness of a noble and innocent girl. The joint Hindu family is a blessing, though it looks a curse; 'an insurance against poverty, a fortress to resist the inroads of immorality, to be supported by patience and suffering for a generation of two'. Love is nice to swear by, to dream of, to write poetry about, but has no claims over life. It is a spiritual bond which can be broken to maintain social prestige, or forgotten in the tempting arms of a bride's younger sister. We miss in all this Narmad's respect for human personality, his love of righting wrongs, his urge to heroic action.

Govardhanram's political gospel is an expected counterpart of his social creed. Writing in the very midst of Dadabhai's disappointments and Tilak's heroic struggle, he retains a pathetic confidence in Englishmen. They will elevate the Indian States into 'self-governed dominions of

the Empire'; they will look after Indian aspirations 'as if they were your kith and kin'! He has no ear for the prophecy of impending conflict which Narmad uttered in the seventies. He could not see any significance in the new technique of harnessing orthodoxy to modern politics, which Tilak was forging. All he could do was to parody, through his Virrao Dhampate, the great politician's speech and manners. The under-currents of rising nationalism, which were to burst out into a flood three years later (1904) had no existence for him, and the section of young Gujarātīs over which he exercised literary fascination, remained blind to the new forces which were inspiring the youth in Bengal and Mahārāshṭra.

But *Sarasvatichandra* rendered an invaluable service to the province. It brought to the Gujarātī reader choice sentiments, thoughts and ideas from Saṁskṛta literature, and provided him with an elaborate and interesting attempt to apply them to modern problems. It thus became a Purāṇa of Saṁskṛta revivalism. It has established, and will continue to establish, for generations a living contact between Gujarāta and ancient Āryan culture. And it will continue to hold fast the language to the richness of Saṁskṛta even in the hands of those to whom the beauty and inspiration of the original are inaccessible.

The author's other works, in style and execution, are very inferior. *Snehamudrā* is an obscurely written poem lightened up by stray poetic flashes, and is inferior in form and substance to many poems in *Sarasvatichandra*. *Dayārāmano Aksharadeha* is a valuable appreciation of a great poet.

VIII

Manilal Nabhubhai Dvivedi (1858–1898) was a man of great learning and intellectual power. His principal works are his gazals after the style of the Persian Sufis, and other poems, collected under the name of *Ātma Nimajjana*; *Kāntā* a play (1884); *Gulabsinh* (1887); a novel being an adaptation of Bulwerk Lytton's Zanoni; *Bālavilāsa* (1893); *Siddhāntasāra*, (1899), a work dealing with ancient Hindu thought and modern problems; and numerous essays on literary and philosophical subjects collected in *Sudarśana*

Gadyāvali. His prose was more elastic than Govardhanram's, and was distinguished by a stately rhetoric. His sonorous sentences were piled up with great effect. With a judicious use of Saṁskṛta words he carried the language to great heights of eloquence. He gave a new turn to the essay; he made it a learned discourse, or an incisive polemic bearing down the reader's doubts by the combined force of reasoning and rhetoric. He was a great student of literature with a sure eye for literary beauty; and his robust and vigorous outlook imparted a new tone to criticism.

He stood out as the philosophic exponent of orthodoxy. The new was flimsy, unstable, soul-less, devoid of beauty. The old was built on firm foundations of self-discipline, on comprehensive vision, on the reality of Vedānta, on the unity of Yoga. The ignorant might attack it, the half-hearted might try to find its justification. But those who understood it knew its changeless essentials. And he did not say this with the partial knowledge of a paṇḍita; for, he had studied the thought both of the East and the West. And in no uncertain voice, he spoke to modern Gujarāta of the glorious heritage of Āryan thought, of its undying strength, of the ideals for which it stood. His message was 'No surrender to the West'; and many in Gujarāta heard in it the battle-cry of the future.

Balashankar Ullasram (1859-1898) adopted the poetic attitudes of Hafez and some other Persian poets and had a transient popularity. His work *Klānta Kavi* (1907) is a literary curiosity. Harilal Harshadrai Dhruva (1856-1896), the author of *Kunjavihāra* (1896), was a scholar and a poet. Some of his poems are still cherished, but more for their patriotic fervour than for their literary art, which was moulded on that of Narmad.

IX

But the most formidable figure of the period under survey is Narsiṅhrao, Bholanath Sarabhai Divatia's son (born 1859). His works include *Kusumamālā*, The Garland of Flowers (1887), *Hṛdayavīṇā*, The Heart's Lute (1896) and *Nupura-jhankāra*, The Jingling Anklets, (1914) being

collections of odes and lyrics; *Smaraṇasaṁhitā*, The Song of Memories (1915), an elegy on the death of his son; essays mostly on literary topics, some of which are now collected in *Manomukura*, The Mirror of the Mind (1924), *Abhinayakalā* (1932), and *Vivartalīlā* (1933), a work on histrionic art *Premānandanā-nāṭako*, The Plays of Premānanda. (1909) ; *Joḍaṇī*, Spelling (1905) ; *Gujrati Language and Literature*, Wilson Philological Lectures, Vol. I (1921) and Vol. II (1932), delivered in 1915 at the University of Bombay, being an exhaustive and scientific survey of the Gujarātī language; *Smaraṇamukura*, The Mirror of Memory (1926), containing his reminiscences of some friends and relatives; and Vassonji Madhavji Lectures (1930) delivered at the University. A poet, an essayist, a critic, a literary portrait-painter, a philologist, he has been in the front rank of our literature since his first work was published.

Kusumamālā, *Hṛdayaviṇā* and *Nupura-Jhankāra* contain poems, odes, sonnets and lyrics, reminiscent of English poetry of the age of Wordsworth and Shelley. About the time Govardhanram was writing the first part of *Sarasvatichandra*, Narsinhrao was bringing into existence a new poetry. For form, he went back to the vṛittas of Saṁskṛta prosody; for language, to a choice of Gujarātī words of accepted poetic value mixed with Saṁskṛta words; and he evolved a poetic medium of beauty. Accuracy and restraint of expression characterized every line. Poetry, for the first time, took to interpreting the beauty of a mood, a picture, a phenomenon of nature, impressing the commonplace in life and nature with an inner significance. There was a freshness of outlook in some poems; pensive sweetness in others; imagination and emotion lent charm to every one of them. Even the poem dealing with so common a subject in Gujarātī poetry as the condition of the hapless widow, was invested by him with such delicacy and emotion as to become, for the first time, a thing of art. With *Kusumamālā*, Narsinhrao began the age of romantic poetry in the language. Some others, coming after him, improved upon his art, but none, except Nanalal, has so far created a different tradition.

X

With the new atmosphere of later times and under the shadow of a great domestic affliction, the ripe powers of the poet produced, in 1915, his masterpiece, *Smaraṇasaṁhitā*, one of the few great poems in the language. It is full of self-restraint and dignity. Artistic expression is clear as crystal and is reminiscent of the Saṁskṛta masters. A quiet, pensive sadness overshadows the poem from its very beginning.

> The heart does not smile; for, to-day, I feel helpless. And yet it sheds no tear, though I am heavy with burden.
>
> * * *
>
> I do not like to speak, for my heart is weighted with muteness. But as the burden flows in words it grows lighter.[1]

The poet is oppressed with despair.

> On the chess-board of the world, life is but an unequal game; for, we play it against a Power, strong and yet invisible. Deluded, we believe the pawns as ours; but the Power takes them as It likes. We play new and yet newer moves to save them, but the hidden Power baffles us.[2]

Hope is gone.

> The last remaining string of the lyre of hope is broken. Child! On your last string alone depended life.[3]

With the aid of philosophy and religion, he commences a search for his departed child. Helplessly he cries:

> The door does not open, and my feet are sinking. Am I sinking in the mire? I know not. Religious fervour! Brother! Divine Faith! Mother

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(१) ना हसे उर माहरुं, आज हुं लाचार छुं;
ना रुवे उर माहरुं, धारुं अकथ को भार हुं.
× × ×
वाणी वदवी ना गमे, मूक भार वहुं उरे;
तदपि वाणीरूपमां, ए भार उर हलको करे.

(२) जिंदगी आ जगपटे–बाजी छे असमान ए;
शक्तिसंगे खेलिये, अणदीठ ने बळवान जे.
मोहथी निज मानियां शोगटां जे आपणे,
शक्ति ते मन धारियां हा! ले हरी वीजी क्षणे!

(३) तन्तु ए अवशिष्ट हा! तूटियो आशातणो,
बाळ! तुज जे तांतणे आधार जीवननो गण्यो,

mine! I sink deeper. Extend me a helping hand. Save me from sinking in the mire.[1]

The poet searches for his beloved child.

In the lap of midnight, the stars twinkle. In the waves of the sea, thunder is heard as of the clouds. I see the stars; I hear the thunder; and they tell me of you. At every step I find your foot-prints. How shall I believe that you are not there? [2]

Then, from star to star, in the moon and the sun, the poet looks for the child but in vain. Ultimately he finds the key; the doors yield; and he finds the voice of his son praying to the Merciful. The little prayer, simple and spontaneous, is a gem of faultless beauty.

Open Thy doors of joy. Oh Merciful! Open Thy doors of joy. I have fast crossed the forest of life. Simple child as I am, I now stand at Thy door. Darkness is no more; light shines before me. Take thy child to Thy heart, Oh Merciful! Open Thy doors of joy.

Ceaselessly, fondly, I have repeated Thy sweet name. Now speak with Thy child with love. Thy child is now here; he thirsts for the Divine. Shed on him the nectar of Thy love. Oh! Merciful! Open Thy doors of joy.[3]

The poet regains hope and faith, and meditates on life, death and God. But the artist never abdicates in favour of the metaphysician or the theologian. With a rare delicacy of feeling, he reminds himself of how Śṛgāla and

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(१) ऊघडे नव द्वार ए; पाय मुज नीचे सरे;
क्यां कळुंछुं कळणमां? मुजने खबर कंइं नव पडे.
धर्मवळ! मुज बंधुओ! दिव्य श्रद्धा! मात ओ!
कळणकर्दम डूबतो को रोकजो धरी हाथ ओ!

(२) मध्यरजनि–उछंगमां तारला चमकी रह्या;
घोर सिंधुतरंगमां घन घोष कंइं घुरकी रह्या.
ए निहाळुं, ए सुणुं, सुणुं निरखुं त्यां तने;
पदपदे प्रत्यक्ष तुं, क्यम मानुं तुं नथी को क्षणे?

(३) मंगल मंदिर खोलो, दयामय! मंगल मंदिर खोलो!
जीवनवन अति वेगे वटाव्युं, द्वार उभो शिशु भोळो;
तिमिर गयुं ने ज्योति प्रकाश्यो, शिशुने उरमां ल्यो, ल्यो.
दयामय! मंगल मन्दिर खोलो!
नाम मधुर तम रट्यो निरन्तर, शिशु सह प्रेमे बोलो;
दिव्य तृपाभर आव्यो बालक, प्रेम–अमीरस ढोळो.
दयामय! मंगल मन्दिर खोलो!

Sandhyāvatī sacrificed their children for the sake of the Divine. He does not merely like to submit to His will, but he wishes for something higher.

I want to join my will to the Lord's. True sweetness flows only when the two currents mingle.[1]

He does not love discord, for universe is but the harmony of the Absolute.

Hidden indeed is the scheme of this music, so grand. One Divine Master alone leads the orchestra; and I am but a feeble human worm.

How dare I find fault with this divine music? How can I disturb its harmony?[2]

The poet's only wish is so to sing that his purest notes may harmonise with the eternal symphony. He thinks of death, and adversity. Are not the unhappy blessed? For their sorrows are counterbalanced by a single tear of a Buddha anxious to relieve them. But why was death created? The poet gives the answer, his interpretation of nature unobtrusively uniting with the sadness of his heart:

The brilliant orb of the Sun is overspread with a dark cloud. It is an unfathomable scene. And yet behind the cloud's dark shadow, the luminary flames in eternal splendour. Likewise, the dark patch of death breaks up eternity but only for a moment; beyond its darkness flows the splendorous sea of eternal life. In life's endless flood, death is but a bubble. Again and again the bubble bursts; and the sea surges ceaselessly.[3]

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(१) ईश–इच्छासंगमां भेळुं इच्छा माहरी,
वे प्रवाहो एकठा थातां मधुरता छे खरी.

(२) गूढ छे कंइं योजना भव्य ए संगीतनी,
एक योजक दिव्य ते संगीतनायक रहे वनी;
मन्द मानवकीट हुं दिव्य ए संगीतमां
दोष क्यम काढी सकुं ? क्यम भंग करुं स्वररीत्यमां ?

(३) काळा घने उज्ज्वल सूर्यबिम्ब
ढंकायुं,–ते चित्र दीसे अगम्य;
तथापि·काळी घनछायपूंठे
ज्योति रह्यो झळहळी न कदी य खूटे;
मृत्युतणी श्यामल छाय ढांके,
अनन्ततामां क्षण भंग दाखे;
तथापि ए छायनी पेली पारे
देदीप्यमान चिरजीवनसिन्धु म्हाले;

The whole poem is thus inspired by restrained feeling, sanity of outlook and unfailing hope. The personal touch is so subdued that the expression of a personal bereavement becomes a sad, pensive song of a universal human mood.

XI

Accurate and precise in literary execution, Narsinhrao has used his learning, power of analysis and critical faculty to constitute himself the censor of the literary world. Inaccuracies and vagaries, a new literary phenomenon, a new sentiment, a new use of a word, mistakes of every literary man have been ruthlessly examined and exposed by him. He worships precision, and compels others to bow before it. And scarcely has an author written in the language without an anticipatory shudder at what Narsinhrao may have to say about it when published.

In his *Manomukura* most of his earlier critical essays are collected. They are judgments written in a language of great power by a very competent judge, determined to show no indulgence and often no courtesy. Literary criticism, thus, has been elevated to a responsible and conscientious art. The work, in which he discusses Premānanda's plays and holds them to be forgeries, is a masterpiece of exhaustive analysis and will long remain a model for aspiring critics. None can interpret the beauties of a new work as Narsinharao can; but he will not do it often. His severity always stifles the creative art of the critic in him. His lectures on philology were the result of a life of scholarship, industry and accuracy, and Gujarāta may not see their like perhaps for decades. *Smaraṇamukura* distinctly adds to the literary stature of the author. This work is a collection of pen-portraits, in which the individuality of some well-known friend or relative of the author is presented on the background of intimate details.

अनन्त आ जीवनसिन्धुमध्य
मृत्यु बने बुद्बुद्, तेह सद्य
जाए फूटी जो ! कंइं वारवारे,
ने सिंधु तो वही रहे अविराम धारे.

The life-like portraits of the author's parents and of Manishankar Bhatt disclose great literary art.

He has given to the literature a great prose style, precise, polished and faultless. It is capable of expressing the most abstruse thought or the finest shade of emotion; is always severely pointed, often sternly judicial; sometimes, as in *Smaraṇamukura*, breaking up into little, pointed and picturesque sentences; and, if the subject happens to fall within the very restricted limits of the author's sympathy, tender, soft and caressing. Reformer by tradition and outlook, he has been highly appreciative of Western influence; and at the same time he has accepted the intellectual and literary elements for which the Saṁskṛtic revival stands. In the literature of the period, he represents for the first time a harmonious adjustment of the influences of England and India. An intellectual aristocrat of the romantic school, he, in worshipping too high a standard, has failed to sympathise with his times.

CHAPTER III.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE SAṀSKṚTIC REVIVAL.

(From 1888)

Manishanker Ratnaji Bhatt (1867-1923)—*Pūrvālapa*—*Cakravāka Mithuna* Khaṇḍakāvya—Sursinh Gohel, Kalāpī (1874-1900)—Tragedy of his life—*Kalāpino Kekārava*—*Hridayatriputi*—His poetry—Ramanbhai Mahipatram Nilakanth (1868-1928)—*Bhadrambhadra*—*Rāino Parvata*—*Kavitāne Sāhitya*—Behramji Malabari (1863-1912)—Ardeshir Framji Khabardar (Born 1882)—*Kalikā* (1926)—*Darasanikā* (1931)—Balvantrai Thakore—(Born 1869)—Saṃskṛta works rendered into the language—Nanalal Dalpatram Kavi (Born 1877)—His influence on language—His garabis—His dramas—*Jayājayanta* (1914)—*Visva-gītā* (1927)—Khaṇḍākhāyana, a new form in literature—*Sanghamitrā*—(1931)— His Prose—His romanticism—Janmashanker Mahashankar Buch (Born 1877)—Fiction—Stage—Dahyabhai Dholshaji (1862-1906)—Old Gujarātī literature—Ranjitram Vavabhai.

Samskṛtic revival, once firmly established and vitalised by English influences fertilised many fields of literature. Its great achievements were the new poetry, subjective, lyrical, word-perfect; the new forms in which it was cast, the khaṇḍa kāvya, the khaṇḍa-ākhyāna, the lyric and the sonnet. And it made of garabī a thing of perfect beauty and grace.

I

Manishankar Ratnaji Bhatt (1867-1923), otherwise known as Kāntā, was a poet of high order but limited compass. Most of his poems are now collected in a volume entitled *Pūrvālāpa*. Among his prose works, his two dramas, *Guru Govindsingh* and *Roman Svārājya*, scarcely touch the artistic level of his poetry. He wrote essays in a graceful and chaste style. His *Eka Devīnuṅ Vṛttānta*, a translation of an episode from Goethe's *Wilkelm Meister*, is exquisite.

His eminence in literature entirely rests on his poems. Though composed about the time the early poetic efforts of Narsinharao were being published, they exhibit a complete harmony of Saṁskṛtic and English influences previously unknown to the language. The best of them are

Vasantavijaya, The Triumph of Spring, and *Cakravāka-mithuna,* The Pair of Cakravākas, In form they are what has come to be known as khaṇḍa-kāvya: a short poem partly narrative and descriptive, with dialogue of lyric charm, each dominant mood being expressed in a suitable Saṁskṛta vritta. In giving the kāvya a fresh and plastic form, the poet has given to the literature an art-form of great beauty and possibility. The delicate lingering beauty of expression and sentiment in these two poems caress the reader like the touch of a loved hand.

Nature was to him a mistress to be adored with a sensuous longing. In *Vasantavijaya* we have a description of spring.

Slowly and gently the wind blows, laden with pollen. The creepers spread fragrance all around. The eyes are delighted. The cukoo, sitting one knows not where, sings a delightful song. The loving heart, shaken, melts; and control disappears leaving desires free.[1]

Cakravāka-mithuna is based on the myth that these ancient symbols of undying love live together during the day, but have to spend the night in separation and in vain efforts to find each other. A pair of cakravāka birds lived in a range of mountains. The sun began to set.

The waters of the river grew dark. The rays of the sun reached the mountain tops. The beloved, in fear, embraced the mate, agitated over the impending separation.[2]

The pair was young and loving, eternally absorbed in mutual love.[3]

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1. धीमे धीमे छटाथी कुसुमरज लइ डोलतो वायु वाय,
चोपासे वल्लिओथी परिमल प्रसरे, नेत्रने तृप्ति थाय;
बेसीने कोण जाणे क्यांहिं परभृतिका गान स्वर्गीय गाय,
गाळी नांखे हलावी रसिक हृदयने, वृत्तिथी दाब जाय.

2. सरितनां जल कृष्ण जरा थयां,
किरण सूर्य तणां शिखरे गयां ;
सभय नाथ प्रिया हृदये धरे,
विरह संभव आकुलता करे !

3. विहगयुग्म किशोर रसज्ञ ए,
रस महींज परस्पर मग्न ऐ.

They always looked at the sunrise together from on high; in joy and sorrow, a moment's forgetfulness sent them mad.[1]...

They played hide and seek in the boughs the whole day long. And when the beloved bathed in the stream, the mate poured water over her head[2]...

But their love was insatiate; their desire for love never faded.[3]

Their one desire was to escape the darkness which was to separate them, and as the sun sank in the west, they flew higher to see its setting glory. The orb of the sun touched the sea.

In every fibre they burnt at the thought of impending bereavement. They separated; but, unable to suffer the pain, they met again. As the moment of torture, by fate decreed, came near, they drew close to each other. The lovers, courageous though they were, were faint.[4]

The beloved then addressed the mate thus:

Lord! Let us live amidst these stones no longer. Why, Oh, why should we suffer thus? Let us go where the sun shines for ever—where fate has a more generous heart. She spoke thus and stopped; she had no courage left. The lovely female, bereft of hope, wept; and the lover wiped the tear with his delicate wing.[5]

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1. ऊंचे बेसी रविउदयने जेह साथे विलोके,
घेलां जेवां क्षण स्मृति थतां जे दिसे हर्षशोके.

2. विमुख एकली न्हाती प्रिया शिरे,
पति जइ अभिषेक कदी करे !

3. प्रणयनी पण तृप्ति थती नथी :
प्रणयनी अभिलाष जती नथी :

4. रोमे रोमे विरहभयनी वेदनाथी बळे छे,
छूटी छूटी, सहन न थतां, मत्त पाछां मळे छे ;
वेळा थातां विधिदमननी गात्र खेंचाय सामां,
प्रेमी बंने धृति अति छतां थाय संमूढ आमां.

5. पाषाणोमां नहिं नहिं हवे आपणे, नाथ ! रहेवुं :
शाने आवुं, नहिं नहिंज, रे ! आपणे, नाथ ! स्हेवुं !
चालो एवा स्थल महिं, वसे सूर्य जेमां सदैव,
आनाथी कैं अधिक हृदये आर्द्र ज्यां होय दैव !
प्रवदतां अटकी गइ ए अहीं,
अधिक धीरज धारी शकी नहीं ;
थइ निराश हवे ललना रुवे,
मृदुल पिच्छ थकी प्रिय ते ल्हुवे !

He replied:

Your words break my heart. They express my heart's inmost wish. My patience is at an end, loved comrade! But where the days are long, the nights are long too. How can love hope for everlasting happiness? Let us destroy separation, aye, even life itself. While the sun is yet in the sky, let us meet the unknown; close our eyes and attain unity.[1]

His lyrics have no exotic flavour in them. They came fresh from a heart open to a vivid emotional experience and paved the way for Nanalal's artistic creations. This experience was reality to the poet, its literary expression but an accident; and hence the fresh, warm charm of his poems. But religious devotion captured his imagination; he fell under the influence of Swedenberg; and literature was the loser.

II

Kalāpī, The Peacock, is the name by which literature knows of the short-lived Sursinhji Gohel, Thakor of Lathi (1874-1900). His works are: Poems collected in one volume, styled *Kalāpīno Kekārava*, The Notes of a Peacock, (1913); *Kashmīrno Pravāsa*, Travels in Kashmir; *Māla ane Mudrikā* (1912) a novel; *Kalāpīnā Patro* (1922), Letters; *Samvāda*, Dialogues and Letters on Swedenborg (1923); and *Nārīhṛdaya* (1933) a novel.

At sixteen he married two wives, the favourite being styled by the poet Rama. But the sentimental prince fell in love with Shobhana, a maid of the princess, who came of a community from which the male and female attendants of the chiefs of Kāthiāvāḍa are drawn. She was 'a piece of kacchi stone' at first, but the poet's love and training turned her into a gem. He was prevailed upon to give

1 हा ! शब्दो आ सरल सरखा मर्मने तीव्र भेदे,
गर्भात्माने स्फुरित करता धैर्यने छेक छेदे ;
लांबा छे ज्यां दिन, प्रिय सखी ! रात्रिए दीर्घ तेवी,
आ ऐश्वर्ये प्रणयसुखनी, हाय ! आशा ज केवी ?
अवर कांइ उपाय हवे नथी :
विरह, जीवन, संहरीए मथी :
गहनमां पडीए दिन देखतां :
नयन मीची करी दइ एकता !

her away in marriage to a member of her caste. The poet was, however, heart-broken, and the anguish of his heart came out in an impassioned cry in his verse. Ultimately he got her back, and married her. This is a very trivial, and not an unusual, incident in the life of an Indian chief. But the poet's soft heart made him highly susceptible to all influences. He felt he was ruthlessly pursued by his little world and decided to give up his gādī when sudden death ended his life. He died at the age of twenty-six, a victim as much of his environments as of his sensitiveness.

Sometimes, when he affected a poetic style flavoured with Urdu words, he came to grief. 'He misused Persian words and travestied the conceits of a Hafez and a Sadi, a Hali and a Nazir.'[1] But, where he followed the path which Manilal, Narsinhrao and Manishankar Bhatt had laid before him, he was very successful. The higher art of Narsinhrao or Kānta was beyond him; but he more than made up for it by the subjective intensity with which he infused every line he wrote. He invested ordinary Gujarātī expressions with such feeling as to transmute them into elements of a poetic style.

He loved to call himself a peacock; and like that soft-hearted bird, he uttered melodious notes quivering with high-strung emotion as no one else in the language could. He was sentimental, highly susceptible to environment, and displayed all the enthusiasms and defects of youth. Incessantly in quest of beauty and a visionary by nature, he had a live sense of wonder and delight. Everything appealed to his heightened sensibilities and with a loving hand, he extracted the inner beauty of a lotus plant, or a wounded deer, a widowed heart, or a scene in Kashmir.

Passion, sentimentality, a vague longing for freedom and a morbid love of tears, a penetrating sadness and a sensuous love of nature—all these he had; and he gave profusely of his wealth in his poems and letters.

III.

The bulk of *Kalāpīno Kekārava* consists of *Hṛdayatrīpuṭi* and the poems associated with it. They form a lyrical

1. D. B. Zaveri: *Further Milestones in Gujarati Literature* p. 87.

autobiography of a sentimental and love-lorn swain, in which all his poignant moods are laid bare. He could not think of meeting his beloved without being fascinated with the tragic side of it. In his *Jyān Tun Tyān Hun,* 'Where you are, There I am', he sings:

I could not live with you, dear. I live in separation, consumed by its fire to ashes. Love! Is life so dear to me that I should bear this living torture? Shall I have to live without you in this world? What shall I do? Go about as a fakir with my body besmeared with your ashes? Dear! Death, even, shall not divide us; its dread darkness shall not deprive me of you—no not even a little. If you go, I will not be left behind. I do not covet life. Go and live in Heaven; and there I will follow, your bond slave.[1]

In *Hṛdayatripuṭi* the poet weaves his sentiments round the ancient but ever-new subject of the eternal triangle. Under the shadow of green trees, Shobhana, the six-year-old orphan girl, weeps over the loss of her guardian. 'The soft hearted Evening wipes the tears from her closed lotus-eyes, and herself sheds starry tears in sympathy.'[2] Rama comes to her. She is noble in her walk and speech; for, 'the blood of Kshatriyas flows in her veins, fiery and divine.'[3] She offers solace to Shobhana: "I shall be what you desire, a friend, a mother, a sister."

After two years, Rama is married; and when she goes to her husband's house, she takes the devoted Shobhana with her as a maid. Six years pass by uneventfully.

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1. संयोगी तुज ना वन्यो, विरहमां जीवुं वनी भस्म हुं,
प्यारी ! शुं दुःखदाह, शुं जीवित छे प्यारुं मने एवडुं ?
एवुं शुं वनशे, प्रिये ! जगतमां तारा विना हुं जीवुं ?
तारी खाक लगावी अंग पर शुं वावो वनी हुं फरुं?
ताराथी मुज आ द्विधा नहि वने हैयुं, प्रिये! मृत्युथी,
मारी तुं नव लेश ओछी वनशे ए कालरात्रि थकी;
तुं जातां नहि हुं रहुं, जीवितनो लोभी नथी हुं नकी,
तुं स्वर्गे कर वास, के समजजे आ दास उभो तहीं !

2. मीचेलां ए नयनकमलो सारतां अश्रुविन्दु,
संध्यानुं ए हृदय गळतां तारलाअश्रु आव्यां !

3. तेना म्हों पर ने नसनेस महीं उच्चार ने चाल्मां,
क्षत्रीओ तणुं उग्र दिव्य झळकी लोही वहेतुं हतुं,

The heart of Rama's husband was soft like a lotus. Divine love gently dripped from it. A sweet smile always played upon his lips, and a joy was over his limbs.[1]

But none knew, not even he himself, that his heart flowed through chasms of unknown thought and that he was unhappy. Once he sees Shobana, and falls in love with her.

"I yearn for Rama," he says, "and my heart longs for the poor little girl. And Rama loves both of us alike."[2] A conflict of emotions tears the heart of the hero.

Love drives me to break all fetters; Duty draws me to my prison, to die in misery. Here is Duty; there, Love; and, between them, all that is left to me is tears. Duty is at war with Love; and what is left is death.

If the beloved seeks your shelter, you dare not give it. But if she seeks your shelter, how dare you drive her away? To the loving wife, the word is pledged, "I shall not be any one else's." But if the pledge is kept, the beloved will die.

Why do you struggle in mid-air? Go deeper still, break through obstructing rocks: Love divided is never diminished—Love is the Lord of all the earth.[3]

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1. हतुं तेनुं हैयुं कमल सरखुं कोमल, अने
हतो तेमां दैवी प्रणयरस मीठो टपकतो;
हतुं तेने म्होंए मधुर स्मित कांइ चळकतुं,
दिसे तेनां गात्रो पुलकित थतां हर्षमय सौ.

2. रमाने हुं याचुं ! मम हृदय याचे गरीब ए !
रमाने तो व्हालां हृदयद्वय छे एक सरखां !

3. प्रणय घसडे तोडी देवा अहो सहु पिंजरां !
फरज घसडे केदी थावा अने मरवा दुःखे !
फरज हती आ, पेली प्रीति ! रह्युं रडवुं हवे !
फरज लडती प्रीति साथे ! रह्युं मरवुं हवे !
शरण प्रणयी आवे तेने रखाय अरे नहीं !
शरण प्रणयी आवे तेने कडाय नहीं वळी !
वचन प्रियने आपेलुं, "हुं थईश न अन्यनो"
वचन प्रियनुं पाळे तेथी मरे दुःखी दिल को !
अरे ! शाने आवो अधवच रहे तुं लटकतो ?
ह्णु जा ऊंडो तो पड सहु तहीं तूटी पडशे !
विभागो कीधाथी प्रणय न कदी न्यून बनतो,
अने तेथी, भाई ! प्रणय प्रभु छे आ जगतनो.

Ultimately they—he and Shobhana—meet; and Duty loses the battle.

Fear was cast aside; heart beat on heart. Lips of love wiped tears of anguish. Sweet Time; first Love; Unity divine! And the glowing hearts shared the joy of the festive moment.[1]

Rama sees them together. Her faith in her husband, her Rāma, as she calls him, is gone. She is heart-broken. The lovers also see their hour of trial come.

Their eyes opened; they saw an earthquake shattering a universe...They bade adieu. Seeking mutual forgiveness, they parted in tears.[2]

Rama orders Shobhana to leave the house. The hero bows to the inevitable, but, overborne with grief, lies dying. The forgiving Hindu wife relents. She tells Shobhana:

You cannot live without my lord; without you, he will die. You are his. May both of you be happy.[3]

The hero is delirious. He exclaims:

"Rama, my heart, forgive me. Dear, I go yearning for you. Give me your hand; keep it close to my heart. And Shobhana, close my dying eyes" ......And the three hearts were lost in one dream, as when two rivers flow together into the sea.[4]

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1. डर नव रह्यो ! हैये हैयुं रह्युं धडकी, अने
प्रिय अधरथी अश्रु उन्हां लूछाई गयां सहु !
समय मधुरो ! प्हेली प्रीति ! अने रसएकता !
हृदय नवलां ल्हाणुं एवुं सुखे मचवी रह्यां !

2. हैयां तणां नयन ए उघडी गयां, ने
ब्रह्मांडकम्प सरखुं कंई नेत्र देखे !
रे ! शुं थयुं ? कयम थयुं ? कयम खून कीधुं ?
ते सौ रह्युं तरी ज स्वप्न शुं नेत्र पासे !
छेल्ली सलाम करी नेत्र पड्यां विखूटां !
याची क्षमा गळगळां विखूटां थयां ए !

3. " पियु विना तुं जीवी ना शके नकी,
" न तुं विना ए पियु देह राखशे. "
" थई तुं एनी ! सुखियां थजो तमे ! "

4. रे रे ! रमा ! हृदय ओ ! कर माफ ! व्हाली !
हुं जाउं छुं ! तलसुं छुं ! कर माफ ! व्हाली !
छाती परे कर हवे तुज राख ! व्हाली !
ने शोभनाकर वती मुज नेत्र चांप !

A vein of morbid world-weariness ran through his poetic effusions from his boyhood, when he sang: 'A person already consumed needs no ashes to turn ascetic.' In *Amārā Rāha*, 'Our Path,' he sang:

Ye slaves of law! Who made the laws? But to the slaves, what shall I say? Our path lies the other way.

We love not pomp, nor fame, nor love. No, no, our path lies the other way.[1]

And in his pathetic poem *Tamārā Rāha*, Your Path, written a few days before his death, he addresses God like a Sufi poet.

I am tired, Love, waiting and waiting for You on Your path. In hope, I was happy. But now I am spent, Love! . . . .

I could not do anything; nor can I do it to-day; and nothing, nothing can I do any more. Love!

Only the trouble will be Yours, whatever happens. I am done for. Pray, send a reprieve. Ultimately You have to forgive everything. Then, why not do it to-day, Love?

But except when his sensibilities were wounded, his output was common-place, as appears from *Hamirsinha Gohel*, a fragment of the epic which he attempted.

IV.

His prose was clear and direct, and exhibited all the emotional qualities of his verse. *Kashmīrno Pravāsa* is the travel diary of a very sentimental lover of nature. His *Patro* contains some fine letters in the language. They show him to be a considerate ruler, a thoughtful and studious man, a true friend, a man of generous impulses who longed to live nobly, a genuine poet in real life. After his marriage to Shobhana, he writes to Lalita, the poet.

What you have heard is all true. Perhaps you may not know how patiently I have suffered what fell to my lot. How was a little girl to bear insufferable torture as of hard labour in gaol. She was dying; she would have been perhaps dead in about three months. I was not high-minded enough to kill her for the sake of law or morality; and I fell in order that she may be saved . . . . I do not suggest that I did this for an unselfish purpose; but, in what I did, I see an effort to rise higher, not to fall. I could not bear it. If you knew how the girl was placed, you would have come to assist me. But the world must

1. गुलामो कायदाना छो ! भला ए कायदो कोनो ?
गुलामोने कहुं हुं शुं ? हमारा राह न्यारा छे !
नहीं जाहोजलालीना, नहीं कीर्त्ति, न उल्फतना—
हमे लोभी छीए, ना ! ना ! हमारा राह न्यारा छे !

take me to be a sinner at present; I could help the girl only after I had decided to invite this verdict. But this is justice as my heart gives it; real justice lies with the Lord.

His early death was an irreparable loss to literature.

V.

Sir Ramanbhai Nilkanth (1868-1928), son of Mahipatram Ruparam, represented Western tendencies of the period as against Govardhanram and Manilal. His works were: *Bhadrambhadra* (1900), a satire; *Rāino Parvat*, a play (1914); *Hāsyamandira*, The Temple of Laughter (1915); and *Kavitāne Sāhitya*, Poetry and Literature, in four volumes, a collection of essays principally dealing with literary criticism.

Humour had not been much appreciated in Gujarāta, the dominant tendency among critics and readers being to look upon it as levity. The efforts of Dalpatram and Navalram to write a burlesque or a farce had not received encouragement, though on the stage a broad comic piece, the survival of the bhavāi, was always retained to tickle the ears of the groundlings. Ramanbhai was temperamentally different from many other authors of the period; he always appreciated humour and managed to have his sly laugh in conversation, in an essay, or in a dissertation on philology. And as a reformer and a literary opponent of the Mansukhram school, he took terrible revenge for the numberless satires on the reformers by writing *Bhadrambhadra*. In this work the reactionary in life and the Saṁskṛtist in literature is held up to merciless ridicule.

Daulatshanker, an orthodox Brāhmaṇa, who talks Gujarātī a la Mansukhram, or much worse, is visited by the god Śaṅkara in a dream. The god asks him to change his name, as one of its component was a Persian word 'daulat', and to launch a crusade against the vile reformers, who, among other things, advocate the compulsory remarriage of all widows dead and alive. Up springs the devout Brāhmaṇa, changes his name to Bhadrambhadra (literally, good-good), and, in company with his loyal Sancho Panza, Ambaram, comes to Bombay to take part in a meeting, held at Mādhavbag, to defend the Sanātana

Dharma against the reformers. Then follows a series of extravagant adventures, Bhadraṁbhadra talking in Saṁskṛta compounds and tilting at windmills. A few chapters are taken up with the trial of Bhadraṁbhadra for assault in a magistrate's court, during which the murder of a cockroach forms a source of endless mirth. We take leave of the hero at the time when he is playing god Śaṅkara among his disciples.

The book has no humour, if by humour is meant, in Carlye's words, 'sympathy with the seamy side of things'. It is bitter mockery. The satire often disappears, giving place to an extravagant burlesque. The story is poorly told in places and lacks organic unity. The work is rendered enjoyable by absurd situations and still funnier Saṁskṛtised Gujarātī. Bhadrambhadra, the pretentious fool with his holy enthusiasm 'to secure the ever-rising glorious triumph of eternal Ārya Dharma', is an immortal figure in Gujarātī fiction.

His sketches in *Hāsyamandira* describe funny situations and incidents. Many of them are characterized by absurdity and poverty of dramatic presentment. His *Rāino Parvata*, a drama, unsuccessfully seeks to engraft the creed of social reform on to a plot taken from a folk-tale.

His work as a critic was valuable, and, in one sense, constituted a distinct advance both on Navalrām and Narsiṅhrao. In his *Kavitāne Sāhitya* he tried to formulate a theory of artistic and literary beauty. It was unfortunate that his theories failed to exercise an active influence on the output of contemporary literature.

VI

Though what is known as Parsi Gujarātī was used by a large number of Parsi authors for the benefit of their community, some, in search of purer artistic expression, resorted to Gujarātī proper. The poetry composed by Parsis upto about 1880, was considered by Behramji Malabari, a Parsi critic, as a rank growth. Malabari himself (1863-1912) was a poet of some merit, working on the lines of Narmad and Dalpat. His *Anubhavikā* (1894) and *Samsārikā* (1898), however, lacked the higher art of his contemporaries.

Sohrab Palamkot, Dady and Pestonji Taraporewalla, and some others followed Malabari with success.

Bomanji Kharshedji Framroze (1846-1920) known to the public as Dhakanji-bin-Makanji and Birbal also wrote novels, stories, sketches, and verses. But the classical revival brought the Hindus under Samskṛtic influence, while a desire for Anglicisation destroyed the influence of Persian among the Parsis and prevented them from keeping pace with indigenous lines of development.

The poet of the community, however, who can rank with the best in the language is Ardeshir Framji Khabardar (Born 1881). He began his poetic career under the influence of Narmad, which he soon outgrew. His receptive mind and sense of art, from time to time, fell under the spell of several literary and cultural currents in Gujarata. His works are *Kāvyarasikā* (1901); *Vilāsikā* (1905); *Prakāśikā* (1908); *Bhāratano Tankāra* (1919); *Prabhātano Tapasvī* (1920); *Sandeśikā* (1925); *Kalikā* (1926); *Bhajanikā* (1928); *Rāsa Candrikā* (1929) and *Darśanikā* (1931). The first five contain poems composed on different occasions and under varying influences. His garabīs and songs are charming, his language is invariably graceful, and his command of metre admirable.

But it was in *Kalikā* that he outgrew all extraneous influences. *Kalikā*, The Bud, is a long poem containing three hundred and seventy three stanzas in blank verse, muktadhārā, devised by the poet himself. The whole work is in praise of the beloved, each verse being a complete word-picture of a mood, or an incident, often a metaphor worked out in detail. There is no plot, no character, no dramatic situation, not even fervid subjectivity. Imagination is, in places, smothered under detail; nothing is left for the reader. Poetry, to be great, must have the supreme art of seeming a living spontaneous growth; but this poem is a museum of small works of art, chiselled to a uniform shape and linked together only by a serial number. Some of them, however, are word-perfect, lovely in colour and proportion, full of exquisite, though, at times, extravagant fancies.

On the sea-shore I stand, absorbed in thought, looking at the orb of the sun, half-risen on the rim of the morning sky. I feel like taking a boat, cross the seas, and go through the arched orb to the shore beyond. Likewise, my beloved rose on the horizon of my life; I saw her soul risen like unto this arch.

Then boldly, I let afloat my little craft. Lo! The arch has come. What will the beloved now say?[1]

A fancy is often delicately worked out.

I am fascinated with the mogrā flower, dropped from my beloved's braid. It lies like the moon on the door step of the sky, fallen from the hair of departing night.[2]

Sometimes, he invests a line with a rare magic by the use of homely words.

You think that once you were not mine. But, remember, it was I who discovered your soul. You are mine—solely mine. I am your saint, and I am your hero.[3]

And yet one more fancy:

She suspended a rope, rainbow-like, to branches of the mango tree, tall and stately like the trunks of an elephant. My beloved swung and swung on it. And her feet, like pillars of astral light, touched the sky. In the door, stood her mother, aghast. "Come down. What a whim for a girl!" she cried. And like a falling star, aye, the tear of a god, she slipped to the ground.[4]

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1. प्रभाते दिगंत पर अर्धे सूर्यबिम्ब उगे,
जोतो तेने सिंधुकांठे करुं हुं विचार,
जाणे बेसी नौकामां त्यां सिंधुने वटावी आखो
सूर्यना म्हेराबमांथी जाउं पेली पार !
जीवनदिगंत पर प्रिया ज्यारे उगी एवी,
दीठो में त्यां एवो एना आत्मानो म्हेराब :
शौर्यथी समुद्रे मारी नौकाने झूकावी में त्यां—
ओ आव्यो म्हेराब !—प्रिया देशे शो जवाब ?

2. चाली जती रजनीना केशमांथी खरी पडी
क्षितिजना आंगणामां चंद्र पड्यो होय,
प्रिया केरी वेणीमांथी खरीने पडेलुं एवुं
मोगरानुं फूल देखी मन मारूं मोह्य.

3. हती नहीं प्रथम तुं मारी एम धारी लेती,
पण तारा आत्मातणी कीधी मेंज शोध ;
तेथी तुं तो थई मारी पोतानी विशेष हवे :
हुंज तारो जोगीओ, ने हुंज तारो जोध.

4. ऊंची गजसूंढ जेवी आंबानी बे डाळी वच्चे
मेघधनु जेवी लटकावी दोरी एक,
प्रिया बेसी तेनी पर हींचको चढावे चाके,
ज्योतिस्तंभ जेवा पग पूगे व्योमे छेक;

Another yet lovelier picture may be added:

On the margin of a lake two mango trees stand, their branches intertwined. By the winds inspired, they bend to look at their own shadows as they wave in the waters below. And so my beloved will stand with me some day, with arm entwined in arm. Then we shall look into the watery mirror, bending and again bending, with cheek on cheek and arm in arm.

Love! In the liquid mirror as we look at each other, arm interwoven in arm, we shall see, not two bodies but one: its shadow only doubled. Lips fastened to lips, eye looking into eye, I will no more be what I was. Love, in my eyes you will see yourself. And I in thine will sink.[1]

The lines of farewell are very artistically executed.

Go forth, my Song. Why lament over things which were so sweet yesterday? What was perfect was the gift of the Lord; what I could not see I could not gather. As affliction churned my heart to bitterness, it yielded me a flow of

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गृहद्वारे ऊभी एनी वा ए जोती स्तब्ध वने—
" आवी के ? आ छोकरीना ए ते शा तरंग ? "—
खरता को तारा शी के देवना को अश्रु जेवी
प्रिया सरी पडी त्यांथी मारी दे छलंग !

1. तळावने तीरे जोड आंवला छे ऊभा झूकी,
डाळीमां छे डाळी त्यां ए वंनेनी गुंथाई;
नीचे रह्यां जळमां ते वायुप्रेर्यां झूली झूली
जोय निज छाया रूडी रही झूल खाई;
तळावने तीरे एम गुंथी करडाळीओ त्यां
एक दिन प्रिया ऊभी रहेशे मारी साथ;
झूकी झूकी जोशुं त्यारे ऊंडा जळदर्पणमां
गाल पर गाल अने हाथमांहीं हाथ.
तळावने तीरे, प्रिया, ज्यारे करडाळीओने
गुंथी रहेशुं आपणे त्यां जोतां एकमेक,
प्रतिछाया वेवडी त्यां जोशुं जळदर्पणमां,
जाणे जूदा देह सरी गया ऊंडा छेक;
अधरे अधर, नेणे नेण रहे गुंथाई त्यारे
देहतणुं द्वैत जोतजोतामां हुं खोउं;
प्रिया, मारी आंखमां त्यां जोय मात्र तनेज तुं,
अने तारी आंखे हुं समायो मने जोउं !

nectar. Let bitterness be mine, sweetness yours. Go forth, my Song! Give measureless joy.[1]

Though the general effect is weakened by the wealth of metaphor, exuberance of imagination itself indicates distinct progress in a growing literature.

VII.

Darśanika The Mirror, is an ambitious work. It contains about six thousand lines in the zulaṇā chanda which in Gujarāta has been associated with the prabhātiāṅs of Narsiṅha Mehtā. It consists of nine meditative poems on different aspects of life, and are respectively headed (i) The uncertainty of life, (ii) The dance of death, (iii) The song of life, (iv) The pang of evolution, (v) The fog of religiosity, (vi) The chain of eternity, (vii) The unity of the Absolute, (viii) The duty of life, (ix) The universal religion of Love. This work is on the same lines as *Kalikā*; each section consists of a set of word-pictures or images. But here philosophic doubts rub shoulders with poetic attemps to read the inner meaning of things; rhythmic meditation, often, becomes combative arguments in rhyme expressed through laboured metaphors. We stand lost in admiration at the craftsman's efforts to raise a structure out of numerous images, many of which possess beauty of language and conception. But inconsistent attitudes in different sections of the poems blur the vision of life which the poet attempts to present.

Few Gujarātī poets have achieved the simple grace of the lines:

To-day, the veil has fallen; and the flood of light is in the sky. My soul

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1. जाओ, मारां गीत; बधुं मधुरुं मधुरुं लाग्युं,
हतुं गई काले ते, शो तेनो अफसोस ?
मधुरुं जे लाग्युं ते तो प्रभुए दीधेल हतुं,
अधुरुं जे दीसे तेमां हशे दृष्टिदोष;
लाखोलाख दुःखोए जे मंथन हैयानां मांड्यां,
तेनी कटुताए आप्या अमृतना ओघ ;
कटुता सौ रहो मारी : मधुरता हो तमारी :
जाओ, मारां गीत, आपो आनंद अमोघ !

bathes in the colours of the setting glory. And nectar, in drops, lies in profusion everywhere.[1]

The poet laments the uncertainties of life in a manner fresh even in Gujarātī.

Man is strong but only as a wave of the sea. Why does he joyfully throw up vain foam?......

Man is an image made of light and shade. A rainbow is a sweet dream of the sun.........

The land of the gods is yet far far away; but, born of the earth, man always remains earthy.[2]

While speaking of man in a later section, the poet strikes a different note:

Man! Child of eternity! With a right to supreme joy! A million stars shine; so are you a star......

To give, to give, and to give again, And yet again, to give—is wealth.
It is the joy of life; and its supreme fulfilment.[3]

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1. आज आकाशनां पडळ उघडी गयां,
ज्योतिनी रेल रेलाय सघळे;
आत्म मुज नाह्य तुज अस्तना रंगमां,
अमृतनां विंदु वेराय ढगले।

2. सिंधुनी ऊर्मि शो छे सबळ मानवी
तोय उडवे कशां व्यर्थ फोरां?

. . . .

तेज अंधारनुं अजब आ पूतळुं.

. . . .

किरणमय काय ने पलकमय छाय, पण
मेघधनु सूर्यनुं स्वप्न मधुरूं।

. . . .

देवना देश तो हजी दिगंते रह्या,
माटीजायो रह्यो माटीडाह्यो।

3. मानवी तुं अनंतत्वनुं बाळ छे,
परम आनंद पर हक्क तारो;
क्रोड तारा झबुकता हसे विश्वमां,
ते महीं एक तुं पण सितारो।

. . . .

आपवुं, आपवुं, फरी फरी आपवुं,
ने हजी आपवुं, एज रिद्धिः
एक आनंद ए परम छे जीवननो,
आपवामां परम जीवनसिद्धि.

VIII.

The principal works of Balvantrai Kalianrai Thakore (Born 1869) are: *Darśaniyṇu,* (1924) a collection of short stories; *Bhaṇakāra*, Echoes, Pt. (1917), Pt.II (1929), a collection of poems; *Ugati Juvāni*, Growing Youth (1923), a play; Lyric (1932); and other sketches, essays and addresses published from time to time. His prose style, though clear, weighty and thoughtful, lacks charm and elasticity. His essays on the lyric and on *Sarasvatichandra* are both excellent specimen of critical analysis and literary interpretation. He is an unflinching upholder of classic models, and has declined to trim his sails to suit the exuberance and irresponsibility of modern romantic authors, or the vulgarisation of literary quality in the interests of the man in the street. He never forgets the fundamental difference between literature of quality and that of education, propaganda and sensation.

The poems—many of them are sonnets—in *Bhaṇakāra* are splendid attempts to emancipate poetry from rhyme, assonance and time-measure. According to the author 'poetic forms, which do not exist independently of music and do not flow unrestricted by recurring time measure, may be suited for song or recitation; but they fetter real poetry.' Starting from this axiom, he presents lyrics which, however limited in number and variety, are characterized by perfect harmony of word and sense. Emotion is expressed with exquisite self-restraint. A little picture is drawn by deft touches, and the more it is viewed the lovelier it grows.

Bursting with love, I wander, seeking one who could well receive the flood. By maddening thirst oppressed, I pine for one who could give me water. Wherever I look, I see but a struggling crowd of human forms. Oh! Where shall I find the one who could sustain my heart?[1]

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1. प्रणय–उभरे प्रेर्यों ढुंढुं झीली शकनारने,
प्रणय–तरसे घेलो जाचुं पिलावनहारने :
बहु तरवरे मनुजाकारो जुओ दग जाय ज्यां,
पण हृदयने धारे एवुं कहो मळवुं क्यहां !

In another sonnet, the lover offers a mogrā flower to his lady-love with these words:

Look, my heart has as many petals as this mogrā. But how shall I tell you how dark they are?...Goddess mine! You have indeed come to save me: wait a while: a little time, I pray. I long to be myself first. Every petal of the mogrā in your hair is pure white: let me make my heart as pure, and then, I am yours.[1]

The heroine replies:

Even if your soul soars eagle-wise in the sky, come down. Friend, take your twin-soul with you as you wing yourself aloft. With me, you shall be pure: With you, I will flower! Love! Let us create a new world, smiling with hope. Shall we sing? Or, tell me, shall we pray? The whole day round, the song of life I hear,—and the song of love and duty.[2]

After an inevitable separation, the heroine sends a charming message to the hero.

By day and night, I dream of you, my love. Come and give me, again, what's so familiar and yet so fascinating.

The fates had drawn me deep into waters, unfathomable; a tidal wave has washed me back to shore. I have come, no doubt: I know not where I went: I know not how I came. The thread of my life was spared; and in gratitude, I humbly pray.

The by-gone days, I remember, were once so real, dear; but they are now elusive as dreams. Come to me soon! Let your arms and lips stand witness: bring me the touch of sweetness and the eyes of love, and the words which bring eternal joy.

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1. निहाळ दल मोगरे, मुज उरे पडो एटलांः
अने तुज समीप केम कहुं कृष्ण ए केटलां !

. . . . .

परंतु प्रिय देवि, तुं उतरी हाथ मुज झालवा,
—जरा धीरज ! जरा वखत ! तलसुं पोत प्रकटाववाः
दले दल विशुद्ध आ कच विशे दीपे मोगरो,
दले दल विशुद्ध आ उर करूं,–पछी ताहरो.

2. अने गरुड व्योममां तुज उडे ज आत्मा उंचे,
नीचे उतर, लै उडाव निज साथी आत्मा, सखे.
पवित्र करुं हुं त्हने, खीलव तुं कला माहरी,
पियु ! सरजिये नवी हसती सृष्टि आशाभरी.
कहे करवुं गान ? बोल, ललकारिये प्रार्थना ?
पले पल उठे सुरो जीवन प्रेम कर्तव्यना.

For a season past, dearest mine, there sleeps a winsome burden where you placed your head and always asked, "Am I too heavy?" It is lovely as it sucks its lotus-toe with endless joy. Come, see it: look at its eyes: and, love, let me know who it is like.[1]

The 'Mid-day of Love' is another lyric of beauty.

The moment of birth is far away; I scarcely can remember it. The moment of death is stlil far away, dim, non-existent. Overhead, lightening flashes; deep waters revolve. Behind in both lies concealed, darkness unfathomable. It is all pervading purusha and prakṛti—Śaṅkara and Pārvati—You and I, I and You—the twins indivisible—Unity ![2]

The poet can strike a true note of pathos.

In your hour of decline, I had expected peace to come; the evening to smile, may be, for a moment; and the koel to sing. Expected that the wounds of the wounded will be healed; that my loved koel will swim across the perilous stream and, fever-free, rest on the happy bank......But the expected came to

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1. व्हाला म्हारा, निशदिन हवे थाय झंखा त्हमारी,
आवो, आपो परिचित प्रतीति बधी चित्तहारी.
दैवे जाणे जल गहनमां खेंची लीधी हती ते
आणी स्हेजे तट पर फरीथी म्हने छोळठेले ;
ने आवी तोपण नव लहुं कयां गई, केम आवी,
—आयुर्दोरी त्रुटी न गइ तेथी रहुं शीर्ष नामी.
ने संस्कारो गत भव तणा ते कनी सर्व व्हाला,
जाणुं साचा, तदपि दीसता स्वप्न जेवा ज ठाला;
माटे आवो, कर अधरनी रम्य साक्षी पुरावो,
मीठा स्पर्शो, प्रणयि नयनो, अमृतालाप लावो.
बीजुं, व्हाला, शिर मुकी ज्यहां 'भार लागे शुं ?' कहेता,
त्यां सूतेलुं वजन नवुं वीती ऋतु एक व्हेतां:
गोरुं चूसे अखुट रसथी अंगुठो पद्म जेवो,
आवी, जोई, दयित, उचरो लोचने कोण जेवो ?

2. आघी आघी जननघटिका, सांभरे ते न जेवी:
आघी आधी विलयघटिका, झांखिये ते न जेवी:
माथे उंडुं द्युतिदल लसे, वारिउंडाण फरतुं,
ने बंनेमां तिमिर सम शुं कैं अनिर्वाच्य छुपतुं.
बाह्यांतरमां पुरुषप्रकृति धूर्जटिअम्बिका ए,
तुं-हुं हुं-तुं त्रुटि रहितनुं द्वंद्व-अद्वैत ते ए.

nought. All that was left was the heartless laugh of cruel fate, uproarious, flaming, all-destroying.[1]

But the poet often makes a fetish of a rugged style, which, at the first glance, looks obscure and strains the attention. But Balvantrai's effort contains the germ of future progress in Gujarātī lyrical poetry.

IX.

Anandashankar Bapubhai Dhruva (Born 1869), now Pro-Vice-chancellor of the Benares Hindu University, a learned Saṁskṛtist, devoted his energies to producing a valuable series of books on Hindu ethics, religion and mythology. He is the high-priest of Saṁskṛtic revival in its best form. His notes on current topics published in *Vasanta,* a monthly magazine edited by him, and his literary essays and addresses contain the most balanced exposition of its philosophy as applied to modern life. He is the purest stylist in the language, combining dignity, clarity and balance in perfect proportion.

A powerful literary activity during this period was the rendering of great Saṁskṛta works into the language. For the first time, ordinary people looked at the noble literary art of the great masters, and learnt to appreciate what had been up to now the monopoly of a few paṇḍitas. This had a three-fold effect. Literary technique became artistic; taste grew purer; and the ideals of Aryan culture, as embodied in the original literature, replaced the purāṇiká's diluted variety on which the general public had so far been fed.

Ranchodbhai was the first to attempt translation of classical dramas; but Manilal Dvivedi began the new movement

1. धार्युंतुं जे प्रहराथमते....
शांत पडी संध्या घडि खिलशे, ने कोकिल गाशे.
धार्युंतुं घायल घा शमशे,
व्हेन दोह्यलां तरी उतरशे,
ने कोकिल विगतज्वर म्हारो, जोशे सुख आरो.
धार्युं तुं-सौ धूळ मळ्युं ते !
अट्टहास्य प्रलयो भभुक्यु ते
अवळचंड वेहया दैवनुं, अपकृत दिलहोणुं.

by translating Bhavabhūti's *Uttararāmacarita* and *Mālatīmādhava* and *Bhagvadgītā* with literary effect. *Kādambarī* was translated by Chhaganlal Pandya with skill. *Śākuntala* once rendered by Yajnika, was re-translated by Khakhar and Balvantrai Thakore. Many of the important Purāṇas, including the *Vishnu*, the *Bhagavata*, the *Harivaṃśa*, the *Rāmāyaṇa*, the *Mahābhārata* and the *Upanishads* were rendered into the language. Nanalal translated *Bhagvadgītā*, *Śākuntala*, *Meghadūta*, *Vaishaṅava Śodaśa grantha* and five *Upanishads*. The *Bhagavadgītā* was the general favourite of translators.

Divan Bahadur Keshavlal Harshadrai Dhruva (Born 1859), a poet and scholar, with rare humility, sacrificed his career as an independent literary artist to rendering the classics. His works are *Amaruśataka*, *Gītagovinda*, *Mudrārākshasa*, *Vikramorvaśiyām* and the plays of Bhāṣa. Many of these, in addition to being scholarly renderings, sought to recreate the spirit and beauty of the original in Gujarāti, and have exercised great influence on contemporary productions. His *Padyaracanāno Itihāsa*, History of Poetic Structure (1933), being Vassonji Madhowji Lectures delivered at the University, is the first part of a great work, tracing the evolution of vernacular metres through Apabhranśa and Prākṛta to Vedic metres. His essays, the result of profound scholarship, have largely contributed to an accurate and scientific study of Old Gujaratī literature.

X

The most outstanding poet of the new literature is Nanalal, Kavi Dalpatram's son (Born 1877). His literary activity may be roughly classified into—

(a) garabīs, many of which are collected in *Nānā Rāsa* Part I (1910), and Part II (1928);

(b) odes, songs and other poems mainly found in *Ketlāṅka Kāvyo* Part I (1903), Part II (1908), *Vasantotsava* (1905), *Citradarśano* (1921), *Gītamañjarī* (1928) and *Auja ane Agar* (1933);

(c) dramas, the principal ones being *Indukumāra*, Part I (1909), Part II (1927), and Part III (1932), *Jayājayanta* (1914), *Rājarshi Bharata* (1922), *Viśvagītā* (1927), *Jehangir-Nurjehan* (1928), *Shahanshah Akbar* (1930), *Sanghamitrā* (1931);

(d) an epic styled *Kurukshetra*, of which seven books have been published so far;

(e) a novel, *Ushā* (1918);

(f) essays and addresses collected in *Sāhitya-manthana* (1924), *Udbodhana* (1927), *Saṁsāramanthana* (1927) and *Ardhaśatabdinā Bebolo* (1927);

and

(g) Part I of a biography *Kaviśvara Dalpatram* (1933.)

His claim to eminence rests on the richness and freedom which he gave to the language; on the expressiveness with which he invested poetic diction; on his garabīs and songs of great beauty; on his rhythmic prose which has opened a new era in prose and verse; on the new art-form which he has given by his dramas; on his stately odes; and on the exuberance with which he has held up the Saṁskṛtic revival to admiration. The pronounced features running through all the works of the author give a Janus-faced aspect to his works. One shows an artistic temperament opening up fresh vistas of literary freedom, but circumscribed by imagination and emotion of uneven intensity. The other aspect comes in when the intellectual outlook, narrow and misty, infuses elements of intolerance into its artistic counterpart.

Gujarātī, like other Indian vernaculars, became literary only by borrowing the wealth of Saṁskṛta, but more after the fashion of Marāṭhī, which had been freely adopting tatsama words for old and new concepts. Bengali, on the other hand, had embarked on word-formation by a free use of compounds as in Saṁskṛta with great effect. Nanalal struck out a new path, indiscriminately compounding words of every origin, Saṁskṛta, Persian and Old Gujarātī. Further he coined new tadbhava words, or used old ones in a new sense. He introduced the fashion, now popular, of using a substantive with वुं—the infinitive termination—as a verb. In his works he pressed into service every word of recognised or recognisable artistic value in the language. The language, thus, acquired a new wealth and freedom. But the incessant hunt for poetic expressions has often ended disastrously. The frequent use of diminutives and alliteration, of

words like रस and ब्रह्म irrespective of sense, and of metaphors mixed several times over, has set the fashion for verbal freaks of vague or no meaning.

XI

With the spread of English education in Gujarāta, garabī, the dance, fell into disrepute among the educated ladies, till theatrical companies like Śrī Morbi and Vankaner Nāṭaka Samājas with their traditions of Kāṭhiāvāḍa, gave it a place on the stage. The garabī recaptured public interest; was introduced into the schools; and in a few years regained its lost hold over Gujarāti women. Nanalal furnished them with an appealing literary accompaniment. With the modern outlook, the prudery of educated woman came to an end; and in Bombay with its facilities for procuring musical, scenic and lighting equipments for the occasion, the progressive women of the city have made of the garabī an artistic dance of growing beauty and rhythm.

Nanalal's garabīs—the number of which is now over two hundred—are sometimes a modern edition of an old one of Dayārama's or some obscure author's. But he invariably transmutes the old material into gold. He maintains a high level of rich poetic diction. He manipulates words of inexpressible charm. He subordinates the stereotyped attitude of Rādhā towards Krishṇa to an appealing subjectivity, suppressing the outspoken sensuality of older poets. The old-world flavour is retained by words, lines, and tricks of repetition familiar to folk-garabīs. Objects of nature, familiar to older poets like the moon, peacock, cloud and spring, are described with ecstatic delight. Sentiments are etherealised by the poet's trick of introducing words of vague meaning associated with the high atmosphere of classic tradition. Every lyric is put to a folk tune of captivating lilt. A subtle touch of emotion; a brief experience; witching words of poetic value; a haunting tune—and sense, sound and rhythm combine to produce the garabī of Nanalal.

Gopikānī Gorasī, The milk-pot of the Cowherdess, is a modern version of an ancient subject.

Take and drink the milk. Lo! The gopikā's milk-pot is full to the brim.

A flame of gold is on her face; a flame of love is in her eyes; a flood of nectar is in her soul. Lo! The Gopikā's milk-pot is full to the brim.

The heart has but one hope; the lover has but one dance; love's desire is quenchless. Lo! The Gopikā's milk-pot is full to the brim.[1]

And the charm of this new edition of an old garabī is inimitable:

The rain drips gently and yet gently, and my spotted scarf is wet. Youth's love drips so gently, and my spotted scarf is wet.........In the crowd of beauties, Joy swings to and fro; and the hand-drums beat sweetly. The moon winks so slyly. Smile on, my moon, my honey-sweet! My spotted scarf is wet, for the rain drips gently and yet gently.[2]

And the trick of repetition is used with great effect in many of the garabīs.

"The wild lover who stole my heart, I saw him only last year; I saw him under the raining sky, like a lovely peacock. The beloved, I saw him last year.

He was playing with the lotus stem, this, my heart's love. The beloved, I saw him last year.[3]

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1. गोरस लेई लेई पीजो,
हो ! हे ! गोपिकानी गोरसी भरेली.
वदने छे हेमज्योत,
नयने छे प्रेमज्योत;
आत्मामां अमृतनी हेली :
हो ! गोपिकानी गोरसी भरेली.
हृदयानी आश एक,
रसियाना रास एक;
प्रेमीनी प्यास ना छीपेली :
हो ! गोपिकानी गोरसी भरेली.

2. झीणा झरमर वरसे मेह, भींजे मारी चुंदडली:
एवो नीतरे कौमारनो नेह, भींजे मारी चुंदडली.
× × ×
आनंदकंद डोले सुन्दरीना वृंदने
मीठा मृदंग पडछन्दा रे:,
मंद मंद हेरे मीटडी मयंकनी,
हेरो मारा मधुरसचन्दा !
हो ! भींजे मारी चुंदडली.

3. घेल्डो चित्तचोर
प्रीतमने दीठो'तो प्होर.

And yet another:

Do not ask me, pray, ask me not my heart's guarded secrets. Pearls and pearls are there in the sea of my heart. Pray, look not for them. Let none disturb them. Let no one ask me the guarded secrets of my heart.

The koel sings, the papaiya calls. Let not the searcher of causes look for them. Let no one ask me. In there, the letters of hope are writ with tears. They are faint; pray wipe them not. Let no one ask me the guarded secrets of my heart.

Oh hero mine, whom the world adores! Listen to me. Do not struggle against the flood which fate has released. Let no one ask me the guarded secrets of my heart.[1]

The poet again and again deals with the delights of spring.

My soul! My god! Come! The spring has arrived. On earth and in the sky, the divine coloured flowers bloom. Come and open the flower of my fate. My soul! My god!

I smell and smell around me a mighty fresh desire. In my heart, a rich fragrance rises.

My soul! My god!

शरदने आभले भीने वान दीठो, मीठडलो ए मोर :
प्रीतमने दीठो'तो प्होर.

× × ×

हाथमां रमाडतो'तो कमळनी डांखळी,
काळजडानी ज कोरः प्रीतमने दीठो'तो प्होर.

1. पूछशो मा, कोइ पूछशो मा,
मारा हैयानी वातडी पूछशो मा.
दिलना दरियाव मंही कांइ कांइ मोतीः
गोती गोतीने तेने चूंथशो मा :
मारा हैयानी वातडी पूछशो मा.
टहुके छे कोकिला, पुकारे छे पपैयोः
कारणोना कामीने सूझशो मा :
मारा हैयानी वातडी पूछशो मा.
आंसुनां नीरना को आशाना अक्षरो
आछा आछा तोय लूछशो मा :
मारा हैयानी वातडी पूछशो मा.
जगना जोद्धा ! एक आटलुं सुणी जजोः
प्रारब्धनां पूर सामे झूझशो माः
मारा हैयानी वातडी पूछशो मा.

In the forest deep, the koel sings; and so did she in the depth of my heart. My soul! My god! In the garden of the world, Spring is playing about. Come, come to play in the garden of my heart. My soul! My god![1]

The following, an adaptation of an old garabī, is addressed to the lover who is helping the gopī to churn the milk. This kind of help has been invested with romance by the classic precedent of Kṛshṇa.

Lord! Churn the butter-milk with a lighter hand. This is not the way to churn it. The pot will break, lord! My coli[2] will be wet, lord! And my necklace of pearls will break. The pot will break; the milk will flow; and the clothes of the fair one will be wet, lord!

Churn the buttermilk with a lighter hand.

The Jumnā overflows the pot! The ropes? Not so loose, Lord! I've kept the nectar in the little pot. Open it lightly. Taste it, pray my lord!

Lord! Churn the buttermilk with a light hand.[3]

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1. ओ आत्मदेव !
आवो, हो! आवी वसंत आ.
देवरंगी फूल उग्यां अवनीमां, आभमां;
फूलडां उघाडो मुज भालमां:
ओ आत्मदेव !
म्हेक म्हेक म्हेके नववासना विराटनी;
म्हेके सुगंधो अंगरंगमां:
ओ आत्मदेव !
वननां उंडाण भरी बोले छे कोकिला;
बोली कोयल उरआभमां:
ओ आत्मदेव !
चन्दनचोक ढळे तेज केरी वादळी;
तेज ए ढोळाय प्राणचोकमां:
ओ आत्मदेव !
रमती वसंत आज विश्व केरी वाडीअे;
रमो मारी आंखना उद्यानमां:
ओ आत्मदेव ! आवो, हो आवी वसंत आ.

2. Bodice.

3. हलके हाथे ते नाथ ! महिडां वलोवजो,
महिडांनी रीत नोय आवी रे लोल.
गोळी नन्दाशे, नाथ ! चोळी छंटाशे, नाथ !
मोतीडांनी माळा तूटशे रे लोल;

XII

The author has published about eight dramas. Their principal feature is the use of a new, rhythmic, prose. It is rhymeless and without an iambus, akin to Walt Whitman's style but more artificially arranged. It has not yet been systematised and has brought many an admiring copyist to grief. But by inversion, compounding of words and frequent omission of verbs, the author has succeeded, at some places, in giving to Gujarāti a stateliness, which, in poems like the ode to Mahatma Gandhi, is reminiscent of the sonorous majesty of Milton. In *Vāsantotsava* and *Auj and Agar* (written earlier though published in 1933) the author uses this prose with captivating self-restraint. These works are also remarkable for the fresh and bewitching charm both of style and sentiment.

Nanalal modelled the framework of *Jayājayanta* on Dahyabhai Dholshaji's dramas on the stage. Their framework was made up of three acts, divided into six or seven scenes each; scenes were selected more as a background for good speeches than to assist the action; at convenient intervals, songs were interspered, faintly related in sentiment and expression to the context; declamation, speeches, description of what is happening on the stage and what in fact never happens, abounded; a plot was there but without unity, and mere types instead of human characters. But Nanalal made some striking improvement. His garabīs and songs were, of course, inimitable; and the disgusting by-plot was dropped. The characters talked the author's rhythmic prose; and their speeches were punctuated by neat reflections and aphorisms, or by poetic senti-

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गोळी नन्दाशे ने गोरस वही जशे,
गोरीनां चीर पण भींजशे रे लोल:
हलके हाथे ते नाथ !
नानी शी गोरसीमां जमनाजी उछळे
एवी न नाथ ! दोरी राखो रे लोल;
नानी शी गोरसीमां अमृत ठारियां,
हळवे उघाडी नाथ ! चाखो रे लोल:
हलके हाथे ते नाथ !

ments expressed in felicitous phrase. A novel feature was Yogins presiding over worlds; Ṛshies flitting to and fro; sacred rivers purifying sinners; apsarās floating about, breathing lyrical atmosphere: an intangible tapestry of classic dreamland. And there was the ideal of Jayā and Jayanta, the young lovers, who for no earthly reason refuse to unite in wedlock; a breeze from the other-worldly gospel of Akho blowing gently through sweet-scented, modern verbiage. The attempt underlying the drama to bridge the gulf between the drama of literature and that on the stage, however, ended in a failure.

Jayājayanta and the works of the class are not dramas in the strict sense. The story is without a denouement, sometimes without action; and it is not presented in action by dialogue, as it should be, but by stage directions and recitals. The cheap use of supernatural elements destroys the sense of mystery. The dialogue is vague and monotonous, and never unfolds character. And men and women are mere abstractions.

What, then, is their literary form? These works, which are tiresome to peruse, become interesting if read aloud in the sing-song way in which purāṇikas tell stories and recite the anushtubha verse. It is an ākhyāna. The garabīs are there; the deśī in which the conversation was conducted is replaced by prose which could be chanted; the situation instead of being described in verse is given in prose enclosed in brackets; the kaḍavāṅ arrangement is redivided and called acts and scenes. The result is a sort of ākhyāna—khaṇda ākhyāna ?—part prose, part verse,—a literary form to be recited and heard; not a drama to be presented in action, to be seen *and* heard.

In the later works of the type, the features of *Jayā, jayanta* are reproduced with but one change. The interest is sought to be maintained by the selection of a subject which has a romantic halo in history or mythology. *Rājarshi Bharata* has for its hero Śakuntalā's cakravartin son, and gives scope to the poet to express his views about ancient Āryan greatness. *Indukumāra*, for lack of such a subject, is not so interesting; and *Premakuñja* is poor.

Viśvagītā, which the author in his preface claims to have modelled on the lines of the *Bhāgavata*, is a bunch of situations from several unconnected episodes, held together by the appearance of the sage Patanjali in the prologue, and again at the end, when the sage utters his famous aphorism, "Yoga means the cessation of the activities of the cognising aspect of the mind." It is not a piece of art. It reads like the troubled dream of a purāṇika, with the mythological tapestry of the Puraṇas all turned topsy-turvey, and some figures of the past mingling with one another in defiance of time, place and tradition. The work is only note-worthy for being the most irresponsible form of romantic effort, as also the high-water mark of Saṁskṛtic revival, in the language. *Jehangir-Nurjehan* would have been more interesting; but with Jehangir quoting Śankarācarya, Nurjehan playing Rādhā and Asafkhan talking bombastic Saṃskṛtised Gujarātī, the general effect is very depressing. The songs are fine; and the rhapsodies about Gujarāta, Mogul Emperors, Nur Jehan and her love are in the author's characteristic style.

Sanghamitrā as a khanda-ākhyāna is a decided improvement on its predecessors. The setting is splendid, what with Aśoka, Upagupta, Buddha and Sujātā. It gives unlimited scope for verbal fireworks. The dialogue is partly given in vṛttas, some of which, in spite of their metrical blunders, are charming. The khaṅda-kāvya of Manishankar Bhatt is thus absorbed in the khand-ākhyāna producing a novel art-form. The little drama of Buddha performed before Aśoka in Act IV is its most artistic portion.

[*There is a flower-grove on the bank of the Niranjanā. From the garden the sage enters; a flower of a man, withered by the heat of triple suffering. His body is worn by penance; his soul is fired by meditation; his eyes seek the unseen; his steps are slow, lest the earth may be burdened. Like the shadow of a divine cloud, he flits across the earth.*]

THE SAGE: What to say now? Silence alone is good fortune. What is the light of the other world like? What is the web of deeds, good and bad? Why are light and shade, joy and sorrow formed? Do they tell the tale of lives lived long ago? [1]

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1. परलोक प्रकाश शा हशे ? वा
शुं हशे जाळुं ज पुण्यपाप केरूं ?

Is world a solitary journey? Wherever I look for company, I find myself alone. My companions have left me. I look for thing which I do not find.

In the forest, in men, on the banks of flowing emptiness, in every place, in every eye, I search in vain for what I seek. How many strata I shall have to break up?[1]

[*He speaks in a hoarse voice, as from the inner self, like the echo resounding from the forest groove.*]

As many as the leaves in the groove. [*Listens to the waters of the Niranjanā and hears its gurgling sound.*]

Every wavelet talks; Niranjanā speaks mysteriously. Nature stands whispering the secret message with gurgling music of the water.[2] ... I cannot yet decipher this alphabet written by the waters of the Niranjanā. On the deep-blue, eye-coloured slate of water, the wind has written its hymns: I cannot decipher them.[3]

[*Rises and catches the rays of the sun in his folded hands. After a pause*].

Are the hands full or empty? The light is in the hands and yet they have nothing in them. In the lines of my hand, the rays write something but I cannot read it.

The sun writes his message of light, filling the sky with splendour. Will some divine seer read the world's book of destiny, and teach it to the world?[4]

XIII

Nanalal has been an iconoclast in the literature. He has claimed wide freedom in style, form, technique and subject. But he talks of elemental things and fails to create

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सुखदुःखनी तेजछाय शी आ ?
कशी जन्मान्तरनी कथा हशे ए ?

1. वनमां जनमां, शून्यना घाटघाटे,
किरणे किरणे, तारले तारले, ने
भाले भाले, आंखडी–आंखडीमां
मानवलोके शोधुं छुं जे छूप्युं छे.

2. लहरी लहरी शुं वातडी
करी रही गेवी रवे निरंजना;
जळना कलवोल वोलती
प्रकृति उभी गूढ मंत्र गुंजती.

3. नीलघेरी नेत्ररंगी नीरनी पाटी उपरे
लख्या छे वायुए सूक्तो, हजी ए उकले नहि.

4. आकाशनी अंजलि तेजथी भरी
प्रकाशमन्त्रो लखतो प्रभाकर;
आ विश्व केरो विधिग्रन्थ वांचीने
को दिव्यद्रष्टा जगने पढावशे ?

them. Heroic simplicity, burning passion and tragic grandeur have eluded him. The subjective note never sounds clear and straight. He talks about love in all his works, surrounding it with flowery verbiage. It is however not a living, human reality. Its passion, its surrender and its anguish are beyond his creative art. In the same way, heroic passions are belauded, but not presented in action. The art which makes characters human has never been his. One of the features of extreme romanticism in literature is to indulge in an extravagance of words, images and ideas, and to refrain from the living human contact, lest the feet may touch the earth. It is found in Nanalal's works to a remarkable degree.

Nanalal's works are the products of the Saṁskṛtic revival, with its glowing love for the past. Mansukhram represented it in language, Govardhanram in social philosophy, and Nanalal in the field of literary art. His works are alembics in which modern imagination is being fused with the golden elements of the Saṁskṛtic. The result is often not very artistic for, the solvent of a vivid creative imagination is lacking. In a brilliant prose rhapsody like the essay on *Brāhmaṇatva,* and in his lecture on Indian History, we see him struggling through a mist of enthusiastic eulogies towards a vision of the Āryan spirit; but in his imaginative works, many of which are staged in the very midst of Puranic materials, he is so oppressed with their glare and profusion, that he misses their underlying beauty, rhythm and sublimity.

XIV

His *Ushā* is a story of little merit, but his other prose works contain some inspiring passages. His earlier prose style exhibits great distinction; but, in his later works, the prose is encroached upon by artificial arrangement or is broken up into verbless, fragmentary phrases or bare lists of names and events. Verbosity obscures both language and thought. His articles and addresses on Gujarātī poets present efforts at creative interpretation. Part I of the biography of his father, *Kavīśvara Dalpatram,* is a fulsome tribute paid by a devoted and admiring son.

Its value lies in the materials it contains for portraying the early decades of the nineteenth century.

But Nanalal has worked himself out of tune with his times. He stands as a fierce antagonist of the new life and thought in modern Gujarāta, and of the Gandhian upheaval. He is the champion revivalist who thunders anathemas at the rush of life and ideals which sweep past him, as he stands outraged at what he cannot understand.

XV

Janmashanker Mahashankar Buch, otherwise Lalit, (Born 1877) has written popular lyrics and songs, some of which are collected under the names of *Sītā-Vanavas* (1903), *Lalitnān Kāvyo* (1912), *Vaḍodarāne Vaḍale* (1914), and *Lalitnān Kāvyo* Part II (1932). They have caught the imagination of the public by their simplicity of language, and charm of sentiment and melody. Essentially, the poet is what a wandering bhagata was in old times, a humble saint-poet by the village well who sang of homely themes and homlier sentiments redolent with the fragrance of ever-green fields. His *Madhuli*, The Hut, has become popular as much by its literary quality as by the sentiment it expresses.

XVI

During the period, there was a large output of fiction. The historical novels which followed *Karaṇa Ghelo* were either translations or adaptations of English novels. Notable novels of the period include Icharam Suryaram's *Gangā* (1889), dealing with Śivājī's raid on Surat; Chunilal Vardhaman's Shah's *Gujarātanī Juni Vārtā* (1893) and *Sórathī Somanātha*; Manilal Chabaram's *Pṛithvīrāja Cohāna and Canda* (1897); and Thakur Naranji Vassanji's *Padminī* (1901). Social novels were either adaptations from English or inspired by *Sarasvaticandra*. A remarkable novel of these periods was *Vikramanī-Vismisadī*, The Twentieth Century of Vikrama (1896), by Sattavala. Written in a pleasant and easy style, it describes life in Bombay vividly; and after a lapse of thirty-five years, one can still read it with interest. Bhogindrarao Divatia's novels like *Ushākānta* (1908) were at one time widely read. Generally they were pictures of social life framed in a plot adapted from

some English novelist. Amrit Keśava Nayak's *Eme-banake'*, Being an M. A. (1908) adapted from Urdu, was the only novel between 1901 and 1914 which exhibited a striking departure from prevailing art.

XVII

The stage began to struggle into artistic shape during this period. The theatrical companies in Bombay, mainly controlled by the Parsis, staged plays full of gaudy and dazzling scenery with the help of actors who generally acted with vehement and unnatural emphasis. The traditions, however, of the Gujarātī stage were different, the Morbi and Vankaner Nātaka Samājas being the pioneers. Their plays followed the lines laid down by Ranchodbhai. A play based on an episode from the Purāṇas like *Candrahāsa* staged by The Morbi, a dramatic version of the life of Narsinha Mehta by The Vankaner, or a romantic play like *Soubhāgyasundari* by The Mumbāi Nāṭaka Samāja, though poor in technique and literary worth, roused great popular enthusiasm and exercised considerable influence on literature, and even other aspects of life. But in every play the pernicious tradition of presenting a loosely woven farce was maintained. The art was miserable, and its exhibition, often, disgusting.

Dahyabhai Dholshaji (1867–1906), however improved the technique and the literary tone of the drama by his plays which his company, The Deśi Nāṭaka Samāja, staged. *Aśrumati*, *Udayabhāna* and *Viṇāveli*, three of his plays were at one time the rage of the day. Songs set to popular tunes, long declamatory dialogues, highly coloured scenery, the indispensable farcical by-plot and the garabī became the indispensable elements of the play. Dahyabhai's songs introduced a literary flavour and lyric note in the stage drama and exerted great influence on the garabī and the song in literature. The garabī, the dance, which had fallen into disrepute, was rescued. The plots were mainly based on episodes from the *Purāṇas* and Hindu history; sometimes from contemporary life.

But after Dahyabhai's death, the influence of Amrita Keshava Naik began to be felt on the Gujarātī drama.

Outgrowing the vicious traditions of the Parsi stage, of which he was the product, he attained a level of histrionic art scarcely reached by any other actor on the Bombay stage. He was a part-composer of an Urdu play, *Zeri Sāpa*, The Venomous Serpent (1904), a violent melodrama of blood and passion. Vehement acting, glaring scenic arrangements, resonant speeches, elemental passions and choice music which characterized the play captured the imagination of the theatre-going world of Bombay for years. Unfortunately it influenced the Gujarātī stage for the worse, and drove away whatever little realism it had before. Scenery became incongruous; Gujarātī was often spoken in rhyming couplets like the beta in Urdu; acting, already unnatural, became hideous. A race of playwrights and stage directors came into existence which never could outgrow the influence of *Zeri Sāpa*. And the drama on the stage and in literature became two distinct literary forms, no doubt to the detriment of both.

XVIII

Another literary activity of the period was towards reclaiming the valuable literature of Old Gujarāta. Manilal Dvivedi was employed by the Gaekvāḍa to edit some works recovered from the old bhanḍāras of Jain temples at Pāṭaṇa. Hargovandas Kantavala, also with the same help, rendered great service to literature by editing and publishing old works in a series called the *Pracīna-kāvya-mālā*. Narmad's efforts in this line were continued by Ichharam Suryaram, who published a well-edited series of similar works under the heading of *Kāvya Dohana*. And the study of the older poets exerted a steady influence on the literature of the period.

With the growth of public opinion, journalism began to develop as a distinct form. The dailies in Bombay, in the hands of their Parsi proprietors, furnished news no doubt, but had no pretensions to literary standard. Among the weeklies, Ichharam Suryaram's *Gujarātī* favoured progress in politics and conservatism in social matters. Its literary activities included novels, which were either published serially or as presents to subscribers. It had a large circulation even in other parts of the world where commercial enterprize

had led the Gujarātīs. The short-lived *Śakti* of Surat, the organ of the extreme politicians in Gujarāta in the days of the Surat Congress of 1907, was the pioneer of vigorous political journalism. The monthly journals were usually the mouthpieces of well-known literary men, the notable being *Sudarśana* edited by Manilal Dvivedi, *Samālocaka* edited by Govardhanram, *Vasanta*[1] by Prof. Anandashankar Dhruva, and *Buddhiprakāśa*,[1] by the Gujarāta Vernacular Society, and *Jnānasudhā*, by Ramanbhai.

XIX

Between 1900 and 1915 Ranajitram Vavabhai (1882–1917) exercised considerable influence on literature, though his own literary output was limited. He wrote essays and short stories, and collected folksongs and materials for a history of Gujarāta. His enthusiasm for the literature and history of the province helped many authors to give their best to the language. He founded a number of literary societies, the premier of which, the Gujarātī Sāhitya Pariśad, held its first sessions in 1905 at Ahmedabad, Govardhanram Tripathi presiding. He was the first to analyse the national characteristics possessed by Gujarāta, and to point out their lines of development in his famous essay, *Gujarātanī Ekatā*.

1. Still being published.

CHAPTER IV

MAHĀTMĀ GANDHI AND THE TRIUMPH OF ĀRYAN CULTURE.

Nationalism—Mahātmā Gandhi (Born 1869)—Triumphant Gujarâta—Mahātmā's works—His prose—*Navajīvana—Ātmakāthā—Patro*—His teachings—Truth and Non-violence—Their place in corporate life—Literary tendencies—Kākā Kalelkar (Born 1886)—His style—His imagination—His outlook—His faith in Āryan civilisation—*Swadeshidharma.*

The present period commences with the beginning of the European war in 1914. In these twenty years, Gujarāta has been transformed from a small province of India into the home of a heroic people, who, leading the movement for Indian freedom, occupy an outstanding position in the world. Two great influences brought about this miracle: The world situation and Mahātmā Gandhi. Interacting, they have changed values in every sphere of life including literature and culture.

I

The great European War had the effect of enriching the Gujarātīs all over the country. Their concerns in Bombay, Ahmedabad, Karachi, Calcutta, Burma and Africa attained an unprecedented prosperity, and gave them a new sense of power and importance. They also realized, as never before, the intimate relation between political freedom and economic progress. And when, in 1915, Mrs. Besant began to agitate for Home Rule for India, they were ready to respond to her call. A band of young Gujarātīs in Bombay stormed the Presidency Association, the stronghold af Sir Pherozshaw Mehta; started an English weekly, *Young India;* organised the Bombay branch of the Home Rule League with Mahomadali Jinnah as the president; and carried on an intensive agitation in Bombay and Gujarāta. Within a short time, the Gujarātīs became politically alert, and the Bombay branch came to dominate the inner councils of the Indian National Congress.

The entry of the U. S. A. in the War, and the great services rendered by India to Great Britain forced the British

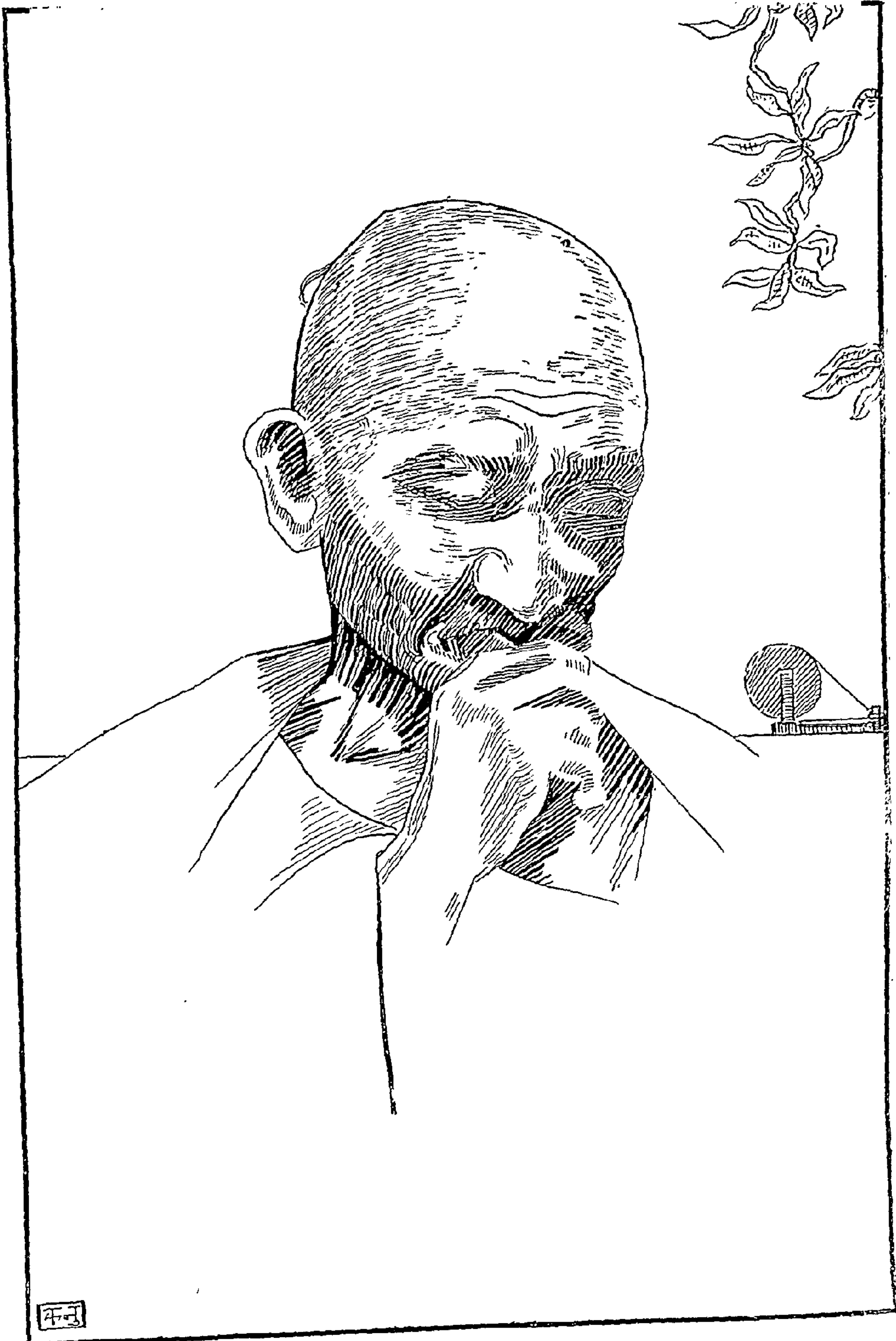
Government to announce, on August 20, 1917, a policy, which had for its object 'the progressive realization of responsible government in India.' The avowed objects of the War and the energy of the late Mr. Edwin Montague, the then Secretary of State for India, in implementing the policy raised high hopes among politically minded Indians. But they were dashed to the ground when, the War over, Great Britain busied herself with strengthening her hold over India. In 1919 the fateful Rowlatt Acts were passed. They were received by the indignant country as a breach of faith. Thwarted hopes soon led to universal resentment.

II

In 1914 Mahātmā Gandhi, (Born 1869) with the record of a victorious struggle in South Africa, returned to India. His quaint approach to life and politics and his opposition to political agitation during the war made him unpopular at first. But he made Ahmedabad his headquarters, collected a small, devoted band of workers round him, and began to popularise the cult of the charkha and Satyāgraha. Having won his first victory in Behar in 1917, he won another the next year in Gujarāta in the Kairā Satyāgraha. The next year, he was at the head of the Home Rule League and the editor of the *Young India* and the Gujarātī *Navajīvana*.

England's mistake in passing the Rowlatt Acts was Mahātmā Gandhi's opportunity. His napoleonic achievements in the field of Indian politics between 1919 and 1922 left him the supreme figure in Indian life and politics. Incidentally, he organised some villages, intensified the political consciousness of the people in Gujarāta, and consolidated the partnership in politics between the Gujarātī politician, business man and peasant. He also founded the Gujarāta Vidyāpīṭha at Ahmedabad, and the scholars who joined it in the beginning stimulated the intellectual life of that city. Gujarātīs, all over the world, felt proud of so great a man and backed all his activities. Political ambition and work became the dominant passion of their life.

In March, 1922, the Mahātmā was convicted of sedition; and sentenced to six years' imprisonment but, owing to his uncertain health, was released in 1924. A sec-



MAHĀTMĀ GANDHI

tion of Congressmen had, in the meantime, decided to participate in the new legislatures. And though he had the confidence of the majority party in the Congress, he let the minority have its own way. The majority, under his direction, lent themselves to constructive work, the spread of the charkha, the removal of the drink evil and untouchability, and the organisation of the villages. The last activity, in his hands, meant an intensive organisation of the masses through an educative propaganda by devoted workers trained in his methods and living in the midst of their flock.

In 1927, when rain and flood devastated many parts of the province, the organisation which he had so built up ably assisted the Government in carrying relief to the distressed. In 1928 it enforced the surrender of Government on a question of land revenue by leading mass Satyāgraha in the Bardoli Taluka. The solid support given to this campaign by the Gujarātis from all parts of the country, attested to their organised strength. Bardoli involved a still greater moral triumph. The solidarity, heroism and sacrifice of eighty thousand souls was a unique phenomenon in Indian history. Bardoli has been the Thermopylæ of Satyāgraha, and has few parallels in the history of the world, ancient or modern.

Bardoli gave the political weapons of Mahātmā Gandhi a fresh edge, and to political India a new message of hope. In the Simon Commission, England gave him one more chance to try the efficacy of the weapon. The Mahātmā's historic march to Dandi on the 12th March 1930 stirred Gujarāta to depths unknown before. His path was one track of living flame across the province. A dazzling phenomenon of a spontaneous outbreak of heroism followed. The Gujarātīs all over the world responded, and none so energetically as those in Bombay. Bombay justified its boast of being *urbs prima Indis*, and for the moment aspired to rank with cities which have changed the destinies of nation. From everywhere the Gujarātīs offered at the altar of Satyāgrah men, women and children, wealth and lands, prospects and profits. In 1931 the Gandhi-Irwin truce was signed and the Mahātmā went to represent the

Indian nation at the second sessions of the Indian Round Table Conference. About the end of 1931 the Mahātmā returned to India and, soon afterwards, Government introduced the ordinance regime. Government arrested him on the 4th of January 1932 and a strenuous struggle began between the Congress and the Government of India. Locked up in the Yeravda jail and single-handed, he then began to combat tremendous forces by sheer force of spiritual strength. On the 20th of September 1932 he went on 'his fast unto death' in order to undo the wrong which the British Premier had inflicted upon the Hindu community by cutting it into two. It moved India and many parts of the world to its innermost depths; the conscience of the Hindu community was awakened; and the British Premier was compelled to revise his award so as to leave the Hindu community one and undivided. The Yeravda Pact is, perhaps, the greatest event in the history of Modern India.

Thereafter, the Mahātmā organised from jail a campaign to remove untouchability. In May 1933 he held communion with God and went on a self-purificatory fast of twenty one days. He had to be released in consequence, but, on his decision to resume individual Civil Disobedience, Government arrested him again on 1st of August, and refused to give him the permission he had enjoyed during his last imprisonment to carry on the Harijan campaign unrestricted in jail. He went on a fast again and was released. Pursuant to his vow, he then conducted a whirlwind campaign throughout the country for the removal of untouchability; and within so short a time as one year defied time and space and the demands of health to carry to the most remote villages his message of hope to the socially submerged. History knows of a Buddha preaching his gospel of Nirvāṇa far and wide in the course of a long life and a Peter the Hermit delivering his fiery message of the Crusades across Europe; but this generation has seen with its eyes what centuries have found it difficult to imagine: a prophet in one year by his quickening inspiration stimulating the conscience of so vast and slow-moving a society and re-shaping the life of millions. On the 28th

October 1934, he retired from the Congress amidst the regrets of an adoring nation.

He is no longer of the earth; he is a Vedic Ṛshi.

III

These influences have led to wonderful results. The Gujarātīs have thrown off the fetters riveted by political slavery, social isolation and religious bigotry. They have developed a sense of power, freedom and self-respect. They no longer suffer from a inferiority complex. Fatalism, born of helplessness, oppresses them no longer. Their social and religious outlook has become elastic enough to grapple with all the complex situations of modern existence. Caste has become but an incident of life, and does not weigh them down, stifling energy and change.

Gujarātī women no longer stand dumb, perplexed and helpless. They have stormed the citadels of power, and struggled with burly sergeants in defence of the national flag. They have suffered for freedom, and, through picketing and processions, through the terrors of the jail and the lathi charge, won their equality with men. They have retained their delicacy, purity, and grace, and yet, are as free as women in many so-called advanced countries in the world.

The Gujarātīs, with business habits extending over centuries, have always been calculating, but the arithmetic of their life has become very comprehensive. They have found in wealth an instrument of tremendous power in modern life—a sword in war, in peace a ploughshare. They have realised its inter-dependance with political power, and placed theirs at the service of the nation. At the same time, they have been shaped into a compact race; an organic whole with a strong collective will. More, they have forgotten the sorrows of six centuries and acquired a background of heroic traditions. Sābarmatī and Bardoli, Borsad and Rās, the squares and roads of Bombay have been hallowed by struggle and sacrifice. An elemental note of heroism has come into their life and history.

And thus, like unto the Prophet of Israel, has Mahātmā Gandhi led his people out of bondage.

IV

Mahātmā Gandhi's works in Gujarātī may be classified under three heads: (i) the articles in *Navajīvana*; (ii) *Ātmakathā*, Autobiography; (iii) *Dakshiṇa Africānā Satyāgrahano Itihāsa*; (iv) *Arogya Viṡe Sāmanya Jnāna*; (v) and *Patro*, Letters, only some of which have been published so far. Since he became the editor of the weekly *Navajīvana* till it stopped in 1932, week after week except when in jail, he has addressed to the Gujarātīs his views and theories, his sermons, confidences, and battle-cries. Few other newspapers in the world have had a similar popularity and influence in their area of circulation as this small, unostentatious sheet which never screamed a headline and never published an advertisement. With many, it replaced the novel and the Purāṇa in interest. A single copy of this weekly has often brought to a distant hamlet its only journal and gospel of life.

Mahātmā Gandhi has given to Gujarātī prose a new sense of power. His vocabulary has been drawn from many sources. His style, though sometimes loosely woven in construction, is direct, clear and easily comprehensible, the result of precise thinking and an incessant effort to avoid the devious by-paths of rhetoric and sophistry. An unerring sense of proportion keeps both expression and imagination under judicious restraint. The literary element is always subordinated to the author's prime motive, which is to touch the living chord in the reader's heart and vivify him into action. Sometimes, and particularly in *Ātmakathā*, the style carries itself with grace. The charms are disposed of well and wisely, and become part of the general effect, not the main source of it. His thunder acquires a severe majesty, his appeal its persuasiveness, his confession its poignancy, as much by a proper use of the proper word as by his personality. Sometimes, he is slyly humorous or playful. But he prefers monotony of expression to a varied literary effect. With him, beauty of expression has to be a humble house-maid to Truth. And the reader invariably falls under the spell of 'the bare, sheer, penetrating power of every line,' of his, which, under the stress of some great emotion, attains biblical strength.

V

The articles published in *Navajīvana* deal with almost every serious aspect of human conduct. They are not leaders in the journalistic sense, but, in their technique, have a tendency to approach a variety of forms, from an informal chat to an address. Every one of them is sober. Imagination is always curbed by a stern adherence to hard facts, marshalled with fairness. Restraint and sincerity invest every line with moral dignity, making any other view look morally imperfect. These articles establish a living contact with the reader. They draw a picture when necessary, but only in subdued tones. Long or short, every one of them presents the well-defined outline of a living vision which the author alone can see and materialise. It is this feature which gives to the smallest note in *Navajīvana* its compelling power. Many of his articles have been rendered into English, and published in *Young India* or in book-form; and even in their English version they give a fairly correct idea of their literary value.

He responds to nature but not with the abandon of an artist. While on the Brahmaputrā he wrote:

The steamer is gliding on the river. We are all sitting on the deck. The river looks wide as the sea. We can see the banks, far away on either side; the distance between the two may be two miles or a little over. The voyage will take about fifteen days. Sublime peace has descended on the river. The moon, hidden behind the clouds, spreads a soft light over the waters. The propellers, even as they cut their way through the water, hum sweetly. Except for this hum, peace is over everything and everywhere. I alone have no peace of mind. The steamer is not mine, the river is not mine. I travel in the steamer through the courtesy of the power of which I am tired, which has made India decrepit, lustreless, poor.

Few passages in literature possess the intensity and grace of the moving appeal which he issued to Gujarāta in 1922.

Let him who wants, come. Let him who can, join the fray. Everyone is invited, but the hungry alone shall come to the feast. Others, even if they come, will only be sorry. He who has no hunger, will not relish even sweets. The hungry will relish even a dry crust of bread. Likewise, those who understand non-co-operation can alone stand by it. He who understands finds things easy. For those who do not, everything is difficult. What is the use of a mirror to the blind?

The times are difficult. Let us not take a thoughtless step, lest we may rue it......Civil disobedience of laws! We are no longer ignorant of it. Jail

is its inevitable destination. And we can court it. Many have gone there, undergone its hardships, and returned. Why can we not do as much? It is not so difficult. But—?

But if martial law is declared? If Gurkhas come? If Tommy Atkins comes? Suppose they bayonet us, shoot us, make us crawl? They are welcome. Let them come. But if we are asked to crawl? Then too, we must be ready to die rather than crawl. We shall then only die by the bayonet instead of the plague. We are not likely to run away, if we are fired on; we have now acquired so much strength that we will receive the bullets on our chests, like playthings. We shall convert the Gurkhas into our brothers. If not, what happiness is greater than dying at the hands of a brother? Even as we say this, we feel proud.

But if—

I am confident this time that timid Gujarāta will show its mettle. But as I write, my pen is heavy. Whenever did Gujarāta hear gunshots? When did it see rivers of blood flowing? Will Gujarāta withstand shots fired like crackers? Heads broken like earthen pots? If Gujarāta sees other heads broken, it will feel glorious. When it sees its own head broken, it will be immortal. Why do you want training? Confidence! You will never acquire confidence by a Congress resolution. It is God who helps the weak. God alone gives courage. Whom Rāma protects, none can injure. He has given us the body. Let Him, if he wants, take it away. Even if you so desire you cannot treasure up this body. Like money, it has to be spent in noble acts. What nobler occasion for giving up life than when you are combating this atrocity? Whoever believes thus sincerely, will receive bullets with his bare chest, his face smiling.

The literary art is made use of in every one of these sentences with consummate success, and yet the principal object of inspiring the reader to action is never lost sight of.

Our difficulties are as great as the Himālayas. But great though our difficulties are none the less great are the remedies at our disposal. We are descended from an ancient race. We have witnessed the decline of the civilizations of Rome, Greece and Egypt. Our civilization had, like the sea, its ebb and tide; but like the sea it has continued changeless. We have in the country all necessary equipments to make life self-contained. It has high mountains and rivers. It has an abundance of natural beauty. Its sons have left us a legacy of glorious exploits. This land is the storehouse of ascetic ideals. Here, all religions live side by side. Here alone, all gods command veneration. With such advantages, if we cannot teach the world the lessons of peace by some extraordinary deed, if we cannot win the English by our pacific activities we will have disgraced our inheritance. Our connection with the English, then, would have been wasted. The English are enterprizing. They are religious. They have self-confidence. They are a race of heroes. They work for freedom. But the spirit of commerce dominates them. They have not always thought of the moral value of the means employed by them to acquire wealth. They worship modern civilization. They have forgotten ancient

ideals. We need not copy them. If we do not forget what is ours, if we love our own culture, if we have a firm faith in its pre-eminence, we will turn our relations with them to good use and render it beneficial to them as well as to the world.

VI

Mahātmā Gandhi's *Ātmakathā*, Autobiography, or as it is called, ' My Experiments with Truth ' is a recognised masterpiece in the autobiographical literature of the world. Any summary of its contents here is unnecessary as the work has, ere now, been translated into many languages. The overshadowing personality and achievements of the author render a literary estimate of the work rather difficult. It is a narrative of his struggles to introduce Truth as a dominant principle of life. Its language, though monotonous at times, presents Gujarātī in one of its best forms; a racy vehicle for compact literary expression. A perfect sense of proportion characterises every line. The story is told with great skill and energy. All excresences have been cut out; every incident contributes to the breathless interest of the narrative. Some incidents of one of the most romantic lives are thus brought out in relief. The author, as a child, stealing a part of the servant's ornament and then confessing it to a loving father; his father's last illness during which he escapes from the patient's room to his own bedroom; his trying to turn into a sartorial gentleman when in England; his being thrashed by a European on his first arrival in Pretoria; his treatment by the colonists on his arrival at Durban; and such other equally well-known incidents are described with an art which many novelists might envy. The facts are presented effectively. Fewest possible words, deftly arranged, suffice to paint a striking picture. Conversation is natural, though it scarcely throbs with life. Characters have not the promethean spark breathed into them, but are drawn by touches just sufficient to bring out their outstanding features.

As a specimen of literary art, it has its place among the best works in Gujarâtī prose. Its value as an autobiography arises from two things: the intensely susceptible and rich nature of the author, and his ceaseless struggle with it in every sphere of life. Both are laid bare with a

is its inevitable destination. And we can court it. Many have gone there, undergone its hardships, and returned. Why can we not do as much? It is not so difficult. But—?

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See, I have no wings, yet I come flying to you every day in thought. Look, here is little Vimala, here is Hari, and here Dharmakumar. And you also can come flying to me in thought.

There is no need of a teacher for those who know how to think. The teacher may guide us but he cannot give us the power of thinking. That is latent in us. Those who are wise get wise thoughts.

Tell me who, amongst you, are not praying properly in Prabhubhai's evening prayer.

Send me a letter signed by all and those who do not know how to sign may make a cross.

Bapu's blessings.

Yeravda Palace,
Silence day.

VIII

It is, indeed, difficult to interpret the writings of Mahātmā Gandhi in a few lines. In the first instance, few, indeed, would have thought in 1914 when he returned from Africa that within a few years, a man almost superhuman in vision and conduct would preside over an āśrama at Sābarmatī: that the mahāvratas would be observed by him as by the sages of mythology; that he would forge with them a comprehensive movement for achieving national strength and international dignity; that through him the idealism of India would stand vindicated as the means of the world's salvation. But facts stranger than fiction have come to pass. In daily conduct and current literature, truth, non-violence, and stern self-discipline are recognised not as ideals but living realities. And in a new wave of nationalism, India has found her soul.

Nothing but Truth has existence. Hence the definition of God is sat. To me, Truth is the sovereign principle, which includes all principles. This truth is not only truthfulness in words, but truthfulness in thought also, and not only the relative truth of our conception, but the Absolute Truth, the Eternal Principle, that is God.

Of late, a life spent in search of this principle has led him a step further. 'God is Truth' is now replaced by the formula that 'Truth alone is God, a living Almighty Force.' This Truth is the end of all efforts. It is to be attained only by an increasing surrender of self and all it values. The path of surrender is along the five vratas, fundamental to Āryan culture: Non-violence, Truth, Non-stealing, Sexual Self-control, and Non-possession. It is to be pursued with humility, at all times, in thought, word and deed. Its

greatest foe is self-satisfied materialism with its results, luxury, strife, industrialism, avarice, egotism.

This Truth is not a philosophical ideal to be realised in forests and caves. It has to be pursued actively in all departments of life; in the villages and the slums, in the solution of individual, social and political problems. In the course of this pursuit, every detail has to be attended to, practical wisdom applied, and manual labour lifted to a position of dignity. The affairs of man including politics have to be purged of untruth and sordidness. Men and women have to be free and equal, subject only to the law of truth and service. Suffering, voluntarily invited, and stern discipline have to replace strife. Revolutions have to be achieved by organisation. War, the monstrous child of a godless materialism, has to be replaced by Love. A humble religious attitude of mind has to replace the arrogance underlying modern life. Truth and non-violence, no longer the impossible standards of ethics, have to inspire collective activities, raising struggling nations, eliminating exploitation, breathing into international affairs a new hope. The poor, the miserable and the down trodden are Daridranārāyṇa, the Divine manifested in the miserable, and are to be worshipped with devotion and service. Human life, reared on self-imposed renunciation, is to be a romance full of joy.

Satya, Truth, when working out these results actively, is Satyāgraha. Passive resistance, civil disobedience and non-co-operation are its different phases. It is suffering, openly invited and cheerfully borne, in vindication of Truth. It abhors hate and injustice as much as secrecy and diplomacy.

Satyāgraha is Love. The law of Love, call it attraction, affinity, cohesion if you like, governs the world. Life persists in face of death. The Universe persists in spite of destruction continually going on. Truth triumphs over untruth. Love conquers hate. God eternally triumphs over Satan. A Satyāgrahī has no power he can call his own. All the power he may seem to possess is from God.

Thus Īśvarapraṇidhāna, the attitude of conscious and willing surrender to God's will, found in saints and martyrs, inspires individual and collective action. This outlook and method are the proud heritage of Āryan

culture. India lives for and through them. Her freedom is but a step towards their becoming world-forces.

After the fiery ordeals of recent years, who dare say that these are impossible ideals?

These teachings have given a new direction to literary currents. Mahātmā Gandhi's inexorable demand of himself and others is that every human activity should directly lead to moral and social good. Imagination revolving in shapes and things of tempting beauty, has no place in his scheme of things. He is the foe of anarchy and individualism, and will not admit the value of romance which does not keep close to the earth. His insistent emphasis on truth challenges the earlier values in art and life. Man's function is to become a unit of an organised whole, except in so far as it is necessary to achieve individual moral triumph. Joy of life, not arising from a sense of duty fulfilled, has no right to exist. Power born of truth, self-discipline and service is the supreme good. Beauty apart from it has little or no significance.

These teachings, coupled with Mahātmā Gandhi's indifference to literature as such, has led some to interpret them to mean that the language of literature should be that of the man in the street and that the only test of literature is its immediate usefulness to the masses. His works, however, do not warrant any such inference.

IX

Dattatraya Balkrishna Kalelkar (Born 1886), popularly known as Kaka Kalelkar, may be included in this chapter, as his literary work is characterised more by the literary tendencies for which Mahātmā Gandhi stands than by those which the main currents of Gujarātī literature exhibit. His works are: *Himālayano Pravāsa*, Journey to the Himalayas (1923); *Kalelkarnā Lekho*, Writings of Kalelkar (1924), being a large volume consisting of articles on diverse subjects; *Otarāti Dīvālo*, Northern Walls (1925) being the author's experience in jail; *Pūrvaranga* (1923); *Smaraṇayātrā* (1934), author's reminiscences; and *Lokamatā* (1934), being collection of descriptive articles on the rivers of India. The miscellaneous writings can broadly

be classified as (a), character sketches; (b) essays on Hindu festivals, places of pilgrimage and purānic episodes; (c) articles on educational and social subjects, on literature, arts and politics. Many of these were published in the weekly *Navjīvana*, while he was its editor during the absence of Mahātmā Gandhi in jail.

For a Maharāshṭrian by birth and education, his command over the language is phenomenal. His style is flexible, direct, expressive; of fastidious workmanship, uniformly maintaining a high level of idiomatic charm. It indulges in Saṁskṛtic graces without effort or pedantry. Its richness is due as much to the influence of Saṁskṛta as to the imaginative element of the author's temperament. Often, it has the quiet manner of a teacher expounding his subject: sometimes, as in the *Oṭarāti-Dīvālo*, it is light and playful. It never yields to the temptation of being blunt or colloquial. On occasions it rises to an eloquence not often surpassed by the recognised masters of Gujarātī prose. Kaka recoils as much from the oppressive, concentrated directness of the Mahātmā as from the florid extravagance of some of the romantic authors of the day.

Though his approach to problems had been moulded into definite shape long before he came under Mahatma Gandhi's influence, he accepts the two great canons of the latter's cult: first, that literary art must directly tend to moral or social good; and secondly, that it must be based on facts. But Kaka's vivid imagination and love of romance flow together vigorously within the rocky banks of those two canons. He is a good story-teller; many of his essays narrate a Puranic or a historic incident, or an incident from experience with vivid charm. His *Himālayano Pravāsa*, at some places, reads like a novel. He often invests realities with his imagination till they shine with the attractive hue of romance.

The author's imagination is richly infused with associations of ancient India. His memory is full of images which a life-long study of Saṁskṛta literature only can provide. Without any effort, he can see in modern life traces of gorgeous Puranic tints, which he calls living history. It is only a romantic author's eye which can see

in the Himālayas all that the author has seen. His puritanic attitude in literature does not permit him to tread the path of pure imagination, but it is neither harsh nor unpleasing. He has the restless spirit of a literary vagabond who loves the open air, the great silent spaces, the lonely towering heights. He yearns for the life of the great sādhus who roam unrestricted over hill and valley seeking communion with nature. He loves nature, not as a lover, but as a philosopher. In the tree, in the river, in the forest, he seeks the hidden meaning, the message of ancient Ṛshis who people his imagination. Within the four walls of the jail, he can love the ant, the bird, the cat, the ancient tree awaiting death. He can establish friendly relations with them; he can shed a tear over their misery. With a classic quotation, he can narrate the cruel incident of the prisoner cutting grass in front of his cell. Aided by a quotation from *Śākuntala*, he can examine the nest of a crow. *Otrāti Dīvālo* is one of the finest things in our literature; we see in it a literary Jacques sucking wisdom out of the most insignificant incident of jail life.

X

Kaka represents the high-water mark of Saṁskṛtic influence. He has no mere justificatory attitude with reference to Āryan culture or institutions. At no time can you imagine him to be anything but a Brāhmaṇa steeped in shāstric lore. Rāma and Kṛshṇa, Bali and Gaya live and move in the world which surrounds him. Conflict with the Āryan conception of life is either error or sin. Classic associations are to him living history. There is but one law in life, the law of Dharma.

The message of Indian history for him is very simple.

> The ideal of the Indian people is religious life. Hence, in spite of diversity of creeds, there is a unity of the ultimate ideal of the individual and society. The direction of attaining this ideal is also the same. This provides the unity to the view-point and conduct of the whole people.

He attributes the greatness and permanence of Hindu culture to—

> the ascetic who has given up all worldly contact; who has converted the fruit overhanging his hut into a beggar's bowl; who has coloured his clothes with red earth; who has offered to the world the cup of immortality and

religion with the words. Not with wealth, not with progeny, but with self-abnegation alone can immortality be attained.

His appreciative portraits of two ascetics whom he met in the Himālayas, is a fitting tribute to that much-maligned race of itinerant Mahātmas who have contributed so greatly to the growth and permanence of Āryan culture. Admiration for ancient Indian practices takes the author even to the length of extolling the suicidal leap which devout enthusiasts take into eternity by jumping off Bhairav Ghati, a crag in the Himālayas. He holds this act to be praise-worthy, as it is inspired by a 'desire to merge oneself into the glorious beauty of nature', to be 'in tune with the infinite, forgetting the bondage of this contemptible body.' The author adds: "Sometimes death is the true glory of life".

He has accepted Mahātmā Gandhi's guidance, for, in him the author has found the teacher who could effectively preach the gospel of Sanātana Dharma.

Now shall end all strife; hatred will disappear; and spiritual greatness will triumph. Whether Mahātmā Gandhi is a World Teacher or a precursor of such a Teacher, a morning star heralding his arrival, I do not know. I do not even want to know this. The night is at an end. There is light all over. To those who have faith, this ought to be enough. I do not compare Mahātmā Gandhi with Mahāvīra, Buddha or Śrī Kṛshṇa. But the religion he has preached is the essence of Jainism, Buddism and Bhāgvata Dharma and is, therefore, superior to them all."

XI

This wonderfully self-confident attitude, so unfamiliar to Gujarātī literature, can only be attributed to the author's birth and education in a part of the country where orthodox Hinduism flourishes in strength. The solution which he offers in his *Swadeshīdharma* for ills afflicting modern India provides a comprehensive gospel of Swadeshism. It is a creed which has for its object an Indian India. The exigencies of progress, the international struggle for existence the difficulties which beset political life have no terror for him. In valuing life, he insists on an exclusively swadeshi measure. 'The question is not of the hand which uses it, but of the nature of the measure used'. He has no sympathy for young Gujarāta, which has started obliterating

caste distinctions. He appeals to it to utilise the institution for warding off the calamity of national servitude.

I try to visualise the ideals which are behind the caste. I firmly believe that this unique institution created by the Āryan race and preserved for thousands of years is not intended to be consigned to the grave-yard.

He is remorselessly logical. He is against modern education, and would prefer not to teach English to students. Even international trade is a sin. Exports and imports are as much anathemised as the study of foreign language and culture. Nay more, he cannot but view with surprise the growing fondness for love-marriage in Gujarāta.

How did Gujarāta acquire this fondness for love-marriage? Is it a quality inherent in the land? Is it the inheritance of Śrī Kṛshṇa? Is it a fruit of the bhakti of teachers like Vallabha? Or, is it an Indian colony of the European empire of Swedenborg? Or is sufi love brought here, laden on the back of poets like Kalapi, from the land of gazals?

One can easily understand how modern Gujarāta, bubbling over with a fresh, free life, and permeated with the spirit of renaissance, finds it difficult to appreciate Kaka Kalelkar.

CHAPTER V

MODERN TENDENCIES. Part I: MUNSHI.

(1914-1934)

Kanaiyalal Maneklal Munshi (Born 1887)—Works—His technique—*Veranī Vasulāta*—*Kono Vānka?*—*Svapnadrshṭā*—*Snehasambhrama*—Trilogy of *Pāṭaṇanī Prabhutā*, *Gujarātano Nātha* and *Rājādhirāja*—*Pṛthivīvallabha*—Purāṇic dramas—*Dhruvaswāminīdevī*—Social drama-*Ajnānkita*—*Kākāni Shashi*—*Brahmacaryāśrama*—Miscellaneous prose works—Philosophy of literature and life—*Thoḍānka Rasadarśano*—*Śiśu ane Sakhī*.

Modern Gujarātī literature shows great richness and variety. Irresponsible flights of the romantic tendency have been brought under control. Human nature and experience, in true proportions, now attracts authors. Dramatic presentation of life is no longer an unknown art; humour is coming into its own. The novel, the short story, and the drama have attained distinctive form; literary art has acquired greater freedom, a more skilful, technique, a higher creativeness.

I

[It was an unexpected honour to be asked to write about Munshi in the present work. Obviously it would have been bad taste for a writer—anybody except, perhaps., Bernard Shaw—to write at length about himself. And Munshi has certainly not got the false modesty of leaving himself out in any survey of our modern literature. And when he asked me to write about him, I undertook to do so with great pleasure. The reader will of course notice the difference in style and treatment.—I. J. S. Taraporevala.]

Kanaiyalal Maneklal Munshi (Born 1887) occupies a prominent place in modern Gujarātī literature. This versatile writer came before the public in 1913-14, as if afraid of his reception, under the pen-name Ghanaśyāma. The promise of his first venture, *Veranī Vasulāta* (1913-1914), which indicated the rise of an author of the first magnitude in the language has been more than fulfilled, for Munshi has, in the last two decades, given to Gujarāta work after work of great brilliance.

Born of a respectable Brāhmaṇa family of Broach, he passed through the usual studies at school and college, and came out as a lawyer in 1913. Law, he has accepted as his profession, but his love is for Mother India; and he has striven to fulfil this love, among other things, through literature. The crowning blessing of his life, however, came when, after the death of his first wife, he married his present wife, Lilavati, and found in her his twin-soul. Munshi's has been a life of strenuous work and multifold activities. He spent busy days in the University of Bombay, in the Bombay Legislative Council, and in the High Court; and found time and energy to edit the monthly *Gujarāta*, and to pour forth an uninterrupted stream of essays, stories, plays and novels. In 1930 he joined the Congress and has spent over two years in jail.

Munshi's works may be considered in classified groups as under :—

1. Social and semi-political novels: *Veranī Vasulāta*, Revenge Accomplished, (1913-14), *Kono Vāṅka?*, Who is Guilty?, (1915-16), *Svapnadṛshṭa*, The Dreamer (1924-25), and *Snehasaṁbhrama*, Confusion in Love (1931-32).

2. Historical romances comprising the splendid triology about the Cālukyas of Gujarāta: *Pāṭaṇanī Prabhutā*, The Greatness of Pāṭaṇa, (1916), *Gujarātano Nātha*, The Lord of Gujarāta, (1918-19) and *Rājādhirāja*, The King of Kings, (1922-23); the beautiful gem, *Pṛthvīvallabha* (1920-21); and the first of another series dealing with the Imperial Mauryas, *Bhagvān Kauṭilya* (1924-25).

3. Purānic dramas based on ancient historical tradition of India: *Purandaraparājaya*, The Conquest of Indra (1922), *Avibhaktātma*, The Soul Undivided, (1923), *Tarpaṇa*, The Obsequial Offering (1934), and *Putrasamovaḍi*, Like Unto a Son, (1929). *Dhruvaswāminīdevī* (1928), though not strictly Puranic, may also be considered in this group. *Lopāmudrā* (1933) is sub-divided into one novel, *Viśvaratha* and three plays, *Śambarakanyā*, *Devedidheli*, and *Viśvāmitrarshi*, dealing with the life of the Ṛgvedic Viśvāmitra and the first authentic incident of Indian history, the war between the Āryan king Divodāsa and the Dasyu king Śambara,

4. Social dramas: *Vavashethnun Svātantrya*, The Freedom of Vavasheth (1915), *Be Kharāba Jaṇa*, Two Bad People (1924), *Ajñānkita*, The Obedient (1927), and *Kākanī Shashi* The Uncle's Shashi, 1928, *Brahmacaryāśrama*, The Hermitage of Continence, (1931).

5. Short stories collected in a volume entitled *Māri Kamla ane Bīji Vāto.*

6. *Ketlāka Lekho*, Some Writings, Vols. I and II, 1925–26, which contain essays and notes, addresses and character sketches; *Thodāṇka Rasadarśāno*; Some Interpretations of Beauty (1933), being a study of literary art and bhakti with special reference to Gujarātī literature; *Ādivacano* (1933) being the annual inaugural addresses of the author as the president of the Sāhitya Saṁsad from 1923-1929.

7. The prose-poem *Śiśu ane Sakhi*, The Child and His Comrade (1932).

8. *Narsaiyo-Bhakta Harino* (1933) a life of the poet, Narsinha Mehtā, with a critical introduction dealing with his works and age. A similar biography is *Narmad, Arvācīnomān Adya*, The First Among Moderns. *Adadhe Raste*, Half Way, an autobiography is published in part.

II

Since his college days, Munshi has revelled in European literature. Dumas, Hugo and Scott, Goethe and Shelley, and the moderns with Bernard Shaw at their head, have been his literary godfathers. His true strength has lain in deriving power and vigour from his reading, in fusing his materials with creative imagination and producing works of lasting worth. Munshi has always acknowledged his indebtedness to his favourite masters.

The principle features which I brought to Gujarātī fiction were an interesting story, dramatic situation and dialogue, and living characters. I have remained first and foremost a story-teller, not a moralist. In the beginning, I had as my model the art of the greatest story-teller in world's literature, Alexander Dumas. Further, I have painted neither 'good boys,' beloved of schoolmasters, nor pale abstractions, but full-blooded men and women who love and fight and sin and struggle as in actual life. My principal concern was the real drama of life, neither theories of life nor morals.

I have found it impossible to look upon a historical novel as anything but a romantic view of life. A bygone age, as it actually was, can never be drawn by a literary artist. He can either treat the past as an alien world and its men

but myths, and occupy himself with hauling its upholstery into the present; or he can project the drama of life around him on the screen of the past. As I have understood it, the art of Kālidāsa, Shakespeare, of Scott, Hugo and Dumas is of the latter variety. And with my limited powers, I have always endeavoured to keep the ideal of this art before me, and to bring the romance into close correspondence with life. Romanticism, I felt, was too much in the clouds.[1]

Again he adds:

The dominant theme of most of my works is love, not as a thing to be talked of with a hushed voice or stifled by conventional situation or poetic phrases, but love as he bestrides the modern world, leaving footprints in tears and in blood in defiance of moral preceptors or sanctimonious humbugs and cold-blooded prudes. I have tried to view this emotion through its weakness and strength, its anguish, turmoil and tragedy, its sublime surrender and no less glorious joy. I have done it in the belief that in its frank delineation alone lies its poetry and its glory, and its only chance of escape from sordidness and vulgarity. In pursuing this idea, I have been guilty of offending against the literary conventions of Gujarāta. But life, in its reality, is sacred to me; not so much the laws made to bind it.[2]

III

The very first work of Munshi, *Veranī Vasulāta*, is one of his best, because it strikes the keynote of all his later writings. The vision of India, great in the future as she was in the past, nay even greater, is always before the author's mind. The story begins with the struggles of a young man, Jagat, against dire poverty. Raghubhai, an official of the small state of Ratnagadh, takes the fatherless boy and his mother under his protection. Jagat becomes strongly attached to a neighbour's little daughter, Tanman. His mother's attraction proves too much for Raghubhai and, with her son, she has to take refuge in the house of her husband's elder brother at Surat to escape dishonour.

Years pass, and Jagat, now a college student, meets his Tanman again, now in the spring-flush of youth and beauty at Dumas, near Surat. The vacation, a dream of happiness, passes away all too soon. The lovers part with tears, and as they kiss, are observed by the step-mother of Tanman. She is indignant; caste rules forbid her marrying Jagat; Tanman is sacrificed at the altar of caste and married to a rake. On the other hand Jagat returns home

1. *Aitihāsika Pātro ane Tenuṅ Nirupaṇa* (Guj.)
2. *Adalhe Rashte.* (Guj.) Unpublished.

to Surat to find the wicked Raghubhai poisoning with his presence the dying moments of his saintly mother. He takes a vow to avenge himself on Raghubhai.

On his return to Bombay, he learns of Tanman's forcible marriage, and, later, of her death. With his heart full of hatred towards society, Jagat goes to Sādhu Ramkisandasji at Ratnagadh to find peace in his old haunts. Unable to do so, he resolves to kill himself, but is saved by Swāmī Anantanand who forbids him to take the life God has given him.

This Anantanand's ambition in life is to leaven modern life with the ancient ideals of India, and he is training a band of assistants to help him build up a young and vigorous nation. His centre of work is Ratnagadh. Jagat becomes his disciple, and is soon the foremost among all his followers. For the work of Anantamaṇḍala, Jagat comes to Bombay, where Raghubhai has been trying to destroy Anantanand's schemes. Jagat gets the chance of repaying his old debt, and rendering service to his cause at the same time. Raghubhai's daughter, Ramā, falls in love with him; and Raghubhai, not knowing the real position of Jagat, also tries to win such an eligible son-in-law. Poor, loving Ramā suffers from both sides; from her father, who has no regard for her, and from Jagat who hopes to injure the father by playing with the daughter's affections.

Between Raghubhai and Anantananda matters rapidly come to a head. Raghubhai employs Tanman's uncle to steal some important documents from Anantananda's safe. The attempted robbery by Tanman's uncle is frustrated by Jagat. Carried away by his personal wrong, he allows the thief to be murdered by his discarded mistress, Tanman's step-mother, and lets her escape. An inquiry into a murder in Anantanand's own residence would be most unfortunate for the Mandal; so Anantananda burns all the compromising documents, and when the police come in calmy takes upon himself the full responsibility for the murder. He tells Jagat in his prison-cell: "Thy perfection has to be paid for, and the price for it is my life." Then only Jagat sees the true meaning of the saying that vengeance belongs to God alone. The swāmī passes away in

prison by prāṇāyāma before the death sentence can be carried out.

Jagat learns the true value of the price paid by his guru to buy his 'perfection', and decides to be worthy of the price paid. He deliberately sets out to woo and win Ramā, the daughter of his arch-enemy, who has been pining for him and leads her with him to Ratnagadh as his mate and comrade in the great work of nation-building.

It is clearly a first attempt. There are many faults in the structure of the plot, in the denouement, in the style and in the language of this work. But Jagat is very true to life; Raghubhai, the villain of the piece, is a forceful character. Anantananda—the Ideal—is in the background more or less as becomes the Inspirer and Teacher. Among the woman characters, there are only two who might be considered here—Tanman and Ramā. They are in strong contrast to each other. The former is forceful and assertive, magnificent in her rebellion and even in her defeat. Ramā is the typical gentle Hindu maiden, her life being inspired only by love and self-surrender.

Kono Vāṅka? mercilessly exposes the trickeries of the self-styled religious teachers in Hindu society. The story centres round Mani, a child-widow, who has been betrayed by a so-called 'respectable man,' and who, to hide her shame and save her child, escapes to a small village. Ultimately, pursued by shocked respectability and obliging vice, she seeks refuge with a student Muchakunda, a gentleman in every sense. But some busy-bodies write to Muchakunda's father, and the old man, bigoted and orthodox though good-hearted, arrives, and to save his son, forces him to marry his betrothed, the ugly, one-eyed Kashi. Jealousy, poverty and Mani's beauty complicate an unfortunate situation. Muchakunda falls ill; Mani, defying conventions, nurses him. The patience of the poor woman is angelic and her unceasing devotion to Muchakunda—even to the extent of remaining with him while her own child is drawing her last breath—is superb. After a time Kashi dies, and the lovers are united in wedlock.

It has been successfully rendered on the cinema film, but as a novel it is certainly weak. The work is character-

ised by a complete absence of humour. Mani is too sad and Muchakunda too serious to have developed this precious virtue.

Svapnadrshtā resounds with the echoes of the Surat sessions of the Indian National Congress made famous by the 'Marathā shoe' flung at Sir Pherozeshaw Mehta. It was the time when the revolutionary movement first started in Bengal. Naturally it fired the youthful enthusiasm of young men and women all over the land.

The story turns round a group of friends in the Baroda College who have formed a secret society to organise a revolution. They all attend the Surat Congress and help to break it up. There are fine miniature pen-pictures of the great Indian leaders of the period like Sir Pherozeshaw, Tilak, Gokhale, Aravinda Ghose, Lajpat Rai and Bepin Pal; most of them have passed away, but readers who have had the privilege of knowing them will undoubtedly acknowledge that Munshi has given us true portraits. This work is a realistic picture of the lives of thousands of young students in India who begin as idealists and end by settling down to the humdrum ways of their fathers. The ideals of Anantananda in impatient and immature hands turn to grotesque mock-heroic dreams of the mentally unbalanced.

Snehasaṁbhrama shows Munshi in a rollicking, boisterous mood. An extremely impressionable professor is very fond of many fair admirers, among others the wife of a Samshere Bahadur. This leads to unexpected developments. The wife of the professor has her objections to her husband's ways. The whole tangled skein is unravelled one night at a lonely house to which the whole party is induced to attend by a practical joke played by a friend. The final scene is full of bright sparkling comedy. Shamshere Bahadur's wife lets down her lover. At the end the disillusioned professor confesses to his wife and his beloved pupil, Mohini: "I have been an ass. Please forgive me!" In reply an old friend cooly offers him his snuff-box, saying "Never mind, dear boy, just take a pinch. It will clear your head".

Pure humour is found in every page of this delightful book. The characterisation is true to life. The innocent professor, his wife, loving but uncouth in the extreme, the bold girl Mohini, the genial old uncle and the good old aunt Jaskore, and above all the braggart, Shamshere Bahadur, are all characters which will live.

IV

The historical romances of Munshi are the best known of his works, though over the first of the famous triology—*Pāṭaṇanī Prabhutā*—there was a storm of protest from the Jaina community. These three deal with the most glorious period of Hindu Gujarāta—the reign of Siddharāja Jayasiṅha. Through all the three we can clearly trace the growth of Munshi as a novelist. He goes from strength to strength, and in the third, *Rājādhirāja*, we clearly recognise the masterhand.

Pāṭaṇani Prabhutā still shows signs of the prentice hand. But the defects are few while the beauties are many.

The story revolves round the efforts of the minister Muṅjāla to consolidate the kingdom of Pāṭaṇa during the minority of King Jayasiṅha Cālukya. She has come from her far-off home in the south attracted by the personality of Muñjāla rather than by the greatness of the king of Gujarāta. In the beginning of her infant son's reign she desires to assume supreme control and to shake off Muñjāla. But Pāṭaṇa will not accept this. The people force her to see reason and to have their trusted and well-beloved Mūṅjāla restored. Miṇaḷa yields with perfect grace, and in yielding wins a very real victory.

The second part of this triology, *Gujarātano Nātha*, carries the story forward. The power of the minister, Muṅjāla, is now at its height, and we more than suspect that the real lord of Gujarāta, Gujarātano Nātha, is he rather than Jayasiṅha. Minaḷadevī is there, mature and wiser. She can now love Muñjāla with all her heart, and yet they both can keep their passion under complete control and combine for the good of their youthful King and country. But the main interest of the book centres round the

to his senses, and honours Rāṇaka, the wife of her fallen enemy as the Sati.

Mañjarī is a different type of woman altogether. She is a highly intellectual person deeply versed in the intricacies of Saṁskṛta learning. Her ideals have been nourished on the glorious myth of the great Brāhmaṇa warrior, Paraśu Rāma, and she proudly refuses to look at the puny men of her days. When Kāka first comes to her notice, she has nothing but contempt for this vagabond trooper who knows no word of Saṁskṛt. Kāka sets about to win her. And when he performs valorous deeds, she flings her pride away, and gives herself to him body and soul. Mañjarī is one women in a thousand. Her tragic death at the end of the third volume leaves the reader with tears in his eyes. Mañjarī has been the most brilliant and the most popular heroine in modern Gujarātī fiction.

Her lover, Kāka, can be best described as an overgrown boy in his love for adventure and fighting. But he has a diplomat's wisdom. Jayasiṁha resents it and is afraid of him. Though a loyal enough subject, he is the soul of honour and has the courage to face the king when he is in the wrong. Kāka is a figure to love. He will be to the boys of Gujarāta what Richard the Lion-hearted is to England's youth.

Thus history is made to live in a way as had never before been done in Gujarātī. These three great works indeed are assured of a lasting place in the literature.

Pṛthivīvallabha is another historical novel dealing with the romantic figure of Muñja of Dhārā, the great lover of art and learning, and based on *Munjarāsa* in *Prabandhacintāmaṇi*.[1] The language is much more Saṁskṛtised than in the earlier novels. This work has been rendered into Hindī and Marāṭhī, and staged, screened and recently acquired for a talkie. Considered as a work of art it is an exquisite cameo, and is the best of the author's romances.

When Tailapa decides to put Muñja to death and at the same time to publicly humiliate his sister Mṛṇālavatī, the

1. Plot, vide p. 57

captive is forced to beg at every door of the city for seven days, and men, women and children fall in love with the royal beggar. The last scene may be described in the author's words:

Without hesitation, uninvited, he came up straight to the place where Mṛṇāla stood, and smiled. His smile was as fascinating as ever.

"How are you, Mṛṇālavatī?" The longing of a lover, meeting his beloved after ages, was in his voice. Mṛṇāla could not smile in reply all at once, but the magic of his smile and voice was upon her. She smiled, sweetly, slowly, with a face overshadowed with grief. Her eyes brimmed over with tears. Their glances met as if in an embrace. "What can you give me now?" Pṛthīvivallaabha asked with the tenderness of a fond lover. "You have given me all that you ever had."

These words had a maddening effect on Mṛṇālavatī. A wild gale of passion swept over her. She became oblivious of her plight, the occasion, the place, and looked at her lover with eyes full of love.

"Fair one!" said he, "do not be afraid. The world is both wicked and stupid, and will always remain so. You have brought beauty into your life. Now let the world say what it likes."

Mṛṇāla forgot herself, Tailapa, the spectators, even her sense of modesty. She threw away the pot in which she held the alms and fell at the fettered feet of Muñja. "Forgive me, my lord, Pṛthīvallabha, I am your murderer." Mṛṇāla took the dust from off Muñja's feet and placed it on her head.

"You? My death was pre-determined at the very moment of my birth. What can you do?"

Tailapa sprang down from the platform on which he stood and dragged Mṛṇāla away. The citizens and the soldiers stood with tears in their eyes . . .

"Whose has been the triumph, mine or yours?" Munja asked Tailapa.

"This elephant of mine will just decide who has triumphed." said Tailapa. And leaving Mṛṇāla on the platform, he came forward.

Muñja laughed aloud. "Will it be your triumph? You wanted to bend me to your will, but I will die, unyielding as ever. You prided yourself on your morals; and you will have committed the heinous sin of killing a king. Who is the conqueror, you or I?" Muñja's resounding voice, full of contempt, was heard by the whole crowd.

In excitement Tailapa bit his lips. His eyes flashed with venom. "Soldiers, take him there."

"Why?" asked Muñja, "I am going there myself." Saying so, he stepped towards the elephant with lordly dignity. All eyes were fixed on him. Every one held his breath.

Muñja cooly walked in front; Tailapa and a few soldiers followed. He came and stood near the elephant for a while. Under Tailapa's orders, his fetters were removed.

Unfettered, Muñja stood erect. He removed the locks which overhung his forehead; and turned his majestic face towards the people and Mṛṇāla. His eyes were fearless, flashing irresistible power. A smile full of sweetness and dignity played upon his lips. The people shuddered. Some men and women

began to sob. Mṛṇāla looked on as one out of her senses. The soldiers with faces set hard went on mechanically performing their duty.........

Muñja looked with contempt at Tailapa and stepped near the trunk of the elephant. There he stopped, as if in hesitation. Tailapa got the moment he waited for. "Are you frightened?"

"The earth will crash to its doom when its lover begins to fear. Fool! I was only thinking—"

"Of what?"

"Only this," Muñja replied, looking up with pride. And his eyes were full of longing. "I was only thinking what will happen to poor Sarasvatī. Laxmī will now go to Vishnu. Victory will repair to Kārtikeya. But when Muñja will go, Sarasvatī alone will be disconsolate." Saying this, he turned his back on Tailapa with inexpressible contempt, and addressed the elephant thus, "First among elephant! Pṛthivīvallabha, the first among kings, has now come to you!"

The elephant stood as if in deep thought, then playfully waved its trunk, Muñja softly rubbing it all the time. Ultimately, with perfect composure, he clung to the trunk; the driver pricked it with the goad; and the elephant twining its trunk round Muñja lifted him off the ground.

The elephant lifted its trunk, lowered it again and again. The people with tears in their eyes saw in its embrace Pṛthivīvallabha, smiling, his brilliant eyes flashing with pride, like Śrī Krshṇa triumphantly standing in the coils of the serpent Kāli.

The elephant snorted and gave one swift swing to his trunk. And Muñja's triumphant cry resounded in the air, "Victory to Mahā Kāla."

The crowd stood horror-struck. Mṛṇālavatī's piteous shrieks rang out, piercing the heavens.

Muñja for a moment disappeared under the foot of the elephant. The animal put its foot on him—pressed it—a crack was heard—the foot was lifted.

On the ground, the corpse of Pṛthivīvallabha lay crushed and flattened.

Bhagavān Kauṭilya is the first of a series yet to come. The terrible system of espionage under the last Nandas has been brought out with startling realism. Kauṭilya is well drawn, and the great Ṛshis of the Naimisha forest and their life are depicted with Munshi's art.

V

In 1922, Munshi first turned to the drama as an outlet for his creative imagination. The first, *Purandara-parājaya*, was woven round the Purāṅic episode of Sukanyā and Cyavana. In the next, *Avibhaktātmā*, he strives to portray the ideal of love. True lovers are halves of one another—one soul in two bodies. And as a type, he took the finest pair in ancient Indian tradition, Vasishṭha and Aruṅdhatī. In *Tarpaṇa*, an unrelieved tragedy, we have the myth of

Aurva who destroyed the Non-Āryan Haihayas and re-established Āryan supremacy in India under King Sagara. Sagara is the pupil of Aurva but loves the daughter of the Haihaya king. Aurva forces him to sacrifice his love to save his land.

In these dramas, Munshi has tried to bring these semi-divine figures down upon earth, endowing them with human feelings, but his attempt has met with doubtful success. Divine honour paid to these great heroes for ages has removed from them all traces of human weakness, and their reappearance with human attributes only makes the situation melodramatic rather than realistic. In *Putrasamovaḍī*, where we have the well-known episode of Śukrācārya and Devayāni, the characters are much better delineated and the situations are better handled.

Dhruvaswāmīnīdevī deals with a well known chapter of Ancient Indian History. Here we move about amongst living men and women. The plot has been suggested by the recently discovered fragments of a Saṁskṛta play called *Devīcandraguptam* by Viśākhadatta, the author of *Mudrārākshasa.* The majestic Dhruvaswāminī with her noble steadfastness and loyalty is a powerfully drawn character. Candragupta, the Vikramāditya of history, stands out in admirable contrast with the ignoble Rāmagupta.

The social dramas are all racy and sparkling productions. As Munshi himself says about one of them, 'they are not to be read by those who are in love with respectability.' They are thoroughly modern in spirit and can be relied upon to shock those who possess the old Indian mentality. They are popular with the younger generation and are frequently staged by amateurs. They all are directed against the hypocrisy which covers life, against foibles, great and small. They describe every day realities; and the lesson is conveyed through rollicking comedy and hearty laughter. The plots are woven with skill and situation, comic and absurd, develop in rapid succession.

Vāvāshethnuṅ Svātantrya is the story of a poor hen-pecked husband, inspired by the example of Belgium defying Germany, to make a bid for independence. In *Be Kharāba Jaṇa*, Rambhā the daughter of a rich lawyer prefers

a penniless young medico to the rich prig, Ramdas Dagliwala, whom her parents have chosen for her. She leads her people a rare dance all over Bombay. It makes delightful reading and has been a favourite play for amateur theatricals in schools and colleges. *Ajnānkita* is a cruel picture of situations unfortunately too common in lower middle class life and makes painful reading. The story turns on how the daughter of a poor widowed mother is sold 'in marriage' to a decrepit and vicious old money-bag. The unfortunate heroine, driven by circumstances to prostitution, at last finds refuge and peace with the clerk of the old man, who humbly places at her disposal all he has, "two bighas of land, a pair of bullocks and a cow". *Kākāni Śhashi* revolves round a modern Bombay girl, a thorough-going suffragate, who tries to be independent of men and ends by accepting her guardian as her husband. It is a successful social comedy and has also been a favourite of the amateurs.

Brahmacaryāśrama was written in Yeravda Jail and the first Act is laid in prison. The dramatis personae are political prisoners. Being forced by circumstances to live separate from their womenfolk, they talk of the divine virtue of continence, Brahmacarya. When they come out, pursuant to their vow, they found an institution where they can practice this great virtue. But their cook is old and feeble, and once, sends his niece, Pemli, to do his work in the kitchen. Then begins a race between these sworn brahmacāris to attract the attention of the girl. Bad feelings are aroused. The whole situation reaches the climax when after trying to oust one another, all leave, except Dr. Madhubhai, the eminent medical man who originated this idea and founded the āśrama. He weeps amidst the ruins of his noble scheme, whereby mankind was to have been made immortal. Pemli sympathises with him and they weep in each others arms. Suddenly, the elderly Doctor opens his eyes, and a new light shines in them as he sees Pemli clinging to him. He sings his favourite line 'The path of God is for the brave,' and Pemli joyfully joins.

With his fine grasp of the technique of plot-weaving and his keen sense of humour, if Munshi tried his hand at

short stories, he would certainly succeed. But only one small volume of short stories has appeared from his pen so far, *Māri Kamalā ane Biji Vāto.*

VI

Munshi, like every great writer has his own theory of life and literature. His *Ketlāla Lekho, Ādivacano, Narsaiyo-Bhakta Harino* and *Thoḍānk Rasadarśāno* form a valuable compendium of literary, historical and biographical studies. His essay on *Gujarātanā Jyotirdharo* and the address on *Gujarāta-Eka Sāṁskārika Vyakti* are, of all his miscellaneous writings, the most inspiring. His address *Jivanano Ullāsa,* Joy of Life, and *Prāṇālikāvāda,* Conventionalism; brilliantly articulate the author's revolt against the prevailing conventions in literature. *Mānavatānā Ārshadarśano,* Vision of Human Greatness, contains an attempt to present a theory of life.

Narsaiyo is a biography of Narsiṅha Mehtā in which the poet is dramatically and psychologically recreated from his own works. It also contains, in an introductory essay, the result of Munshi's investigations into the difficult questions of the poet's age and the authenticity of some of his works.

Munshi's theory of art and literature may be shortly stated in his own words:

> The classical, that is, the literature which is truly effective and beautiful is the only real literature. A few can understand its underlying mystery. The cultured taste of only a few can enjoy it.
>
> A literary artist is entitled to complete freedom in the choice of subject and treatment; conventions, and, in particular, those imposed by religion and morals destroy its soul. The sole test of literary effort is the success with which it reveals beauty. This beauty is the indefinable quality which makes creative art a source of undying joy, and is intrinsically different from moral good.
>
> And literary criticism can only be subjective and creative; that is, it can only be a creative effort at interpreting beauty of art as it strikes the critic's imagination.

Artistic beauty, according to Munshi, must satisfy the innate craving of the cultured for idealistic perfection.

The author's theory of life is thus expressed:

> The secret of Āryan greatness lies in thus converting one's self into a characteristic force...When man loses himself in the one idea round which his individuality revolves, he becomes refulgent, powerful......He becomes an elemental force. He attains irresistible grandeur.....,

Similarly when the unity which the imagination of two lovers calls into existence is visualised by them as a single, undivided, changeless soul between them, the goal is reached. Love rules their life as Beauty....Thus the secret of all beauty and greatness is not in remaining what I am, but in realising something beyond it; not in 'Being' but in 'Becoming'—Bhāvanā. For in the process of 'Becoming' only, do I realise enduring joy. In studying the fundamentals of love and religious devotion, of literary beauty and human greatness, of sacrifice and duty, I have found but one underlying principle: Beauty in life as in literature lies only in attempts to achieve 'Becoming' of evergrowing magnitude.[1]

This 'Becoming' is not necessarily spiritual or moral. He says, again:

A dangerous life is far nobler than one of passive insipidity. Greatness, for men or nations lies in greater and yet greater efforts to live as an idea through struggle and suffering, through tapas and tyāga. In normal human instincts and motives, intensified by an ideal and purified by readiness to suffer for it, lies the secret of strength and power. In a full and perfect life, strength and ambition have a place; and so have laughter and tears and pride, and even the pleasures of sense. Love is supreme law; and so is Beauty. Both attain perfection, one in inseverable Unity of man and woman, the other in endless joy[2]....

VII

The consideration of *Śiśu ane Sakhī*, The Child and His Comrade, has been kept to the very last, because it depicts, to the writer's mind, the very heart of the author. As can be seen from the preface to the book, the piece welled forth from his inmost being quite spontaneously in an increasing stream of rhythmic prose of beauty and power. It must have been a most wonderful experience. It is a sustained vision, where, scene by scene, the unfolding life of the man is revealed. We can visualise—we who have known them in flesh—the various persons mentioned, though no names are given.

Śiśu, the Child, has dreamt of a comrade, Sakhī, who would share his life with him. But it remains only a dream; for he is married when he is too young to understand what it all means. His wife is a gentle, uncomplaining girl—Satī—whose whole life is bound up with her husband, but unfortunately she is too ignorant to enter into or even to appreciate Śiśu's yearnings after beauty and joy and power.

1. *Thoḍāṅka Rasadarśano*, p. 13.
2. *Adadhe Raste* (Unpublished).

At first, Satī is quite happy; she has her beloved Śiśu and the love of all her family. But Śiśu's soul is in revolt. He cannot bear Satī near him, for she is not the comrade he had dreamt of. Still, always mindful of his duty, he is considerate to Satī. The influence of a good mother and a cultured upbringing saves Śisu from temptations. Then Sakhī comes into his life, and Śisu at once recognises in her the loved comrade of his dreams. They both recognise with rapture that each is but a part of one whole, and that they have been travelling through a succession of births in vain search for each other. Their separation is not yet ended, for both are separately tied down by the 'sacred ties' of family and home. But they are both poets, and in literary collaboration they find the joy which life denies them.

Satī, with the true intuition of love, at once sees this mutual attraction. She cannot possibly give to Śiśu the inspiration and joy of artistic and intellectual camraderie which Sakhī alone can give him. And gentle and loving as she is, she does not grudge Śiśu the happiness she herself cannot give. The position is impossible, but each is willing to suffer that the other two may be happy. Of the three, Śiśu is most impatient and the most suffering. All the three are the best of friends. Next comes word-pictures of a wonderful trip to Europe made by all three together. They see the beauties natural and artistic of the West and find inspiration in the great ideals of Greece and Rome as embodied in their works of art. On their return, life becomes a living torture. Śisu borne down by physical and mental worry wants to give up the world.

After many days Śisu and Sakhī met alone. The waves of the slow-heaving sea broke on the shore; and so did their hearts' emotions, one on top of the other. The atmosphere was tense with feeling. Lost hopes were revived. Their hearts began to dance. They sat on a rock which stood in the waters behind the old broken temple.

The sky was clear; the hills beyond, dark. The full moon rose, illumining the earth, and shed glistening drops of light on the quiet waters. Beauty was everywhere. And both sat wrapt in love.

Śisu was serious. "Sakhī! This is the day on which we pledged ourselves to each other, years ago, on the banks of the White River. We have, no doubt, kept the pledge so far. But then we did not know Love fully. We thought him the image of dancing joy, tender of heart. But now we know him for what he

is: grave and gloomy, looking at us with tearful eyes; tortured by separation; treading with slow steps; singing the song of woe in a voice quivering with anguish."

"Śisu! Why do you talk thus?" quoth Sakhī. "He is our only hope". Śisu shook his head. "Sakhī." The cruel one has grown flowers of hope that he may scorch them with despair...Death has missed none so far and will not miss us.. Sakhī! Then why should I not live as dead even in the midst of life, and attain what death alone can lead me to?

"Sakhī! I have found a beautiful spot, far, far away from the world. There, the sleepy Rewā creeps between lofty crags; the hooded cobras swing to the music of wandering sādhus; the alligators, openmouthed, lovingly gaze on the rustic charms of village beauties as they come to fetch water. There, the evening breeze brings the distant tinkle of temple-bells, echoing joyfully in men's hearts. There, I will go and live in the company of the peaceful. There, chanting the hymn of love, I will seek liberation, your name on my lips."

Sakhī looked at her lover bent on renunciation, the very picture of their soul, one and indivisible. "Then fill your bowl with water for two, my Śisu! Who else will spread the deer skin for you, ascetic mine, except your impatient disciple? Śisu! When you give up the world, you will be mine." And the guardian god of lovers, as he shone in the sky, smiled sweetly and yet shrewdly.

But Satī, gentle and uncomplaining, passes away, loving to the last. Years pass, Sakhī becomes a widow, and the way to their union is clear. They unite at last, the misery of aeons is over, the two halves meet together to become one whole. Life, now, is an endless round of happiness and ease.

But once they repair to a temple in ruins on the sea shore. A venerable phantom sage appears before them and claims them as his own. He lays bare to them the true significance of their life as they live it, a life of mere worldly pleasures, fame and what people call 'good deeds.' He tells them of the glory of sacrifice; of true success to be measured not by what one acquires but by what one gives up. He lays bare the hollowness of modern life. True life, the phantom sage says, is Truth, Tapas, and Ṛta. This is the call of the Great Spirit of Āryāvarta (the Bhāratabhāgyavidhātā of Ravi Thakur) and the two companions on the Road of Life obey it.

Thus ends this extraordinary work. If one can so call it, it is a stirring song in prose, full of passion, and beauty throbbing with love and tears and sacrifice.

Munshi, as a prose writer, is among those of the first rank in the language; to the minds of some he has no

equal among the modern writers of Gujarātī prose. His creative art has brought life and beauty to Gujarāti fiction and drama; and the philosophy of life preached by him through his works has given to Gujarātā both joy and strength.

CHAPTER VI.

MODERN TENDENCIES PART II

(1914 to 1934)

Gaurishankar Govardhanram Joshi—His art—Short stories—*Bhaiyā Dādā*—*Rajputāṇī*—Women Authors—Smt. Jyostnā Shukla.—Smt. Lilavati Munshi—Psychological point of view of the modern woman—*Jhañjavā-nā Jala*—*Vanmāllānī Diary*—*Pāñca Patro*—*Rekhācitro*—Batubhai Umarwadia—Ramanlal Vasantlal Desai—Realism and Humour—Ramanarayan Vishwanath Pathak—*Svaira-Vihāra*—*Dvirefā-ni Vato*—*Khemī*—Dhansukhlal Krishnalal Mehta-Jyotindra Dave—Folklore of Kaṭhiāvāḍa—Zaverchand Meghani—*Saurāshtra-nī Rasa-dhāra*—*Sohinimehār*—History—Literary History—Poetry—Research—Biography—Stage—Journalism—Monthlies—Weeklies—Dailies—Conclusion.

I

Gaurishankar Govardhanram Joshi, known as Dhūmaketu, The Comet, (Born 1892) has written numerous short stories, many of which are now collected in *Taṇakhā* Sparks, I (1928), II (1928) and III (1932); *Avaśesha* (1932); *Paḍachāyā*, Shadows, (1931) and two novels, *Rāja-Mugata*, The Crown, (1924), and *Pṛthvīśa* (1925). He has also written plays for children, several essays, and a volume of reflections.

Dhūmaketu is an author of outstanding merit and great promise. His works have in a large measure the elements which go to make up the romantic spirit. They disclose love of mystery; response to beauty wherever found; intellectual curiosity; and imagination and feeling which transfigure the reality of life into romance. The tendencies associated with these elements are reflected in his style, technique and outlook, as also in the literary form through which he generally expresses himself. His style is rich in expression and idioms of varied origin, and is distinguished by literary elegance. He aims neither at power nor effect, but at charm.

He seeks atmosphere not only in the usual haunts of the cultured and the rich, but in slums and villages, from the illiterate and the lowly. For his materials, he freely draws upon not only the folklore of the province but upon every

clime and age walk of life; and, while doing so, rarely obscures the effect or lowers the standard of literary art. His travels in different parts of India give him a large sketch-book from which to portray life and nature, and by patient observation he has collected quite a museum of human and local finds. His stories are often prefaced by a graphic description of the scene in which the plot is laid.

It is this ever-widening hunt for the beautiful and the romantic which has led him to adopt the short story as a medium. His best stories fulfil all the requirements of art. They are organic literary creations, called into life by a few deft strokes on a small canvas, bringing out only one situation and dominated by a single feeling, sentiment or outlook. Sometimes his characters are drawn feebly, and lack the living touch. At places, execution is uneven or conversation falls below the standard. But he excels in preserving for the printed story the old world flavour of a story not read but narrated. The present-day public which more often than not reads a story, finds in Dhūmaketu's pages the breathless pleasure of hearing a well-told tale.

II

His tender sympathy invests the poor, the lowly and the innocent with a romantic halo; often a common-place incident of village life is lit up with pathos. The author's love for the village, however, is a little aggressive. Village is heaven; city, hell. Life in the former is uniformly good and honest, happy, hospitable and noble; in the city ' owners and masters are robbers in whose shadow these clerks and tenants, hungry and miserable, dwell. ' In describing rural life he is in his element. We find in his pages the shepherd and his wife aglow with the same high strung emotion and passion which is generally the privilege of the cultured and the artistic to feel. Like a true romantic author, Dhūmketu defies the shackles of realism.

III

A few of the subjects which he has successfully dealt with are: The old coachman waiting day after day for his daughter's letter which comes but a day too late; the old railway signaller who prefers to die than leave the little

garden he loves so well; the Brāhmaṇa and the ghost which wants him to perform a pilgrimage; the little, imaginative boy who pathetically yearns to hear the story which his parents are too indifferent to tell him; the cowherd and his wife who, after a momentary lapse, 'kiss again with tears'; the sādhu who loves a haunting face which turns out to be that of his disciple's wife; the student who loves a widow, whom he ultimately succeeds in finding in a prostitute's den; the Rajputa lady who fights her husband's ghost; the millionaire of Bombay who finds disillusionment while trying to play the part of the saviour of a village; the village chief and the headman whose friendship survives a deadly feud in which their sons destroy each other; the Rajputa lady who killed her husband for betraying Jhālora to Allāuddīn Khiljī; Āmrapallī of ancient Vaiśāli; Narcissus and Orpheus of Greek mythology; and Brahma's curse on the goddess Ratī.

The pathos in *Bhaiyā Dādā* is extremely well brought out. Old Badrinath has served long and faithfully as a signaller at a small wayside railway station. He lives in a little box by the railway crossing and has turned the surrounding patch of land into a small garden. His family consists of a goat which gives him milk, a cat and three kittens, and the twelve-year daughter of a workman who often comes to cheer his lonely existence. But once he commits a breach of duty and a smart traffic superintendent, adoring efficiency, orders the bhaiyā's dismissal. Members of the staff who love and respect him dare not tell him of his fate, and ultimately the superintendent has to do it himself. Badrinath, at first, cannot realise that dismissal implies leaving his box, his garden, his little world. When he does, his heart breaks. With inexpressible grief, he entrusts his cat and kittens to the shirestedar. The next morning when the shirestedar pays him a visit Bhaiyā Dādā is no more: his corpse lies in the little box where he was wont to sleep.

The author's treatment of the tragic is very successful. In *Māśahūra Gāvaiyā*, Famous Musician, the musician Indramanī falls in love with Tara, who refuses to marry him until his music possesses a soul. The musician

wanders in lonely places trying to acquire for his music 'the soul' which his beloved desires for it. But, in trying to do so, he comes to love his sārangī, the stringed instrument, more than his life. Ultimately he succeeds in extracting soulful music out of it; and Tara, pleased with her lover, marries him. But her husband's passionate love for the sārangī rouses her jealousy, and she insists upon her husband forswearing the little instrument she hates so much. The poor musician accepts the cruel mandate. Heart-broken, he plays a farewell tune on his beloved sārangī. His soul, trembling at the impending separation, pours itself out in a song full of anguish. Tara, also, sheds tears as she hears the wailing sārangī. The neighbours hear the heart-rending notes of the terrible music with trepidation. Tara can hear it no longer. She asks her lover to desist from playing. He obeys. The beloved sārangī falls from his lifeless hands....His soul flees to keep company with the dying notes of the sārangī he loved so well.

Dhūmaketu is at his best in dealing with mysterious elements in folktales. In *Rājputāṇī*, a Rājputa, while going to meet his wife, is drowned with his mare in the river Rupeṇa, then in flood. The path by which he rode to death is now deserted, for whoever goes by it meets with disaster. A cāraṇa, bard, full of adventure, decides to take the route, now overgrown with luxuriant vegetation. But when he reaches the river he sees, seated under the greenwood tree, the shades of a few Rājputs gossiping away as was their wont in life, the hookah passing merrily from hand to hand. The bard joins them; but all fade away except one, that of the Rājputa who had lost his life. The shade then longingly requests the cāraṇa to fetch his wife there; for, it says, its last mortal wish to meet her compels it to haunt the spot. The bard agrees and delivers to the wife the message of her dead lover's ghost.

The Rājputāṇī is furious with wrath. She has been feeling slighted because he met death in a river instead of in a battle, and angry because he had dealt out disaster to hundreds of innocent passers-by for her sake. With sword

in hand, the irate woman accompanies the bard to the haunted spot; upbraids her lover's shade for wanton cruelty; and tries to cut it in two, but in vain. The shade on its phantom horse flies towards the river. The wife follows, sword in hand. "If you are a true garasiyā, stop there," she cries. The shade stands still, but when she approaches it, it vanishes. She follows it into the river and her skirt is drenched. And lo! She beholds the shade, its face in deep distress, restlessly drinking the water which streams out of her skirt. Slowly, with ceaseless thirst, it drinks, and anguish and misery, despair and quenchless thirst are writ on its face.

The Rājputāṇī can restrain herself no longer, and deeply moved, asks, "Rājputa, what is this?" The shade replies, "Now I am satisfied. Quite satisfied. Ply your sword, Rājputāṇī. I will now enjoy a second death." The Rājputāṇī can hold the sword no longer. She bends down and catches the shadowy Rājputa's hand. "I will not let you go now", she says. She flings the sword away and catches hold of both its hands, only to find bubbles. The shade is seen further away, looking out of the waters of the mid-river. She goes further into the river; the Rājputa draws her on; she goes still further and yet he is far away. The cāraṇa shouts from the bank; "Garāsieṇa, come back. The water is very deep there. He is gone. Please return." The Rājputāṇī flings back a sweet smile. "Goddess-born! Go your way. Go back to your home happily. I want to be the wife of this unhappy garāsiyā again." She steps forward and is seen no more.

III

Women have been contributing their quota, though slowly and feebly, to the literary wealth of Gujarāta. Lady Vidyāgavrī Nilkantha (Born 1876), the first lady graduate in the province, is the author of several remarkable essays. She also assisted her husband, Sir Ramanbhai, in the production of *Hāsyamandira.*

Śrimatī Sumati Trivedi (Died 1911,), a promising poetess, was cut off in the bloom of youth; and so was

Śrimatī Vijayalaxmi Trivedi (Died 1913), another poetess. Śrimatī Dipakabā Desai's (Born 1882) poems, characterised by charm and simplicity, are widely appreciated. Her works are *Stavanamañjarī* (1923), *Khanda Kāvya* (1926), and *Sanjivinī*, a play translated from Marāṭhi. Śrimatī Hansa Mehta (Born 1897), once the editor of the weekly *Hindusthāna*, has written three short plays collected under the name of *Trana Natako*. She is also the author of several works intended for children. She has adopted parts of *Gulliver's Travels* in *Golibahārani Musāfari*, and written an interesting educative book, *Aruna nun Adbhuta Svapna*. A little boy is taken by Garud to different lands in a dream and told the story of its past glory and present achievements.

Śrimatī Priyamati (1893), or, to use her nom-de-plume, Jyotsna, Shukla was the editor of a monthly magazine, *Cetana*, and of the weekly *Sudarśana*. She is the author of several essays and poems not yet collected in book form. Her poems are rich in feeling and sentiment. *Dilrubāne*, To the Dilrubā, is one of her noteworthy poems. Her stirring patriotic songs inspired by the political situation in 1930 are felicitously composed and have justly earned great popularity in the province. She has translated two novels from Marāṭhī,—*Indirā* and *Jyāre Suryodaya Thashe*. Śhrimatīs Kanuben Dave and Chaitanyabala Majmudar, both promising authors were cut off by early death.

V

Śrimatī Lilavati Munshi (Born 1899) jointly edited *Gujarāta* with me for some years, and has written numerous sketches of contemporary and historical personalities; short novels, stories and one-act plays; diaries and letters relating to her travels in India and Europe; and essays. Her works published up to 1925 are collected in a volume styled *Rekhācitro ane Bijā Lekho*, Sketches and Other Writings. (1925). *Kūmāradevī* (1930) is a play in five acts. Her stories and plays after 1925 are collected in two volumes entitled *Jivanmānthī Jadelī*, Found From Life, Parts I and II (1932.) Other miscellaneous writings are collected in *Vadhu Rekhācitro ane Biju Badhuṅ*, More

Sketches and The Rest, (1935). Jail and the distractions of political life have of late come in the way of her literary activity.

Lilavati Munshi wields a distinctive style in the language. Simple, subtle, slashing, playful or emotional as the occasion requires, her style exhibits the finished Gujarātī of the modern period. She draws upon the resources of the language with ease and assurance. She never strains after literary effect, exercising a rare restraint over her style and treatment. She knows her métier and rarely attempts what she cannot execute with skill and confidence. Though our literary work has been produced in close association, and the style and outlook of each has greatly influenced those of the other, her sure taste has escaped the vividness of colour and the glitter of rhetoric which sometimes obscure my literary art. The colours of the pictures she draws blend in delicate shades which delight the eye but never dazzle it.

In literature, she represents the psychological point of view of the modern woman. The rule in life as in literature heretofore has been to exhibit woman as a wax-work doll, attractive only by her parasitical graces. In her works, we see woman revealed as a human being; not 'standing on the threshold of life with dumb desire', but one knowing life and its weaknesses, ready to dare all that a man may hope to do; a rebel loving adventure, romance and beauty. One of her essays develops the idea that the modern world began when man recognised the independent personality of woman. In her works of fiction also a woman is recognised great only to the extent she develops her individuality as distinct from that of man, and a man to the extent only to which he helps her to do so. Her *Kāshmiranī-Diary*, written when she was twenty-one, lifts the veil from struggles which went to shape her outlook.

Why am I not satisfied? What do I hope for most? What is life? What is duty? Why should one go on fulfilling duty? . . . . For whom do these birds sing their low, sweet songs? For whom is this glorious beauty of nature? . . . . On the paths on which I wander, I do not find any fashionable tourist. These by-paths are only for me. I feel an urge towards

some new adventure. And scarcely could there be any one like me so foolhardy as to go about alone. What will others say when they come to know of it?

In one of the letters describing her travels in Switzerland, she writes in all seriousness:

Often I prefer hell to heaven .... Heaven is a good place for seeing dreams. But there, absence of misery would make happiness worthless. There, it is eternal light; so you never get an occasion to see the wonders which lie hid in darkness .... But hell is different. There, you must be ready to suffer pain every day; you must be always alert for impending struggles..... There, day after day, your powers are sharpened; you are always conscious of the powers you possess. There, you can live and have your being and not die a death of boredom.

VI

The great quality of the author is a note of intimacy, a touch of self-revelation, a charm as of whispered confidence which weaves round the reader an atmosphere of personal contact. She excels in the literary art-forms in prose which give the greatest scope to subjective expression like diaries, letters and thumbnail sketches. But this restricts the scope of her execution. She rarely succeeds in the pure objective treatment of men and things. The stories which are not woven round a heroine's outlook become feeble in execution. Her earlier plays are stories narrated in bright conversation, dominated only by the heroine's attitude to life. In *Kumāradevī*, for instance, there is only one living character, Kumāradevī; the others are mere mouthpieces to describe her.

Few authors possess powers of observation of such extraordinary keenness and fidelity, or can dissect the motive behind human conduct with such uncanny perspicacity. In some of her stories, she tears the veil off the conduct of man towards woman with merciless realism, thus representing a stage of literary art in advance of any other author in the language.

Her delight in the beauties of nature finds expression particulary in *Kashmīrnī Diary* and *Europenā Patro*. The description of her visit to Verināga in Kashmir is a picture in words.

Thinking that he would take long, I went into a field, climbed a tree, and comfortably laid myself down on a leafy branch. The blue sky overhead, the silver clouds floating in it, the rows on rows of shining snow-peaks on one side, the mountains on the other, the green fields with their knee-deep grass below, the river flowing slowly in front and the bed which I had made for myself in the tree, all these were indelibly impressed in my mind. I began to think; and the sweet twitter of birds kept accompaniments to the music of my thoughts.....

The oar, and the water it disturbed both glistened in the rays of the moon. The reflection of the light which the boat carried coiled itself deeper and deeper in the rippling water.

Beauty of sound strongly appeals to her.

A bird seated on the tree overhead sang melodiously. The foaming waterfall sang quite a new tune before me. Water gurgled past my feet. On all sides fresh, green fields inspired new strength. In those moments of joy, I felt, what more can I desire than to hear this music all by myself, or rather in company with the low-moving clouds?

Her description of the Grand Canal at Venice on a moonlight night and the natural scenery described while flying from London to Paris form rare pen-pictures in the language.

VII

Most of her plays and stories describe the trials of an insurgent woman full of life and romance. The change is only in motives and circumstances. In each case the woman has almost the same individuality; the responsibility for her misfortunes is also laid on some man who is held up to ridicule, mockery, or condemnation. In *Jhānjvānā Jala*, The Waters of Mirage, Kalā, the heroine, rejects a suitor with scorn, for, he wooes with 'the pride of triumph in his eyes', with authority and not with a sense of equality. Kalā, at one place, expresses herself thus:

Men are cruel. When have they understood womanhood? And yet, they demand the affections of women as of right.....They do not want a wife to share their ideals. They only want lifeless statues, which could be sacrificed on the altar of their whims.... Men have always treated women as belonging to a lower strata. Rāmcandra taught that the duty of a king was higher than his duty as a husband. Dharmarāja proved that a gambler's word was more sacred than his wife's honour. Manu treated women as mere objects of men's lust. Law-makers laid it down that women were the property of men. Moralists saw in women mere cunning fetters. What more is left now? Woman means an obedient slave, dust for man's feet to tread on..... And yet woman loves man with all her heart.

In *Avasāna*, Death, a lonely widow is driven to give up her intended remarriage with her lover as her little child prefers to die rather than share its mother's affections with any one. In *Mālatī*, the neglected wife of an elderly professor absorbed in his work, decides to stick to her helpless husband rather than go away with her lover because the two men arrange between them that the husband should renounce her in favour of the lover.

Jasodano Jīvana-vikāsa, which is really a novel, describes how a village girl is wedded to a fashionable young man in Bombay; how his people, with lofty condescension, coerce her into adopting an up-to-date manner of life; how the heroine, poor Jasoda, in spite of all her efforts to satisfy the whims of her husband, is only a pawn in his game to secure the affections of a fashionable beauty; how Jasoda declines to be untrue to herself, and leaves for her village; and how the husband, rejected by the beauty, finds his mainstay finally in Jasoda. In this story the motives which inspire feminine rivalry are described with great skill and the husband of Jasoda, as usual, is meted out more than stern justice.

In *Bhuddhiśālīno Akhāḍo*, the heroine, who prefers to marry one out of a number of admirers, is victimised by the rejected admirers, every one of whom has his motives dissected with malicious delight. In *Lagane Lagane Kuṅvārālāla*, Ready for Every Marriage Season, the callous indifference of the oft-marrying Hindu is vivisected with terrible precision.

In *Vanamalanī Diary*, The Story of a Tragic Fall, an educated Hindu widow has been a victim of the immoral attentions of her brother-in-law and is compelled to take service as an actress in a Bombay theatre. Vanamala, or, to use the name she has adopted, Vasantasena, is at first shocked at the treatment given to her by her vulgar associates. The sensitive woman prays for death. Slowly an optimistic note creeps into her diary. It is a trial for her to act the love scenes. She is shy. She has the strict notions of a Hindu woman of culture. Her life so far has been a tragedy. How can she act like the wife of the principal actor, the horrid Shankar? She cries

in the solitude of her room. She prays for strength. She seeks the solace of the company of Tarubala, another actress. Next day, prayers give her strength, and she plays the wife to Shankar with greater self-control. The actor takes some liberties with her, but she is now reconciled to his ways. She discovers that she loves good dresses. As the days go by, she acquires a sneaking admiration for Shankar. Shankar is so splendid and her own looks are so glorious! At last the drama is staged and Vanmala makes it a tremendous success. Her joy knows no bounds.

I shall get fame and money. I shall no longer be a beggar, an outcast from society, but a queen dominating the minds of men. Women will now try to imitate me. They will be proud to look like me. The outcaste Vanamala will do all this. No, not Vanamala. She is dead It will be done by Vasantasena. Today, I have broken with the world in which I was born. I belong to none—no, not to anyone. I do not care for anyone. I am I; I can do what I like.

She recklessly pursues a downward course. Another play is staged; and Vasantasena is now a famous actress. She records the homage paid to her by 'rich fools': "Often such monkeys come to see and flatter me. There is scarcely any one who is attracted by my art." One night, after the play, the boy, whom once she knew as an infant and to whom her mother had pledged her years ago, walks in with profuse apologies, and enquires whether she is Vanamala whom he once knew. He has been to England for study and on his return has lost sight of his old playmate. The diary records:

For a moment my heart stood still. Memory revived numerous incidents of my childhood connected with an image so well carved in my memory. My soul, struggling to be free from this hell, was tempted for a moment. But freedom is not so easy for me. My eyes, fixed on his face, saw his manliness and honesty. But I equally read a nameless fear, a struggle eloquently writ there. In a firm voice I replied, "No, I am not Vanamala."

She gulps down a glass of wine and laughs sardonically. The last entry records:

What is the use of recording a life so hollow as mine? Is it not better to spend the time in taking more wine?

This terrible indictment of the man-made world has not been surpassed in Gujarātī literature.

VIII

But this attitude does not carry the author the full length of a militant feminist. In her essay on *Strinā Svatantra Vyaktitvano Svikāra,* Independent Personality of Women Accepted, she writes:

In creating the world of to-morrow, man will not be the sole agent; not even the woman by herself. It will be created by a new force, in which the individuality of both will have been harmonised.

Anubhava Vinānā, again a short novel, depicts the struggle of inexperienced lovers against misfortune and poverty. But by far the best work of this kind is *Pānca Patro,* Five Letters, a story told in letters written by an artist, Malavika, to her friend, Taralika. In the first letter she writes to her married friend:

Taralika, I cannot like an ordinary woman marry and be happy. Excuse me, if I appear proud, but I am born to be a queen. It is not in me to be humble and to cater to some one's happiness. I cannot be a garland of victory to some hero ....

The second letter records the arrival of the lover.

I have fallen in love. The other day, I doubted whether I could love any living man. But now he has come with a master's authority, uninvited, and occupies my heart. I am willing to give up a world's dominion for a small house.... Taralika! Can you conceive for whom I am writing all this? He is still unknown to me. I do not know him fully, or, rather, he does not know me fully. For, my soul knows him well for ages .... I cannot understand how people can look at him with coolness or indifference. If there is svayamvara in Heaven, whom will the goddesses choose but him?

Her notions of art undergo a change. 'Art never comes to a lonely heart .... The art of every ancient master twined round the figure of his beloved.'

The third letter expresses a more lyrical ecstacy, a complete surrender. In a style which reaches a high strung expressiveness, Malavikā informs her friend of her betrothal.

You know what love is. I have seen love, as it flowed out of your dancing eyes, enveloping your husband. But my love is different. My eyes alone do not merely feel satisfied when I look at him; every particle of my body and soul long to be merged in him, to be a part of him. Lovers intensely desire to become part of those they love; but my individuality reaches the Nirvāṇa of love only when it is completely lost in him. I cannot be a light shining apart from him. The ultimate goal of my love is to unite our two lights in one indivisible

flame. But why do I say 'ultimate?' Even now there is no beginning and no end. . . . I know he will stand by me, and protect me in life as in death. And I? I am his. Who dares to separate him from me? No, not even the god of death himself.

The proud artist has learnt what religion could not teach her.

Religion teaches by coercion; by love, one learns without efforts. . . . . Artistic life was wonderful. A life of love is perfect. I had to hold on to art, but love has a supreme hold over me. . . . . . Love is more eternal even than truth. We have to distinguish between the shades of eternal truth, but love is the same in every clime and in every people.

The fourth letter is also in the same vein.

. . . . . The very idea that I can live without him sounds unnatural. To-day when he is absent, I feel that the sun shines no more with its usual light, that I am living in a deserted place. God! Suppose he passed out of my life! The very thought is fearful. But no! The day he passes out of my life I will have ceased to live. . . . . . We are not unaware of each other's imperfections. He is dearer to me because of his imperfections. And imperfect as I am, he is not sorry to have accepted me. . . . . . Let the world feel happy over his perfections. To me his imperfections are priceless.

Malavika's lover has gone on a short journey. Four days later, an assistant in her studio writes to Taralika to come immediately; Makaranda, the lover, has died in an accident, and Malavika has been senseless since she heard the news. But before Taralika can start, Malavika dies. Her message of farewell is contained in the fifth letter.

Taralika, your Malavika is now wandering in unrelieved darkness. Her king, her soul, Makaranda, has left the world. She is now alone in this fearful wilderness. . . . . . Sister mine, forgive me. . . . . . I cannot see anything nor understand what people say. I only hear one voice calling out, "Malavika! Malavika." Friend, my king calls me. Yes, it is the same voice again. Lord, I am coming. . . . . .

I cannot bear this. No, I cannot. I cannot live, cannot die. Life is gone. Death mocks me by its dilatoriness, and my lover must be waiting there for me. Even on his death-bed, he never forgot my name. Oh, beloved, why don't you take me away from this bondage. . . . . .

Look! My eyes are now dry. They smile, for I am looking into his eyes. I cannot now read these letters. I cannot write. My love, in a sweet divine voice, commands me. Taruba, let me listen to him. . . . . . Taruba, I just saw my lord, divinely beautiful. . . . . Taralika, dear, I am going. . . . . I am so happy, Taru, with my love.

Gujarātī prose rises to a lyrical greatness in this little story, so remarkable for its emotional intensity,

IX

Rekhācitro consists of character-sketches (i) of mythical, historical and literary personalities and (ii) of contemporary men and women, mostly Gujarātīs. Of the sketches under the first head, those of Padminī, Joan of Arc and Shelley are effusive, but by far the best are those of Draupadī and Aspasia. In *Draupadī*, the author finds a subject after her own heart, a powerful, strong-minded, ambitious woman, dominating an almost international situation pregnant with passion and strife. Full justice has been done to this flaming heroine of mythology. In *Strīomān Vasantāvatāra*, The Spring of Womanhood, the character of Aspasia and her association with the great Pericles have been brilliantly and appreciatively drawn.

The sketches, which fall under the second head, are more in the nature of what are known as thumb-nail sketches. In each there is a small portrait, drawn by a few sure strokes which bring out the individuality of the persons treated in accurate relief. At places the author's penetrating glance almost vivisects the person and a few suggestive phrases describe the motive-springs which actuate him. The author in some of these has achieved great success in the difficult art of being intimate and vivid, true and unsparing and has given to the literature a new form of art.

X

Batubhai Lalbhai Umarvadia (Born 1899) has written several one-act plays, which are now collected in two volumes: *Matsyagandhā and Gāngeya* (1925) and *Mālādevī ane Bijā Nāṭako* (1927). He has also written short stories and articles, the best of the series being *Kamaḷa-na Patro*. He has a very lively prose style, and has the gift of selecting a piquant psychological situation and enlivening it by his art. His *Lomaharshiṇī* is a little play about a man who, in moments of ecstacy, recognises a face beloved in some past life. The atmosphere full of mystery has been very skilfully produced. The author loves to utter an unexpected or awkward truth with the aggressive self-confidence of a fanatic and takes a sardonic delight in tearing the mask off moral and psychological sores.

XI

Ramanlal Vasantlal Desai (Born 1892) is the author of two plays *Sanyuktā* (1920) and *Śankita Hṛdaya* (1925); and of novels styled *Jayanta* (1925), *Śirīsha* (1927), *Kokilā* (1928), *Hṛdayanātha* (1930), *Snehayajna* (1931); *Divyacakshu* (1931), *Bansarī* (1932), *Grāmya Mātā*, (1933) and of other miscellaneous works. The author's style is refined, flowing and unobtrusive, at times graceful. *Śankita Hṛdaya*, The Suspicious Heart, is a play on the old model, but written in an arresting style. The stories, which are told with fluency, contain situations of great possibility and depict modern middle class life in Gujarāta. A strong note of admiration for modern Gujarātī life runs through all his works.

Of all novels of topical interest published after the Satyāgraha campaign of 1930, *Divyacakshu* is perhaps the most enjoyable. It is a story with wealth of incident. Non-violence, flag-salutation, procession, lathi-charge, congress hospital, jail, trial, removal of untouchability, love, self-sacrifice and heroism are all there; but one cannot help wishing that the author had worked out his situations more fully or worked on only a few. Everyone is so good, so noble, so much of a type, down to the superintendent of police and the magistrate, that one misses the actual atmosphere of political life. A pale atmosphere of heroic resolve and conduct, curiously unrealistic, pervades the whole work.

Snehayajna is a very well-told story of lovers, Kirit and Minakshi. Due to misunderstanding, Minakshi marries Surendra. Disappointment drives Kirit to the career of a terrorist and the cult of class-war. Years later, Kirit meets Minakshi, now Lady Surendra, wife of the Minister of Education. Old love revives; both the lovers realise their position; and each one separately decides to step aside to make the other happy. Kirit restores the domestic peace of Sir Surendra; Minakshi induces Kirit to marry Chameli, a charming girl whom Kirit had saved from kidnappers. Both Minakshi and Chameli are well drawn, and the final scene is drawn with rare delicacy of touch. The background of terrorism and class-war is vaguely drawn, and

its unreality renders Kirit untrue to life, and parts of the novel weak. This novel is noteworthy as being the first attempt in the language by an author of recognised merit to introduce such a lurid background so happily unfamiliar to present day Gujarata. *Grāmya-Mātā* tries to depict village life with unrealistic fervour.

XII

The realistic tendency in modern literature is nowhere more traceable than in the treatment of ordinary life with humour, satire and mockery. The old tradition of Dalpatram and Ramanbhai of writing an extravagant satire round an absurd character and impossible incidents have been kept up by a number of authors, prominent among whom are Hariprasad G. Bhatt known as Masta Fakir and Jagjivan T. Kothari who writes under the name of Olya Joshi. But mere fun derived in this manner is entirely different in quality from the humourous presentation of life, which alone has a permanent value in literature.

Ramnarayan Visvanath Pathak (Born 1887) is the author of short stories collected under the name of *Dvirefa-nī-Vāto*, The Stories of Dvirefa (1929), and of *Svaira Vihāra*, Irresponsible Rambles (1931) and a few charming poems. He has a delightfully telling style, invariably rich, and often picturesque. His humour is blended with pathos. He can pursue almost anything with a light playfulness or with an air of delicious mock-politeness. He avoids uproarious fun, and in both his works false notes are rare.

Svairavihāra is a collection of comments, which the author wrote, month after month, in his magazine *Prasthāna*. In this delightful little book, he has ranged over many subjects, developing them with great skill. He has shown no mercy to romanticism. Its exhuberance, conceits and lack of contact with the realities of life are targets for his sly and nimble attack. He has disguised his prejudices with the air of being an unimpeachable moralist. His criticism has been above pettiness, even when he has drawn blood. The author is at his best in ridiculing the artificial restriction of untouchability, not

only with reference to human beings, but also to things like food cooked in water or contaminated by anything considered impure by religion or usage.

> If a scavenger touches a thing, it becomes untouchable; if a high class Hindu is touched by a scavenger, he also becomes untouchable; but if he takes a bath, he becomes pure again. If you want to take coins touched by a dheḍa, you must sprinkle them with water. Water renders flour untouchable, but coins touchable. If a dheda touches clothes, they have to be washed before use, but if he touches a piece of cotton cloth not yet brought to use, a mere sprinkle of water will do. A cap, under similar circumstances, need not even be sprinkled with water; the touch of a Muslim will make it touchable. But if you touch a Muslim after your bath, the purifying effect of the bath will disappear. You can eat your food only after you have again taken your bath. Ghee (clarified butter) is never rendered untouchable. Just as scientists deal with electricity with the aid of an instrument with a glass handle, it would not be improper to touch a dheḍa with an instrument made of clarified butter. One can certainly beat a dheḍa with a stick of butter .... Once lāḍus (sweets) had been prepared in large quantities and kept in one huge pot. A dog touched it. But preparing sweets over again was an expensive job, and would, moreover, take time. Our elders decided that the touch of a dog would not make all the sweets untouchable, but only just enough to equal its weight. We removed a dog-weight of sweets from the pot and ate the rest. But it was just as well that only a dog had touched them. What if it had been an elephant! But perhaps the touch of an elephant would not have rendered anything untouchable. But suppose it had been an ass!

Not a statement here is extravagantly conceived, and the presentation is enough to achieve the artistic effect.

XIII

The short stories are not so faultless. The author has not been able to sustain the spirit of mockery. When the pathos of the situation develops, the humourist vanishes. The incident round which a story turns is not so natural and realistic as the pictures woven into it. *Khemi*, in parts, is a wonderful story. It portrays the life-story of a scavenger woman. To have invested a subject of this kind with romantic interest and at the same time to make it correspond to actual life would have tried the art of even a master. And it is not surprising that the author should not have been able to maintain in the latter half of the story the splendid level which he attained in the beginning.

Dhaniya and Khemi are husband and wife, recently married, scavengers by caste and profession, low caste untouchables doomed to a degraded life. There is a caste dinner in the street which it is the lot of these unfortunates to sweep. The man who is giving the dinner orders them to sit at one end of the street to prevent unwelcome dogs from entering the street while the high-class guests are occupied with their dinner. The two lovers, engaged with their humble romance, let a stray dog enter the street. Confusion follows; and the host, wroth with the neglectful scavengers, drives them away. Humiliated, heart-broken, deprived of the crumbs of a rich dinner to which they had looked forward with such joy, they leave the locality. Khemi had got Dhaniya to take a vow never to touch alcohol; but, seeing his depression, she permits him to have a drink.

The tragedy of their life begins. Dhaniya, once the vow is broken, lets himself go, becomes a drunkard, and often beats and abuses Khemī. She runs away to Nadiad, and obtains employment as a scavenger in the municipality. But she loves her poor husband and cannot help going back to him. Debts have accumulated, and are paid in part by moneys borrowed on the pledge of Khemi's ornaments.

Then the story begins to suffer in execution. She sees her husband in the grip of despair and vice, but has no heart to quarrel with him or to deny him anything. Later, he dies. Left alone, she feels that her husband died because they had not the money to fulfil a vow taken by him. An astrologer advises her to fulfil it as the benefit will go to her husband though he is dead. She goes back to her work and drudges wearily for seven long years to collect the money wherewith to fulfil the vow. She receives offers of remarriage but declines to accept them; for she still loves Dhaniya's memory.

The story ends with her message to a wooer that it is too late to patch up her life by a second marriage. And the reader is left with a half-suppressed sob, contemplating the tragic greatness of this humble, lonely woman.

By portraying Khemi, the author has vindicated the modern literary point of view of seeking romance even among the lowliest of the lowly.

XIV

The works of Dhansukhlal Krishnalal Mehta (Born 1890) are: *Huṅ Sarala ane Mitramaṇḍala*, I, Sarala and Friends, (1920); *Asādhāraṇa Anubhava ane Bījī Vāto*, Uncommon Experiences and Other Stories (1924); *Bhūla no Bhoga ane Bīcāro*, The Victim of a Blunder (1921); *Vinoda Vihāra*, Humorous Sketches (1931); *Hāsyavihāra* (1931); *Vārta Vihār* (1932); and *Bhutnā Bhāḍkā* (1932). The unevenness and profusion with which the author writes have obscured a just appreciation of his position in literature as a humourist. In his best pieces the style is homely, racy, colloquial, always subordinating style to manner of presentation. He never goes far afield in search of humour, but finds it in the actual work-a-day life around him. Dhansukhlal's art can be fully enjoyed only by a man who has sometime or other lived in a small town in Gujarāta. As you read his works you almost come to love the everyday life of modern Gujarāta in spite of its shortcomings.

Jyotindra Hariharshanker Dave's (Born 1901) humourous sketches are written in a characteristic rambling fashion and have hardly any plot or incident. Paragraphs very often look like long parentheses. He never sneers, never tries to be funny, never cracks a joke. He goes round and round some foible in such detail and with such solemnity, that a fabric rises, like a tower of Babel, but only to topple over the next minute under the sheer weight of absurdity. He has a sure eye to human weakness which he exposes by being whimsical about them. In this, he is aided by the resources of a very refined style, rich imagination and a well-stored memory. *Ranga Taranga* (1932), Whims and Fancies, contains a collection of marvellous skits. His elaborate and whimsical introduction to *Alpātmā-nu-Atmapurāṇa*, Autobiography of an Insignificant Soul, is a masterpiece. *Mārī Noṅdhapothī*, My Diary (1933) is also a remarkable work, in which comments on

current topics are elevated to the level of humorous literature. The author is also a sound and promising literary critic, and has ably reviewed current literature for years in the *Gujarāta*.

XV

Since the days of Dalpatram, the folklore of Kaṭhiāvāḍa has exercised a weird fascination on the minds of literary men of Gujarāta. For centuries, the little peninsula has been the battleground of small but sturdy races, whose primitive instincts have not yet been totally subjugated by the civilizing forces which rule the mainland. The country is woody, hilly and in part barren. And herdsmen and kolis, kāthis and rajputas live there in fierce hostility to men and nature. At places, the primitive traditions of their fore fathers is their only law.

Every hamlet has its little durbar, a garasia who maintains the dignity of his descent with pride and zeal. He is the bapu, the lord and master, who holds a tiny court, and has a family bard. He talks ceremoniously, and rides about on his sprightly mare dreaming of heroic deeds. He is gay in his own way, and makes love violently, and in chivalry can give points to the knights of mediaeval Europe. He holds life cheap, his own and that of others; he will go to the Gira forest and calmly face a lion, single handed; and the slightest insult will turn him into a deadly outlaw. He defends his family honour or his acre of land with the same grim determination with which Raṇā Pratāpa of Mevāḍa defied the invaders of India. His women are robust, fierce, untamable, who love violently and observe an inexorable law of loyalty to their lord. Even in these days, given provocation, he will like a knight errant attack a wedding party and carry off the bride on his brave steed , and an unwilling bride, not uncommonly, will send word to her lover to save her in high romantic style from a threatened marriage. Every village has its little battlefield; every family has its palias, the little stone monuments which mark the spot where its members fell fighting.

It was left to some authors of this period not only to

rescue a part of this orally preserved literature, but to bring its wealth of passion, imagination and expression into the pool of modern Gujarātī literature. Many men have dedicated themselves to the study of this cāraṇi (bardic) literature, and volumes of it have already been published.

XVI

Zaverchand Kalidas Meghani (Born 1897) has been a prominent worker in this field. Himself a poet, he has dedicated himself to the work of making this literature available to modern Gujarāta in a comprehensible form. He has published many stories in a series of volumes entitled *Saurāshṭranī Rasadhārā,* The Poetic Stream of Saurāshtra. His prose style has absorbed some elements of the cāraṇi style.

Some of his stories testify to the cordial relations which existed between Hindus and Mussalmans in the pre-British period. When Haloji, the Rajputa prince of Rānpur, after successfully resisting the attempts of the Sultan of Ahmedabad to convert him to Islam, returns home, his brother's wife does not let him touch water because he has lived with Muslims. In high dudgeon, he goes back to the Sultan and accepts Islam. But when Mussalman dacoits attempt to rob the Hindus of Rānpur of their cows, he fights them sword in hand and rescues the sacred cattle. When he dies, he is canonised as Hala Pir by the Muslims; but his widow gets the Sultan to grant the land surrounding his tomb in charity for grazing cows.

Another story runs thus. The Sumra of Sindh covets the beautiful daughter of a Jat convert to Islam. In the fight which ensues between him and the Jats, over a thousand of the latter are killed, and the rest seek the aid of the Paramāras. Hundreds of Mussalman Jats and the Rajputa Paramāras lay down their lives side by side for the honour of a Mussalman maid. On the hill of Mandava, two men lie mortally wounded, one a Muslim, the other a Hindu. The Mussalman, in his last moments, sees his blood flowing out in a stream to mingle with that of his Hindu friend. But he is a loyal friend; he

does not want his Mussalman blood to pollute his friend's Hindu blood in the moment of death. As he lies dying, with trembling hands he builds a little ridge of dust between them two to divert the stream of his blood. The Paramāra sees this last act of friendliness, but will not brook the spirit of estrangement which lies behind it. With dying breath he shouts, "Isa! Remove the ridge. Let us not remain separate even in death!"

Many sects in Kāṭhiavāḍa followed both the Hindu and Muslim forms of worship. The verses of Kahandas Medu, an orthodox Hindu, who successfully prayed to a Muslim Pir for his release from British hands, illustrate the common bond which subsisted between the two communities.

This wicked brown one[1] is angry. He has fastened iron fetters on me; put me in a cell; locked me in; and placed guards on it. Oh, merciful Mahomed Pir of the Sea! Come to my help and break my fetters.

He speaks in an incomprehensible tongue; he puts on a short coat; he is merciless; he has a gun in his hand, a hat on his head. He does not care for the good and the saintly. He eats things which both the Hindus and the Muslims hold in horror. Oh, merciful Mahomed Pir of the Sea! Come to my help and break my fetters.

He is not a Kshatri, not a Śūdra, not a Vaiśya, not a Brahmāṇa. He is neither a Hindu nor a Mussalman. What is his caste? He is unclean; he eats uneatables; he bathes without clothes. Oh, merciful Mahomed Pir of the Sea! Come to my help and break my fetters.

He observes neither the ida nor the utsava. He does not bow to the village deities. He has no Koran, no Gīta, no sacred acts. He does not speak the language of the gods; he is not reliable; he is treacherous both ways. Oh! merciful Mahomed Pir of the Sea! Come to my help and break my fetters.

The story of *Sohiṇī-Mehār* is a love story common to the folklore of Kaccha, Kāṭhiāvāḍa and Sindha. Sohiṇī, the daughter of a potter, every mid-night, crosses the Indus with the aid of well-baked earthen pot to meet her lover Mehār. When he comes to know of it, her father, preferring honour to his daughter's life, substitutes an unbaked pot for the one with which she crosses the river. That night, the pot dissolves in mid-river. Her father has out-witted her; he has chosen that she should die in water than live in dishonour!

She hears the distant notes of her lover's flute. She struggles against the waves with her tired arms. But

1 The Europeans were in the last century styled bhura, the brown.

her progress is very slow. Time flies, and she feels anxious about her lover's impatience. She has to swim a long way; but she can no longer do so. 'And she saw Israel, the Angel of death, before her and her heart left to meet her lover.' As she sinks, her piteous cries ring out, "Mehar! Mehar!" The impatient Mehar hears his beloved's voice, throws his flute away, and weak with wounds though he is, flings himself into the river. Sohiṇī is caught by the dread reptiles of the waters, and with her last breath she cries, "Mehar! go back. I am caught by the reptiles." But Mehar swims fast and furiously, but is too late to save her. Sohiṇī is drowned. With her name on his lips, her lover also gives up his efforts to swim and sinks— to rise no more.

The morning breaks. The corpses of the lovers are found ashore, united in death as they tried to be in life. And the world gives them a common grave.

Meghani's poems are also moulded on the old poetry of Kāṭhiāvaḍa, and, except where quaint and archaic features predominate, they provide striking modern editions of old world songs. *Chello Katoro*, Last Cup, contains the message which he sent to Mahātmā Gandhi when the latter left for England in 1930 to attend the Round Table Conference. In this piece the poet has caught with rare art the shades of feeling prevalent in Gujarāta on that occasion.

XVII

Damodar Khushaldas Botadker (1870-1924) the author of several poems, now collected in five volumes, *Kallolinī* (1912), *Srotasvinī* (1918) *Nirzariṇī* (1929) *Rāsa-taraṅgiṇī* (1923) and *Śaivalinī* (1930). He was at his best in describing objects of nature and domestic affections.

Keshav Sheth (Born 1889) is a poet of considerable charm and originality. One of his poems, *Bhavāṭavī*, illustrates how the elements of the old vairagya poetry have been fused with those of modern English poetry to produce a fresh poetic and artistic impulse.

I have lost my way, I wander day and night. Saints! Lead me to the path.

In my native land the sun never rose and set every day. Eternal splendour illumined it; its light pierced through the skies to reach the earth. Saints, lead me to the path.

Here, the hot breezes of the world blows out the lamp in every home here; life is stunted. But in my land, immortals live. Saints! Lead me to the path.

My life, here, swings on a dream of transient love which blooms at morn and dies at eve. Saints! Lead me to the path divine.

Fire burns at every step; darkness blinds the eye. The mortal frame is weary with the load of life. I have lost my way. Saints! Lead me to the path immortal.[1]

Chandravadan Chimanlal Mehta's (Born 1901) *Ilākāvya* consists of sonnets deliciously playful or inexpressibly sad, written on two young ladies, since dead, whom the author looked upon as sisters. The last poem, *Visarjana*, describing maddening grief with graphic extravagance is a characteristic poem.

Lord! Quench all Thy planets in the sea: End this mighty dance of Yours, I pray. And if, when the final destructive waters spread, Your strength fails You—take the tears as they well forth from my eyes.

When fiery winds blow over the worlds, and shatter the fathomless caves scorching the earth as they roar, if one mighty wind You want—take one of the sighs, seething in my heart; it will be enough.

If when the sky is overcast with glowing cinders, as the lightning-riven mountains burst out in flames, You want thunder, stunning as Indra's bolt—Oh!—borrow a stray throb from my heart.

This sigh and tear, and the throb of my heart, will form part then, Oh Lord, when a new creation is born.[2]

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1. भूली पंथ भमुं दिन रात रे, कोइ संत वतावो जी वाट:
ऊगे सूरज वळी आथमे एवी न्होती म्हारी मूळ भोम ;
ज्योति अखंड झगे जहिं, जेनां तेज ढळे वींधी व्योमः
कोइ संत वतावो ए वाट.

संसारने हूने वायरे थाय घरघरना दीप गुल ;
जीवन एवां अहिंनां व्हेंतियां: म्हारे मुलक अमरोनां कुळ :
कोइ संत वतावो ए वाट :

उषाने अधरे खीलतो ने सन्ध्याने कांठे विलाय ;
एवा रे स्नेहने सोणले म्हारुं जीवतर झोलां खाय ;
कोइ संत वतावो दिंव्य वाट:

पगले पगले पावक प्रजळे, आंख्ये ठर्यो अन्धकार,
पामर देहनी पीठ पडी वही भवरण केरो भार:
हवे संत दोरो सुरवाट.

2. प्रभो ! छंकारी दे सकळ ग्रह, तारा, उदधिमां,
अने संकेली ले घडिकमहिं आ रास रमवा ;

The world revolutions have found their echoes in many poems. Ramchandra Shukla's (Born 1905) sonnet on *Āndhi*, Tornado, is a resounding song of hope.

Tribhuvan Purshottam Luhara—Sundaram—(Born 1908) is a young poet of great promise, whose poems, collected in *Kāvyamangalā*, (1933) indicate the new spirit.

When the world is drenched by endless monsoon showers, I am also wet. But all things flower, why alone should I wither—the question arises, heart confounding.

The mountain-peak—is it to be seen only? Is it to bear the lightning bolts—to be shattered only? Will stones never blossom? No? Will man never sprout forth something new?[1]

चढी चोपासे जो प्रलयपूर व्यापे पलकमां,
ग्रही लेजे मारुं दृगजल खूट्ये शक्तिमहिमा !
त्रूटे गेबी गुहा, अनलसरखा विश्वफरता
फरे झंझावातो, फरी फरी बधुंये जग सीसे ;
खूटे ए वायु तो हृदयभरमां दाह दवता
निसासामांथी ये प्रलयपूर तो एक ग्रहजे !
अने प्हाडोना जो वीजतणखथी काठेज फुटे,
उना अंगाराथी गगनपट व्यापे रजरजे,
परंतु वज्रोशा दृढ वीजकडाका कदी खूटे,
अरे आ हैयानी उरधबक एकाद ग्रहजे !
निसासा, आँसु ने उरधबक सर्वे मुज वही
थशे नक्की देवा ! तुज मय नवा सर्जन महीं.

1 झरंत धारे नवलक्ष वर्षा,
भींजाय पृथ्वी, पलळुं य हुं त्यां,
खीले बधां ने करमाउं हुं कां ?
मूंझावता हृदय प्रश्न उठे तड्की.
शुं टोच तो मात्र निहाळवानी ?
के वीजळीघा सही तूटवानी ?
शुं पत्थरे पल्लव बेसशे—ना ?
शुं फूटशे अवर कैं नहिं मानवीथी ?

In *Jindagīnā Navāṇe*, he voices the feelings of Gujarātī lovers as they spend their days in jail instead of in their homes during Āshaḍha, the month made sacred for parted lovers by *Meghadūta*.

In my land, once our joys were such as these; to-day our lot is to enjoy the night of love in other ways. In prisons our bodies are cast; angry destruction is everywhere; from our heart's deep caves resounds the war cry of heroes, when clouds are threatening overhead and the season of life is changing.[1]

And a wild song of vaulting ambition which characterizes vain man in these days is *Śunyaśesha*, Nothing Left, by Krishnalal Shridharani (Born 1911) in his work *Kodiyān*. (1934)

No, I will not lie in dust, dirty, and trodden by the feet of cattle. Flushed with wealth and pomp I will stand, obstructing the sky-kissing palace, and the pride of Kubera. But I will not be content. Great as a world-conqueror I will be, holding sway over nine continents washed by the seven seas; I will bestride a flaming volcano, and grasp the heavens with my hands.[2]

Planets, flitting comets, starry mist, aye, stars will shine like a crown on my proud head. And round my all pervading body, the milky way—the stream of gods—like unto a garland of glittering lights—will be but a waist band.

Now Thou alone is left: I spring to seize Thee. The Father—does he lie at my feet? Yes: I stand all—enveloping, looking down on Thee rolling in dust.[2]

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1. मारा देशे पण सुख वर्धां एकदा एम माण्यां,
आजे जूदी प्रणयरजनी माणवानी अमारे:
कारागारे अम तन पड्यां शृंखलाना पथारे,
रौद्रा लीला अवर प्रगटे, मर्दनां जंगगाणां
ऊठे गाजी जनजन तणां अन्तरोने उंडाणे,
ज्यारे वारे घन उलटता जीन्दगीने नवाणे

2. नहिं ! नहिं ज पालवे शयन पांसुपे पाशवी
खरी, चरण, डावला मलिन स्पर्श मेली वनी :
उभीश अवरोधतो गगनचुंबी प्रासादने,
श्रीमंत मुज वैभवे, धनकुबेरना नादने.
न तोय परितृप्तिः सप्त जलसागरे गाजता
नवे नव द्वीपे, भूपे, सकळलोकमां राजताः
जहांगीर-महान को भरख-ज्वाल-ज्वालामुखी
तणे मुख विराजीने गगनने भरुं हुं मूठी.

And a little thing of beauty by Umāshankar Joshi (Born 1911) from his *Gangotri* (1934).

Love, at eventide Venus, speck-like, will shine on the forehead of the West, twinkling in momentary flashes. In this light, come and stand for a while, your eye hooked to it. I will come there and hook my eye to it too. And love, when eye with eye shall have been strung, we shall swing on it. There we shall meet.[1]

Among the promising poets may also be mentioned Sundarji Betai, Mansukhlal Jhaveri, Ramanlal Vakil and Sneharaśmi.

XVIII

History has been generally neglected by Gujarātī authors. Mahadeva Haribhai Desai (Born 1892), however, in his *Bārdoli Satyāgraha* (1928) has provided a remarkable specimen of this branch of literature. In this work the author is not content to give a mere narrative of events. He is vivid without being picturesque, and achieves literary effect without apparent effort. When one writes about contemporary events in the shaping of which himself and his associates had a large share, it is well-nigh impossible to maintain balance and self-restraint. But Mahadeva

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ग्रहो, तरल धूमकेतुय, निहारिका तारला,
मुकुट सम राजता महत मानवी-हुं-शिरेः
प्रदीप विच्चिमाल्यशी सुरसरितनी मेखला,
विराट मम देहनी कटिपरे प्रभा विकिरे.
हवे तुं कर आमळुं ! उछळतो तने झालवाः
पिता मुज पदे पडयो ? मलिन पांसुपे न्याळवा
तने, शरीर आ विराट मुज आज आडुं खडुं.

1. सखे ! सन्ध्याकाले,
प्रतीचीने भाले टिलडी टमके शुक्रकणिका,
पलक झबके ज्योत क्षणिका.
थती तेजोवृष्टि,
परोवी त्यां दृष्टि अनिमिष घडी वार उभजे !
हुंय नजर सांधीश तहीं, ने.
सुरश्मि अंकोरे,
सखे ! दष्टिदोरे पळ उमळकेथी झुली रही,
उभय मळशुं आपण तहीं.

Desai has attempted the impossible with success. His *Vīra Vallabhbhai* (1928) and *Sant Francis* (1933) are biographical sketches written with great literary skill and deserve a high place in the literature of the kind.

More than one literary history of Gujarāta has been written. Dahyabhai Derasari's (Born 1857) *Sathī-na Sāhtiyanu Digdarśana*, Review of The Literature of Sixty Years, gave a valuable survey of the literary activities of the age of Narmad. D. B. Krishnalal Mohanlal Jhaveri's (Born 1868) two volumes, written in English, *Milestones* (1914), and *Further Milestones in Gujerati Literature* (1921)[1] constitute the first attempt at presenting a connected history of Gujarātī literature since the times of Narsinha Mehtā. The Reports of the Sāhitya Parishad are a valuable mine for the future literary historian. Mohanlal Dalichand Desai provides a comprehensive cyclopaedia of Jaina poets in *Jaina Gurjara Kavio* Vol. I (1926) Vol. II (1931). *Gujarāti Sahitya* (1929), edited by me, is a collection of articles by well-known scholars on the tendencies in literature from Narsinha Mehtā to Dayarāma.

Literary and historical research has been steadily carried on during this period under the auspices of many societies and institutions including the Gujarati Forbes Sabhā at Bombay, the Gaekwad's Oriental Research Department at Baroda, the Gujarāta Vernacular Society and the Purātatva Mandir at Ahmedabad, and by several individual scholars.

Biography did not advance much beyond the elementary efforts of Mahipatram's early efforts, *Karsondas Mulji nuṅ cāritra* and *Durgaram Mehtaji nuṅ Cartria*, till 1910, when Kantilal Chhaganlal Pandya (Born 1886) wrote an excellent life of Govardhanram Tripathi. Vinayak Nandshankar Mehta wrote the biography of his father, *Nandshankarjīvanacitra* (1917), in which the times and contemporary personalities are portrayed with remarkable vividness. Shankarprasad Chhaganlal Raval (Born 1888), a literary critic of note, in his *Daya-*

1. They have been translated into Gujarātī.

rāmacaritra (1919) has provided a highly appreciative survey of the life and work of the poet. Viśvanāth Maganlal Bhatt's (Born 1898) *Vīra Narmad* (1933) is, however, the only well documented and brilliantly written biography in the language.

XIX

The journalistic achievements of Gujarāta are great. A new tradition was set up by Haji Mahomed Allarakhia Shivji, a Khoja author, by starting *Vīsmī Sadī* in 1917. It was an illustrated magazine, high-class from the point of view both of literature and art, and almost all the best authors and artists of Gujarāta contributed to its unique popularity. Its brilliant career came to an end in 1921. In 1922, *Gujarāta* began to be published on similar lines[1]; but its traditions were different as it was the organ of Sāhitya Sansad, a literary society with pronounced modern tendencies. *Navacetana* in Calcutta and *Śardā* in Rajkot pursue similar lines. *Kumāra* has uniformly maintained a high level in art and literature.

Sāhitya, edited by Matubai Hargovandas Kantavala (Died 1933) published many works of Old Gujarāti poets. Matubhai as a critic exercised great influence on modern literature by the sanity and justice of his literary notices. Merciless on faults of style and grammar, he fought with unwavering zeal a losing battle for a return to the simple and non-Saṁskṛtic style. He was also the author of several short stories collectively published under the names of a *Saṁsāra-līlā* (1931) and *Vitak-nī vāto* (1932).

Prasthāna provides thoughtful reading. *Kaumudī* now the organ of the Sahitya Sansad is a carefully edited magazine mainly devoted to literary criticism. Vijayrai Kalyanrai, (Born 1897) its editor, is a brilliant stylist and a powerful critic. As a critic he is intensely human; he applauds, judges or condemns with the living sympathies of a literary artist and thus introduces valuable elements of creative imagination into his judgment. *Purātatva*, a quarterly edited by the

1. This magazine, which was edited by me for nine years and later by Dhansukhlal Mehta and Jyotindra Dave, ceased publication in August 1932.

CONCLUSION

Broadly speaking, there have been two corresponding tendencies in literature. These tendencies, by their interaction, have produced rhythmic movements in the evolution of Gujaratī language and literature. The individuality of the people has led to freedom and variety; to the introduction of racy idioms in the language; to the recurrence of the story and the garabī as favourite forms; to an irrepressible romanticism; to a persistent tendency to relate literature to the realities of life. The Aryan influences, time after time, have restored refinement and expressiveness to the language; super-imposed Saṁskṛtic forms and traditions; and contributed grace and technical perfection to literary art.

The alternate movements which were thus produced were distinct in the past, sometimes separated from each other by a long period of time. We can trace the two alternate movements in *Taraṅgalolā* and the *Mārkaṇḍeya Purāṇa*; in *Samarāiccākahā* and *Rāvaṇavadha*; in *Muñjarāsa* and *Dvāśraya*; in *Kahnaḍadeprabandha* and Bhālaṇa's *Kādambarī*. For a time the two movements met in Narasiṁha, but only to indicate by marked contrast their independence in ordinary literature. Premānanda's ākhyānas, stories alive with realistic art, were the characteristic expression of the Gujarātī life of the day. Akho's works reflected the moral, intellectual and literary decline which was overtaking India. Dayārāmā's works had a distinctly two-fold aspect. His religious works, imbued with Vaishṇavism, were an intellectual performance which indicated his responsiveness to the decadent influences at the centre. His garabīs freed Gujarātī literature both from classic pedantry and unreal didactism.

devoted solely to light literature. Of the latter variety, *Be Ghadi Mauja* edited by Shayda, a prolific Mahomedan author, is a good specimen.

Among the dailies, *Bombay Samāchar*, now 120 years old, *Sānj Vartmān, Hindustān* and *Janmabhūmi* are nationalist papers and command a very large circulation. *Jāme-Jamshed*, which celebrated its centenary in 1932, is more or less a social paper intended for the orthodox Parsis. Outside Bombay, Ahmedabad alone has a daily newspaper. During the Civil Disobedience movement in 1930 there was scarcely a town which had not at least one unauthorised Congress bulletin, either a daily or a weekly.

As a result of these activities, a whole race of enterprising Gujarātī journalists has come into existence. Publicity has been reduced to a fine art and journalism has been flavoured with literary elegance. The art of writing 'leaders' has reached a high level in the language. These journalistic activities had a tremendous influence on the Gujarātīs, contributing in no small measure to their progress, consolidation and political importance.

Numerous publishing agencies have come into existence, but of these, Sastu-sāhitya Kāryālaya of Swami Akhadanand is in a class by itself. It has rendered available a very large volume of literature, religious, moral and intellectual, at a price which all except the poorest can afford.

Among the scholarly and elaborate lexicons in the language after Narmad's work may be mentioned the *Gujarāti Shabda Kośa* undertaken by the Gujarat Vernacular Society and the exhaustive *Gomandala* which is being prepared under the guidance of Maharaja Bhagvatsinhji, the enlightened ruler of Gondal. Derasari's *Paurāṇika Kathā Kośa*, Dictionary of Mythology (1927) and Viśvanath Bhatt's *Paribhāshika Kośa* (1930) are also published by the G. V. Society. *Jodaṇī Kośa* (1929), published by the Gujarat Vidyāpitha has greatly helped to standardise spelling in the language.

pattern the exception. Literary movements tend somewhat to reflect corresponding movements in English literature, though adaptations or translations from English works do not find much favour. Search for the exact word, the necessary document, the appropriate form is coming into vogue. Fancy desires to soar, if possible, on wings of erudition, which, however, is of an elementary character. High intellectual pursuits do not, as a rule, attract a Gujarātī; erudition is generally of a superficial kind; and deep research and pure thought have remained inaccessible so far. Criticism has begun, though in a little way, to lead the way.

Social difficulties which mainly provided subjects for literature are being replaced by more elemental motives. Political situation, though not the economic, has begun to influence higher forms of literature. The Gandhian upheaval has profoundly influenced both language and literary output. But it has not yet produced artists who could influence the literary development as a whole. No doubt, attempts are made under its influence to relate literature to life. But, realism being yet imperfectly understood, they generally consist of a fantastic idolatry of everything appertaining to village life, or an insistence on the homely as the beautiful and the artistic as unnatural and, therefore, ugly: both dangerous tendencies for the progress of literature. Sympathy for the down-trodden is found in plenty. But, following Western models, an undertone of accusation against the rich, the powerful, and the cultured is heard, though the notes often echo the sneers at the world and its attraction with which the literature in Old Gujarātī was full.

On the whole, the literature has a pronounced tendency to be effeminate or sensuous; to be verbose, preferring sound to sense, stooping to verbal tricks to cover lack of beauty. It has, for instance, not yet attained the stature of modern Bengali literature. It has hardly any original literature in philosophy or research. Not more than a dozen works can be classed among the best artistic literary productions of the last hundred years in India. The literary

and fertility as much to revivalist tendencies as to stimulating contact with the West. Modern authors are the product of the steady composite literary energy which all these influences have generated

. . . . .

Modern Gujarātī literature has seen revolution in technique, outlook and creative art. The pedantry of decadent Saṁskṛtic traditions is gone. Language has begun a steady march to purity and unity, to plastic strength and all-sided power. A new poetry and prose have come into being. Mechanical prosody is a thing of the past; experiments in new metres have enlarged the boundaries of poetic achievement. The lyric, the sonnet, the ballad, the khaṇḍa-kāvya and the khand-ākhyāna have paved the way for fresh triumphs. Garabī has become a thing of beauty. Prose has become expressive, forceful and picturesque. The essay, the novel and the short story have attained a high level of artistic execution.

But creative art still runs in restricted grooves, limiting both quality and variety. The heights of lyrical and epic poetry have not even been sighted. The social story is not come of age. The drama is in its infancy. Criticism, history and biography are yet struggling into existence.

Literature, as a whole, now caters for audience which grows in size, knowledge and taste, and is familiar with the literary traditions of Ancient India and Modern Europe. The exigencies of recital do not limit the nature of literary form; and dramatic treatment of incident and character has introduced vividness to literary effort. Life as drawn in literature is no longer set in the Purāṇic mould; otherworldliness is all but gone. Romance occupies an important place. The bloodless Romanticism of the akhyānas has been re-shaped by Romaticism of which Rousseau was the father; and in its upward movement it has, no doubt, manifested extravagance of form, expression and imagination. Last few years, however, have witnessed a steady approach towards re-alism, a more restrained but effective expression, and a greater sense of proportion.

Literature is becoming more of a personal art. Individuality of product is now the rule, production by the

the canoe by which Râma and Sitā crossed the Sarayu, not the charkha in which many see the embodiment of its spirit. The civilization of India, that is, its technological and institutional equipment, has varied, or, been borrowed from others from age to age. The bridges which span our rivers, the mills which weave our cloth and the legislatures which resound with our political hopes and disappointments are not ours by invention but by adoption. They are the permanent possessions of mankind, which influence culture no doubt but do not constitute it. Similarly our social habits, the caste, the family, the marriage system are but crusts of life, not life itself. Even the social and religious beliefs by which culture was propagated and preserved in Gujarāta in the past do not in themselves constitute it. These change with time, with the civilization of each age.

This culture, however, is to be found in the sense of continuity; in the consciousness of Indian unity; in the permanent values in which the Âryans have always seen the fulfilment of life; in the ethical and idealistic absolutes which have moulded the Aryan outlook on the eternal questions: What is life? What is its purpose and end? The conception of life as pure Joy—as Idea above and beyond the fluctuating uncertainty of existence—alone gives its distinctive greatness. In the use of materialistic power by an indomitable and all-pervasive Idealism lies the secret of India's undying life; in the triumph of the latter over the former, the only hope for humanity.

As we saw, every generation of Gujarātīs has won its own variety of this culture afresh. And so does the present generation of Gujarātīs hope to do, only more intensively and comprehensively. And it struggles on today in the hope that, when the day comes, its contribution to India's literary and cultural renaissance will be as great as its present share in its political and economic advancement.

THE END

APPENDIX.

GUJARĀTI PROSODY.

Classical Metres—Sandhis—Gujarātī Metres—Deśī—Garabī—Modern Experiments.

Gujarātī verse is in (a) classical metres, (b) metres from Apabhraṅśa, and (c) deśī melodies. The classical metres are (i) Aksharachandas, (ii) Mātrāchandas and (iii) Anuṣhtubh.[1] For the purpose of Gujarātī prosody metres can be more appropriately classified on the basis of rhythm or mela. The unit of rhythm is sandhi, the rhythmic foot.[2] It is an aggregate of syllables on the last of which falls the tāla, or the time-beat, essential for rhythmic utterance. Sandhis are constituted of a fixed number of (i) syllables or aksharas; (ii) of rūpa, or a fixed syllabic quantity (long or short); (iii) of Mātras, or morae, substitution of a long for two short syllables or vice versa being freely resorted to; (iv) and of laya, a time compass consisting of syllables which could be recited between two time-beats or tālas.

The number of lines, difference in the length or the nature of sandhis, or a difference in their order, in each verse, results in different metres. The metres are called aksharamela, rūpamela, mātrāmela, or layamela chandas according to the nature of the sandhi which predominates in the verse.

1. Aksharmelas include Kavita, Manahara and Ghanākksharī.

2. Rūpamela, based on syllabic quantity, include many of the classical vṛttas. In the course of a line, the same sandhi may be repeated as in Toṭaka, or, it may be different as in Mandākrāntā.

3. In mātrāmela, eight different sandhis are generally used, but substitution of two shorts for a long or vice versa is permissible. These metres are found in Saṁskṛta, Prākṛta and Apabhraṅśa literature. Āryā and Gīti are in this class.

4. In layamela, syllables are often arbitrarily lengthened, shortened or suppressed to suit time and yields great freedom. Even

1. Keith, *History of Sanskrit Literature*, p. 417. Apte, *Dictionary of Sanskrit*, Appendix I.

2. For detailed discussion of the scheme, vide D. B. Keshavlal Dhruva's learned treatise, *Padyaracanāno Itihāsa*, (1932).

in such metres, in the hands of competent poets, the rūpa or mātrā sandhi is also maintained.

Mahākāvyas in Apabhraṅśa are generally made up of sandhis, each of which is a collection of kaḍavakas. A kaḍavaka is in paddhaḍikā or a similar metre and has two lines of dhattā metre at the end. Vide Hemcandra *Chandonuśāsana* VI. Pajjadiā found in *Bhavisayattakahā*, and Duha, Cupai, Savaiya Harigīta, Zulaṇā, and Chhapā which are found in Old Gujarāti, belong to this class.

Gītagovinda has one prabandha in deśī (Canto v). Old Gujarātī rāsās and ākhyānas are made up kaḍavāṅs, garabīs and padas in deśī frequently interspered with other kinds of metres. Among the popular deśi metres in Gujarātī are Parbhātiaṅs, Pada, Gīta, Garabo, Garabī, Māsa, Āratī, etc.

Padas are songs or short poems in deśī. Garabī generally means any composition which can be sung to the accompaniment of a garabo, the dance. The use of the word is popular and accurate. Songs or padas of this nature from the ākhyānas have been called garabīs ; and the gāgaria bhaṭa is known as garabī bhaṭa on account of his singing such garabīs. A lengthy and descriptive garabī is called a garabo e.g. कालिकाळनो गरबो

Deśī metres could be sung to melodies (राग) which are also known as deśī. According to the *Saṅgīta ratnākara* of Śārṅgadeva (13th century), deśī is the music, singing and dancing which is pleasing to the tastes of people in different countries. The different varieties of the melodies are named, each from the country in which it originated, e.g. Māru from Māravada, Goḍī from Gauḍa, Varādī from Berar, Gujjarī from Gujarāta, Soraṭha from Saurāshṭra.

Modern experiments in acquiring beauty and freedom for poetry are made on the following lines :

I Classical metres are preferred to deśī metres.

II (1) Composite metres are also formed of lines taken from different metres, e. g., Upajāti-vasantatilakā (2-2) or Śālini-mandākrānta (3-1).

(2) A line of the classical metre is broken up at the caesura, and each fragment is treated as a line. The stanza contains even one or more full lines ; it also runs, into more than four lines, e. g., Khaṇḍa-śikhariṇi, Khaṇḍa-harigīta. Very charming metres have been thus produced.

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INDEX

OPINION

Dr. A. Berriedale Keith, D. C. L., D. Litt. of the University of Edinburgh writes:—

Gujarāta has of late attained world renown as the home of Mahātmā Gandhi, the incarnation of the highest ideals of Hindu Dharma, the teacher of a living faith in work for humanity which appeals to all that is finest in the spirit of India, and has won for his motherland a measure of respect far greater than could ever be achieved by material means. It is fitting therefore that it is a devoted adherent of the Master, who has proved by sacrifice and hardship his belief in his ideals, who has essayed to sketch the literary history of his country in close relation to its political and cultural vicissitudes. It is not merely pioneer work, but the field is vast, and the languages used range from Sanskrit through Prakrit and Apabhraṅśa, to Old and Modern Gujarātī, demanding an erudition remarkable in one who has given so much time to public service and who himself is an outstanding author, whose creative art (in the words of Dr. Taraporewala) has brought life and beauty to Gujarātī fiction and drama, and whose philosophy of life has given to Gujarāta both joy and strength.

It is indeed the outstanding merit of Mr. Munshi's work that it is written by one who has studied deeply both the great masters of European literature and the theory of their art, and who can thus put true values on the work of the long series of writers of Gujarāta. Where it is possible for me to test his judgment, it appears singularly happy and accomplished, and Gujarāta should be deeply grateful to him for his work of love, which recognises her accomplishment in letters, but with admirable candour does not seek to conceal her shortcomings. But the author in his love for his own land is fully conscious that Gujarāta can have no meaning and no future except as an expression of Indian culture, and we must all share his hope that, under the stimulus of modern civilisation and nationalism, we may see, within a decade or so, the development of a national language and a commonwealth of literatures, to which each province of Bhāratavarsha will have contributed of its best and noblest.

The thanks of all are due to the author for giving in original and translation some of the finest passages of the works he criticises, and for the useful discussion of the progress of language and of metrical forms.